

# THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

THIS ISSUE—A SPECIAL TRAVEL SECTION

January  
1929

10¢







## Better Oats — Better China — —in the New Tight Wrapped "Double-Sealed" Package

Robin Hood Rapid Oats, the genuine "PAN-DRIED" rapid cooking flake, NOW comes in a sanitary "Double-Sealed" package. This New Modern container keeps the oats sweet and wholesome indefinitely.



IN THIS actual photograph the camera portrays Robin Hood Oats, the BETTER OATS—and Robin Hood China, the BETTER CHINA. Smart women know that the package with the Archer on it contains the "Standard of Excellence" among cereals. They know Robin Hood Oats is best because of its "PAN-DRIED" flavor. It was impossible to improve the quality of the oats, so Robin Hood Mills, Limited, improved the package.

In order to give customers the benefit of modern cereal protection, Robin Hood Mills has installed special equipment which hermetically seals the oats package, making it absolutely germ-proof.

Formerly the label was printed right on the carton, but by the New Modern Method, the oats is first packed in a plain cardboard container, which is closed and then sealed air-tight with a separate label.

Every piece of China shown in this picture was taken from regular "CHINAWARE" packages of Robin Hood Rapid Oats. Note the porridge bowl, cup and saucer, cream pitcher and sugar bowl, and fruit and cereal plates.

### Test the China this Way

The photograph gives you an idea of its beauty, but to appreciate the high quality of Robin Hood China, you must see and handle it. For instance, hold the cup between you and the window and let the light shine through it—then you can understand why Robin Hood China is collected and displayed with pride in thousands of homes.

Buy Robin Hood Rapid Oats from your dealer. Examine the Sanitary "Double-Sealed" package. Test the china for quality—and serve your family with the finest porridge they have ever eaten.

### ROBIN HOOD MILLS LIMITED

Moose Jaw - Calgary - Saskatoon - Vancouver - Toronto - Saint John  
Eastern Sales Office - Montreal

Start the  
day with

# Robin Hood Rapid Oats (PAN-DRIED)





*F*isher again  
establishes a trend, the new  
emphasis on comfort

**I**N the latest motor car body designs, Fisher surpasses its own previous high accomplishments in providing roomy, luxurious seating ease, at the same time attaining more pronounced richness and beauty.

The new trend is brilliantly exemplified by the new Buick. In addition to exquisite exterior design and finish, these bodies provide comfort and roominess without a parallel outside of the cars manufactured by General Motors units—for which all the bodies are produced by Fisher.

For instance, the single-seated Buick coupe is wide enough to seat three adult persons without crowding, while the same roominess in the rear seat is a notable feature of the sedan models.

This result is achieved because Fisher has taken full advantage of the fact that an engineering feature, built into the Buick chassis, permits the body to be two inches wider. Another feature which assures additional comfort is the adjustable front seat.

This may be moved forward or backward while the car is in motion, thus affording any desired driving position.

The definite trend toward unexampled comfort in the motor car body is led not only by Buick but by all the cars (they are listed below) which are equipped with Body by Fisher. In view of Fisher leadership in this

new tendency, the prospective buyer, in every price division, would do well to assure that the car carries the emblem "Body by Fisher."

CADILLAC • LA SALLE • McLAUGHLIN-BUICK • OAKLAND • OLDSMOBILE

GENERAL  
OF CANADA

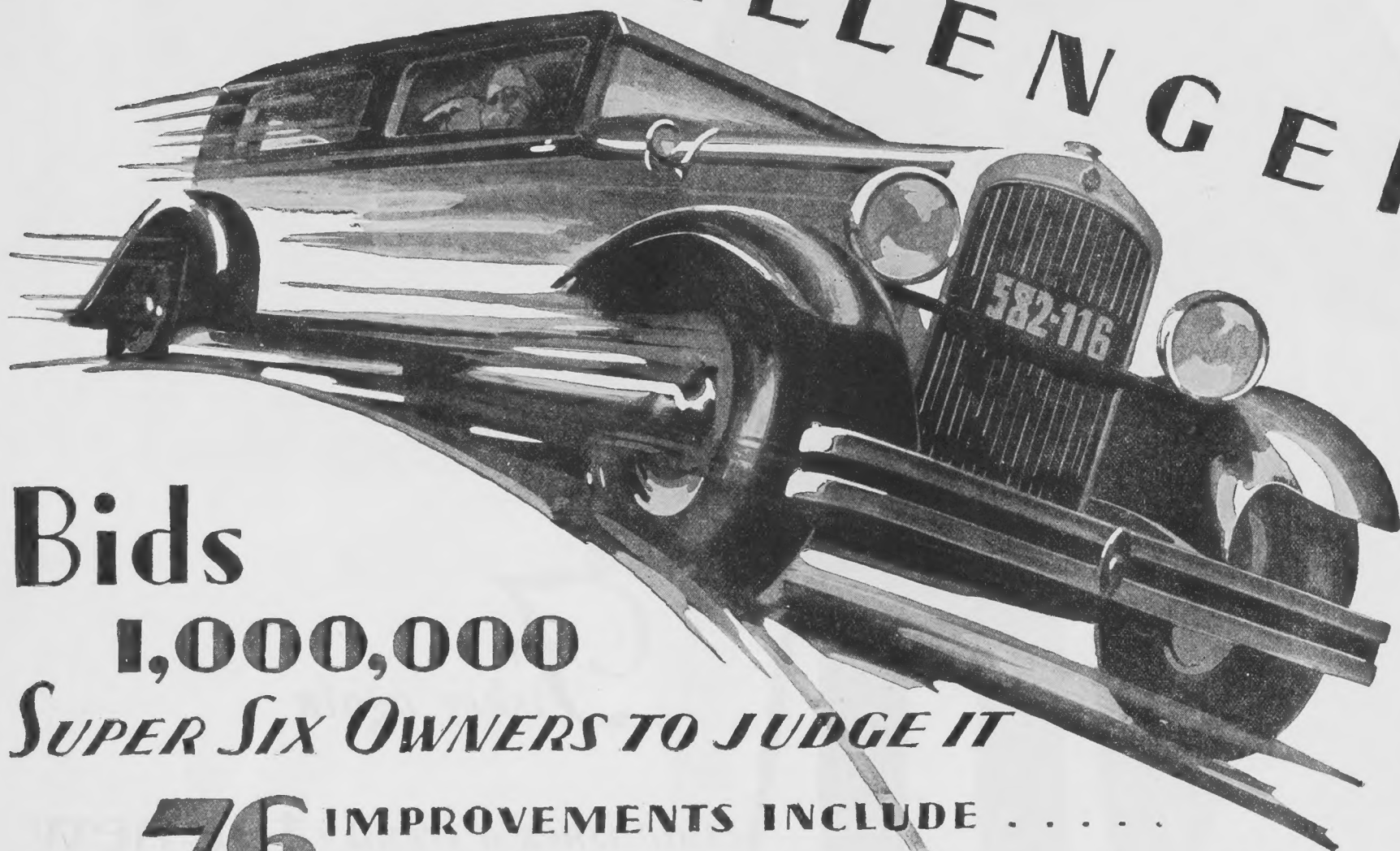


PONTIAC • CHEVROLET  
MOTORS  
LIMITED



# ESSEX

## THE CHALLENGER



# Bids

# 1,000,000

## SUPER SIX OWNERS TO JUDGE IT

# 76 IMPROVEMENTS INCLUDE . . . . .

Longer, wider, roomier, more luxurious bodies — A big, adult-size Six with big car advantages—Power increased 24%—Above 70 miles an hour top speed—Above 60 miles an hour all day—Even greater economy—New type, double-action, 4-wheel brakes, not affected by weather—4 hydraulic shock absorbers—Starter and electric gauge for fuel and oil on instrument board—Easier steering, greater riding ease and comfort.

Essex the Challenger, with 76 improvements, challenges the best that motordom has to offer, a challenge of interest to all who would own the best.

Essex was already a great car—a great car in pride of ownership—a great car in fineness and quality. Now it incorporates every advancement suggested by the experience of more than 1,000,000 Super-Six owners. They include larger bodies, greater stability, big car advantages in appearance, comfort and performance.

You can compare it only to costlier cars, because similar quality and detail is present only in high-priced cars, and absent in cars built to a price.

*—and remember this price*

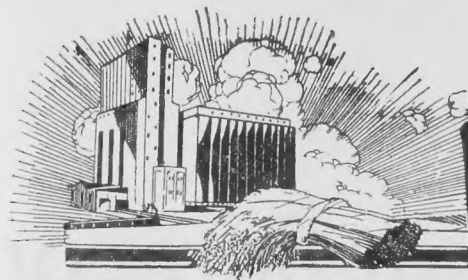
## A BIG AND BETTER SIX

# \$840

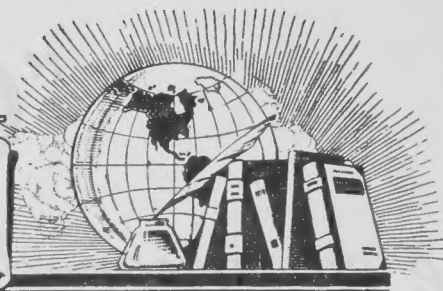
and up

f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra





# EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXX

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 1

## The Decline of Chivalry

**T**HIS is a phrase habitually used by those who place the Golden Age in the past, and who wear blue spectacles when viewing the world around them.

That there was something lovely in mediaeval chivalry goes without saying. History and literature bear testimony to the bravery and courtesy of the Knights of old. We never grow weary listening to the story of Roland and Coeur de Leon, and of Arthur the blameless. Yet no one will claim for a moment that even all the Knights in armour were saints. It may be true that "the Knight succoured the distressed lady if she were of his own noble station, but the woman of meaner birth was his legitimate prey." It may be that "there was in the heroes of chivalry an exaggerated desire to impress personal achievement on the world or a desire to escape reality."

There was even in those days as today a chivalry which stands out in marked contrast to that of the armed soldier. There was the Knight of the Cloister—St. Francis, and there is the Knight of the Laboratory—Pasteur. There is the Knight of Labrador—Grenfel, and the Knight of the fever swamps of Central America—Dr. Sternberg. To kill an enemy in senseless combat in order to win a lady's smile is not so worthy an exploit as to help a starving family in its need, or to do an honest day's work for a day's pay. "Fighting evil by force of arms is an illogical way of establishing right without rightful sanction. The war and post-war generations are demanding that social values shall be constructed on a new and higher plane. The spirit of the age is already contemptuous of ideals which are founded on faith and self-righteousness, of which the old chivalry was one." An English writer has said, "I see before me two paths: along the one stretches a vista of bayonets and tanks and dashed hopes of young men whose energies and lives have been spent in war—youth destroyed and destroying; along the other I see young men with eager hands outstretched towards a great ideal of constructive service." We do not need to regret very much the passing of the Knights of "the steed and spear and shield," if we can boast true Knights of the counter, the office, and the rostrum. The new chivalry is not so demonstrative and so openly clamant and spectacular as the old, but it is more lovely because more unselfish and more refined.

In modern chivalry new virtues exist side by side with courage and courtesy. These are the more feminine virtues of humility, meekness, mercy, peaceableness, and self-denial. A knightly soul would rather be kind and generous than strong and assertive. He would rather promote the happiness of others than bring glory to himself. He would be willing to find his life in losing it.

Anyone who looks around will find that nationalities differ greatly in their attitude. With some it is common for husbands to beat their wives, and for parents to override the sensibilities of children and youths. With some it is common for children and young people to deride age and wisdom. Where real chivalry exists in home or office or in social life, the virtues of kindness and gentleness will be exalted. May it be the effort of all homes and schools in this new world to promote that higher chivalry which the world so sadly needs. Who knows but that the world peace of which we dream may be realized when courage and courtesy are coupled with unselfishness and becoming humility!

## Prohibition

**A** WRITER in the American Mercury explains on psychological grounds why the people of the United States stand so unitedly behind the Eighteenth Amendment and yet go all lengths to

get liquor to use. They wish to appear respectable whether they are or not. In the same way an Englishman wears a silk hat because it gives him a semblance of respectability. "National Prohibition is the silk hat of the American people." As the writer Mr. Raymond Pearl says:

"It is such a simple matter to have a law which proclaims to the world that we, as a people, prohibit absolutely anyone in our midst from engaging in such a loathsome trade. But there is no evidence that this noble piece of make-believe either has been or will be allowed to interfere seriously with any desired use of alcoholic beverages. We shall have a Prohibition law for a long time to come. But we shall also have liquor to drink, unless there occurs in the basic

be openly engaged in the sale of liquor, while at the same time they are urging the teachers in school and Sunday-school to teach their children how wrong it is. Perhaps after all Canadians are in the silk hat business.

On what grounds is the use of liquor unprofitable? First it attacks the bodies of men and particularly their nervous organism so as to render them incapable of sane judgment and reliable action. Then it does them moral wrong. They say and do things when under the influence of liquor that they would be ashamed to have anything to do with at other times. In the third place it renders them unfit to discharge their ordinary duties. So on physical, economic and social-moral grounds the use of liquor as a beverage is open to objection.

On the whole the American people seem to be in a better position than the Canadians. The area in which boot-legging is carried on is comparatively small, and on the whole the people of the United States have no liquor. Near the border and near the sea-coast there is of course trouble; but in Canada there is trouble from coast to coast, and we are always open to the charge that we are the open saloon for all the Americans who come here for their annual spree. We should not be proud of it.

## War

**I**N New York the Anniversary of the World Alliance for International Friendship held its last meeting and the pronouncements of some of the speakers were so emphatic and so convincing that they should be known to all. The one thought that ran through all the addresses and which was voiced by Frank B. Kellogg was that if war is to be banished it will be by an enlightened public opinion and not by the action of governments. This justifies every public journal in making an appeal to its readers.

Roger W. Babson said that the cost of American wars to date was 44,000 million dollars, and that the United States now spends every year a great deal more on fighting than on schools. Dr. Norwood followed by saying that every statesman he knew by his speeches or writing was speaking with a double voice, and he included President Coolidge in the number. Further he declared that war is the triumph of every action which is considered criminal in times of peace. Dr. Cadman asserted that henceforth those who furnish the flesh, blood and treasure for war should determine whether it shall be peace or war. Those who want war and advocate war should be the first to go to the front. Senator Borah said that the great mass of mankind who would have to do the fighting and dying in time of conflict had come to the conclusion that it was time to abolish war. Fear and hatred have governed the human family long enough.

It was the closing address of Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick that perhaps stirred the vast audience as much as anything else. He told his hearers that he had spent most of the summer in Germany. What, he asked, have the Allies done to Germany? They have condemned her to prosperity. They have taken away her armaments. They have forbidden her to have armies or navies and battleships, and have gone off with them, chuckling at the harm they have done to Germany. What they have really done is to relieve her of a burden so tremendous that in spite of all the Dawes Plan taxes Germany is coming back with a rapidity that surely prophesies that inside of twenty-five years she will be in unmistakable ascendancy in Europe. Dr. Fosdick declared that we are so tightly interlaced that it can never be well with any of us until it is well with all of us, that war has become the supreme tragedy of modern life.

It will be well if in Canada we can let these thoughts take full possession of our minds.

## For 1929

By F. Holley

*"A helpful thought for every day."  
'Twill help me on the toilsome way.  
"A friendly hand somewhere to give."  
'Twill help me, too, to better live.  
"A hearty word somewhere to send."  
'Twill help me t'ward my journey's end  
These three—a thought, a hand, a word,  
All with God's plan for man accord.  
A thought to help will find its mate;  
Then love may reign in place of hate.  
A hand but given in friendship's name  
Is better far than riches' fame.  
A word with kindly intent sent  
May make the angry mind relent.  
Then may my mind, my hand, my heart  
Be led to take this better part.*

psychology of the American people a profound change from what it has been during the past half-century."

The case might be illustrated from the religious observance of people. Some say "Grace before meals" without thinking what the words mean, others sing hymns or follow church services in a mechanical fashion. At all events they go through the form of religion. A gesture is better than nothing. It shows good-will even if the whole thing is make-believe. As the writer says, "Make believe is, as every child knows a lot more fun than dull, sordid, cold reality."

Now when we come to Western Canada it is a different matter. Here there is no make-believe. We are decidedly realistic. We are in the business because there is money in it—a million for Manitoba, two millions for Saskatchewan, still more for Alberta—and the fortune of a Croesus for British Columbia, Ontario and Quebec. It is no silk hat business for Canadians. That is why public sale is going to remain here. The fact that young lives are debauched, that all forms of deceit are used to get liquor shipped into American territory, that the cost to Canadians themselves is seven times the income received by the treasuries of the provinces—all this counts for nothing. Openly the electors of Canada have chosen their King and their King is going to rule them. Nor is there any sense in pitching into governments in this matter. It is the people who legislate, and if we are unfortunate it is because of legislation rather than administration.

Now, what is to be done about it? People must be taught that the business is hopelessly unprofitable—to the individual and to society as a whole. Even when they are taught this they will not cease drinking, if the appetite has once been acquired, but there is hope for the young who have never acquired the habit. Yet it seems to be an hypocritical performance for a people to



# "Civilization's curse can be conquered," says England's Great Surgeon

SIR W ARBUTHNOT LANE, *Bart., C. B.*



Lafayette, Ltd., London

"CONSTIPATION is civilization's curse. A shortage of Vitamin B is responsible for this complaint. Yeast is particularly rich in Vitamin B. It stimulates intestinal action and has a most important effect on constipation and its related digestive troubles. The shortage of Vitamin B in the usual diet is most readily made up by fresh yeast."

*W. Arbuthnot Lane*

WHEN Sir William Arbuthnot Lane speaks the world listens!

Long famous as a brilliant surgeon, he is today recognized as one of England's greatest exponents of preventive medicine. He has devoted his life to the study of the intestinal tract. In a recent interview Sir Arbuthnot declared that constipation is "civilization's greatest curse," but that it can be conquered through the important corrective food—fresh yeast.

In this he reflects the view of enlightened

medical opinion everywhere. In a recent survey, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these live yeast plants pass through your intestine daily they rouse the muscles that control elimination, combat harmful poisons. Your digestion improves. Your skin clears.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one before each meal, or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit from yeast you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time.

At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time. It will keep in a cool dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. S-7, The Fleischmann Company, 1449 Alexander St., Montreal, Que.



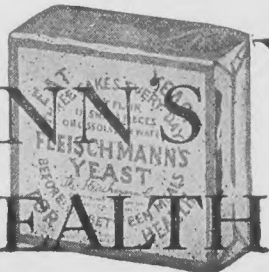
Famous Guy's Hospital, London

Three years ago SIR W. ARBUTHNOT LANE founded with the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith and other prominent Britons the now famous New Health Society, which is teaching millions how to lead healthier lives. Baronet, Companion of the Bath and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Sir Arbuthnot has won the following distinctions in his field: Fellow, Royal College of Surgeons; President, Fellowship of Medicine; Consulting Surgeon, Guy's Hospital and Hospital for Sick Children; creator of modern methods of surgery copied throughout the world.



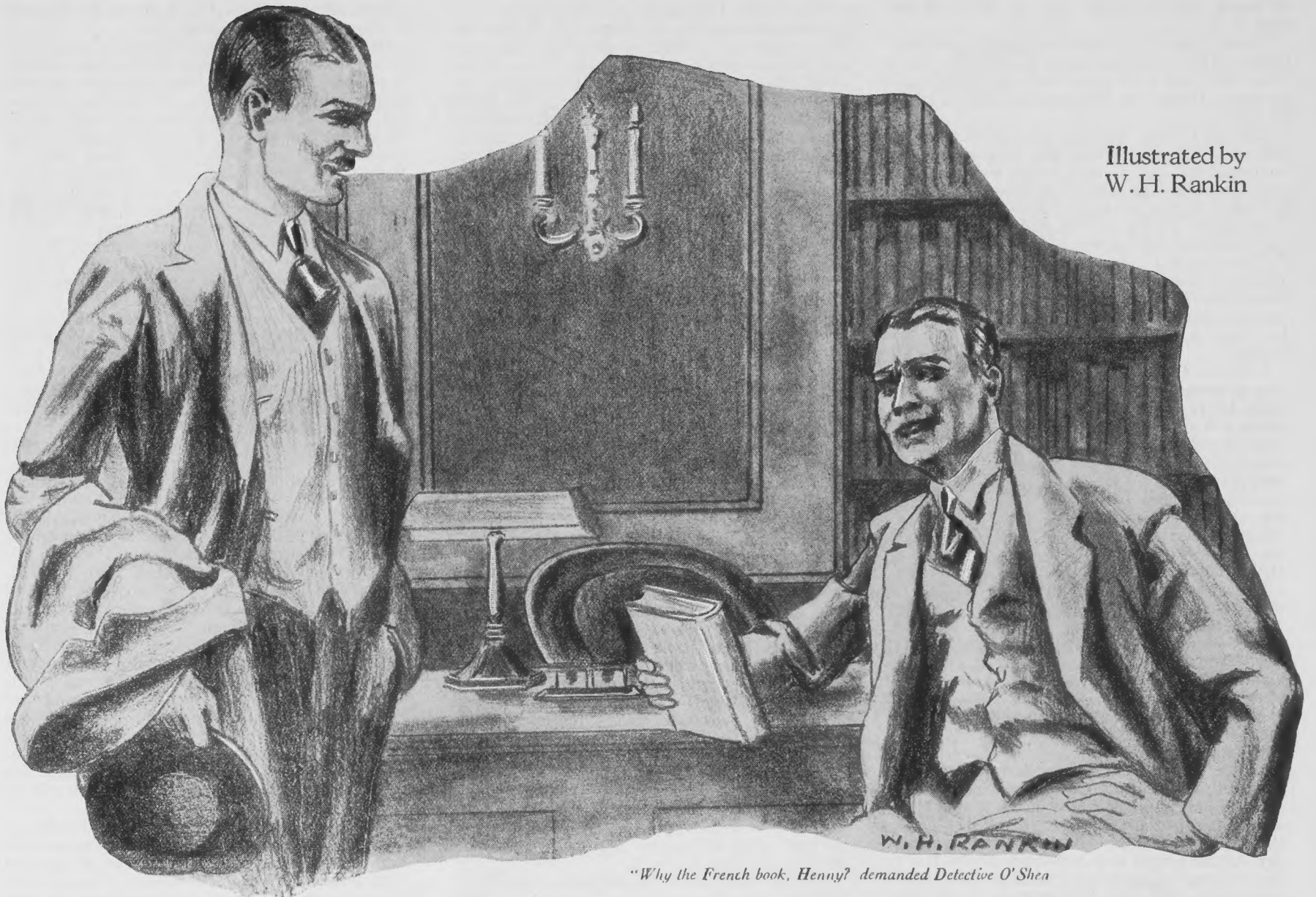
THROAT, stomach, intestines form one continuous tube. 90% of ills start here, because poisons from a clogged intestine easily spread to the rest of the system. But here is where yeast works. Keep this entire intestinal tract clean, active, and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast. Start today.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST  
for HEALTH



Made in Canada  
by Canadians





Illustrated by  
W.H. Rankin

"Why the French book, Henny?" demanded Detective O'Shea

# At the Top of the Mast

By Peter B. Kyne

Author of "The Pride of Palomar," "Kindred of the Dust," "The Valley of the Giants," "Cappy Ricks," Etc.

COMPLETE IN TWO ISSUES

with the exception of Detective Sergeant Michael O'Shea; consequently, when young Hen started out to reform the police department, he decided to experiment first on O'Shea. He presented that astute individual with a book and bade him read it for the good of his immortal soul. The book was Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*.

"Why this French book, Henny?" demanded Detective O'Shea.

"There's a character in it that's a dead ringer for you, Mike, only he's a Frenchman——"

"More's the pity," interrupted Michael O'Shea.

"I consider this character, Javert, one of Hugo's greatest. He was an honest gum-shoe man like you, Mike, and he got results without a dictograph. He held the same theories regarding crime and criminals and he was a human wolf when it came to going after his man. He always landed him. Only in the end he turned crook himself."

"Huh-huh!" grunted Michael O'Shea, "And what did he get for it?"

"Not a sou. He did it on principle, Mike, and when he found he couldn't be faithful to his trust, he removed his shield, threw it into the Seine and jumped in after it."

"D'ye mean to say he bumped himself off?" demanded the honest Michael.

"Exactly."

"The lobster! Just like a Frenchman to get excited over nothing. Why didn't he resign when he found the dips were getting his goat?"

"Well, he had to commit suicide or there wouldn't have been any story, you bonehead. You hate him all the way through the story, but when he turns off his light—Mike, you've simply got to cry, that's all."

Michael O'Shea knew better than that. "Well, Henny, I've heard of a fly-cop turning crook for cash, but never for glory. I don't suppose there's a man on the present gambling detail that hasn't turned crook for five a week. I've known 'em go as low as four a week for protecting a handbook. But tell me, Henry Maguire, are you trying to sneak up on the blind side of me for a scoop, that you insist on me taking this book and reading it?"

"Not a bit of it, Mike. It will be good for your soul. You're too hard on the underdogs, Mike. Why, only this morning I saw you pick up an ex-con in Market Street and make him give an account of himself. The unfortunate cuss didn't look like a hard nut, either. The only criminal thing that I could see about him was his prison suit of 'free' clothes, and they shrieked his shame to high heaven. Now, I dare say that poor devil had been out of San Quentin for about four hours; he'd just crossed the bay and was breezing up Market Street, enjoying the wicked old world again when he bumped into you and——"

"Not a bit of it, Henny. I bumped into him. I had the tip that he was due in town and I was watching for him. Want to know who it was you saw me pick up? That was St. Louis Slim. Give that bird the time and a good set of tools to work with and he'll burgle his way through any armor-plate steel door that ever swung on hinges."

"But he isn't a criminal any more, Mike. Can't you see the point? He's served his time; he's paid his debt to society and he's entitled to go his way in peace. You have no right to interfere with him. I suppose you ordered him to report at headquarters every day or two, never pausing to think,

IN THE office of the captain of detectives in the city of San Francisco there used to hang over the Captain's desk a framed enlargement of a kodak picture. It portrayed a youth seated with arms outstretched on a table, his head bowed, in an attitude of profound hopelessness and sorrow, upon his left arm. The boyish face, half turned to the right, was drawn in all the unutterable woe and tragedy of the ages. The eyes were closed—the pale cheeks were streaked with tears. It was a terrible, a colossal exemplification of the ancient Biblical quotation: "The wages of sin is death"; for the hands of the boy were manacled.

It was a dreadful, a brutal thing, and why they kept it there is a mystery. The picture made of the neat and orderly office of the captain of detectives a chamber of horror. It was impossible for any human being, save a detective, to gaze upon it without being awed and chilled by its monumental awfulness. Probably they kept it there as one of the props in that pitiful human tragedy colloquially designated as "the third degree." Young Hen McGuire, who did night police for the *Herald*, never went into the office of the captain of detectives without first asking Munson, the chief's clerk, to turn that picture to the wall. But when he wanted to write a great newspaper story with the final scene laid in a prison cell, and pointing a moral, young Maguire would walk into the upper office and gaze at that picture; for to Henry, who was temperamental and imaginative, it was unfailing inspiration for a sob. That picture had been responsible for more than one raise in Hen's salary, although there were other drawbacks. For instance, the picture had, for some indefinable reason, aroused in young Hen Maguire a fierce resentment of our vaunted civilization in the matter of our treatment of the transgressor, so he wrote stories that earned him the enmity of all in the upper office



of course, that he might want to get a job and work at it."

"True," assented Detective Sergeant Michael O'Shea. That's why he has to report. The chief's afraid he'll find a job—and work at it. He works at night, Henny, so it's easy for him to report by day."

Michael O'Shea chuckled at this flash of his Hibernian wit. But young Hen Maguire was too temperamental for a night police reporter. He was peeved at "the system," so he said:

"Mike, do you know what I'd do if I were St. Louis Slim? I'd lay for you and the likes of you and bump you off some night in an alley."

"That's why I keep out of dark alleys, Henny. Don't you worry about St. Louis Slim or his lack of intentions. He'll do for me fast enough if I ever let him have the chance."

Detective O'Shea, cal-  
lous to crime and long  
since injured to the  
shame and sorrow of the  
under-world, patted  
young Maguire's shoul-  
der patronizingly. He  
was fond of young Hen,  
for the reporter had  
brains and character, as  
did likewise Michael  
O'Shea himself.

"Everybody to his  
own taste, Henny, boy  
as the old lady said  
when she kissed the  
cow. You've got too  
many of them advanced  
ideas in your head for  
a police reporter and  
they ain't buying you  
anything around head-  
quarters. Of course I don't mind you springing  
them on me, because I understand you and we're  
good friends, but don't shoot off your mouth  
around the chief or you'll get yourself disliked and  
the other boys will be scooping you every blessed  
day. A loose tongue may cost you your job, Henny.  
You've been tearing things open with a pretty high  
hand lately, and take it from your friend Mike,  
you're not any too popular around here right now.  
However, I'll take this French book and read it,  
and tell you what I think about it, anyway."

"Thank you, Mike. I'll buy you a good cigar  
for that. You're so absolutely on the level with  
yourself and your friends that it hurts me to know  
you won't give an ex-convict an even break. How-  
ever, I've said all I'm going to say until you've  
finished reading that book. If Victor Hugo, who  
was one of the greatest writers that ever lived,  
can't convince you, it's a hopeless job for a mere  
police reporter. When you read the book pass it  
along, Mike."

"I will," promised Michael O'Shea. "Now buy  
me that good cigar before you forget."

"MIKE," queried Horton, the captain of detec-  
tives, "how are you going to spend your  
vacation? It starts next Monday."

"Around the house with the wife and kids, of  
course," replied the detective. "I'm going to put  
in a lawn and set out some geraniums and sweet  
peas. I'll fuss around home all morning and in the  
afternoon I'll go to the ball game and take my boy  
Jim. If you can beat that for spending a vacation,  
Chief, show me."

"Well, you have two weeks of it, Mike, under  
the city charter, and on full pay. But the police  
commissioners have the power to extend your vaca-  
tion indefinitely—and I might so arrange it for you.  
For instance, you might have an attack of rheu-  
matism and have to go to the springs."

"Not on pay," warned Michael O'Shea, who was  
famed for his honesty. "My record's straight to  
date and I won't have any man say I grafted a  
cent of pay off the city without giving value re-  
ceived."

"Easy, Mike. There may be a wad of money  
in this for both of us. The job's not exactly  
official."

"Is the money clean?"

"Chemically pure, Mike. It's a five thousand  
dollar reward for a crook."

"Well, that's clean enough for the O'Shea family,  
Chief." The detective leaned a large ruddy ear  
toward Horton. "I'm listening," he said. "Who  
pays the freight if the city don't? I have no money  
to speculate with."

"The Pacific Life Insurance Company."

"Insurance swindle, eh? Some class to this case,  
er? I'm tired of picking up cheap dips and yeggs  
and bunco-steerers, and a run-in with a brainy  
crook will be a change. Tell me the sad story."

"Two years ago," began Horton, "the Pacific  
Life Insurance Company issued a \$20,000 policy to  
one John F. Mallory, a resident of Sacramento.  
Six months later Mallory's body was found half  
buried under a sand-bar in the Sacramento River  
near Kennett. Mallory had been missing for two  
months prior to the discovery of the body and it  
was proved that the last seen of him was aboard  
the Shasta Express. He was then bound north for  
the headwaters of the Sacramento on a fishing trip,  
from which he never returned."

"How did he pay his premium?" demanded  
Detective O'Shea. "Quarterly, semi-annually or  
annually?"

"Annually."

"Then there's no swindle, chief. No  
crook's going to throw away a couple  
of hundred dollars by paying his  
premium annually, in advance, when  
he intends to pull the trick in six  
months. However—"

"Prior to embarking on this fishing ex-  
cursion," continued Horton, "Mallory had  
purchased in a Sacramento sporting-goods  
house a pair of gum hip-boots, two pair of  
heavy woollen socks and a brown corduroy  
outing suit. When the body was found it  
was identified immediately. The clerk who  
sold Mallory the boots and clothing testi-  
fied, and in addition Mallory's watch and  
his pocket-book, with his name in gold  
letters on it, was on the body. The  
body itself was not recognizable when  
found. However, in height and ap-  
proximate weight it closely resem-  
bled Mallory. The identification was complete  
enough for all practical purposes and the insurance  
company was satisfied. It paid over to Mallory's  
widow the amount of her husband's life insurance  
policy."

"I see," observed Detective O'Shea, but where's  
the bug? John H. Mallory hasn't been seen around  
Sacramento since, has he?"

No, but one James Pike, a former neighbor of  
Mallory in Sacramento, informs the life insurance  
company that on a recent visit to Victoria, British  
Columbia, he saw John H. Mallory seated at a  
desk in the real estate office of the firm of Mc-  
Dougall & Rand. Mallory did not see Pike, but  
Pike swears that it is either Mallory or his double.  
Now, if it's Mallory, there's been a \$20,000 swindle  
put over."

"Naturally. But how about Mallory's widow?"

"She doesn't appear to be in on it. She has  
resided quietly in Sacramento ever since, and after  
keeping Mallory's grave free of weeds for a year  
she has re-married."

"What did she do with the twenty thousand? It  
might have been a frame-up and they split the  
swag, Mallory agreeing to disappear permanently  
and permit her marry someone she thought more  
of. That would have been a safe arrangement, you  
know. While he would have her for bigamy, she'd  
have him for felony. Neither one could blackmail  
the other in that event. You remember the Hud-  
son case in Delaware nine years ago—"

"No chance, Mike. When Mrs. Mallory re-mar-  
ried, her No. 2 was a clerk in a dry-goods store.  
She staked him to the \$20,000 and set him up in  
business for himself."

So far so good, Cap. But I can't see a man  
putting over a grab of that size unless he's going  
to profit by it himself. Remember, he paid his  
premium annually."

"There's been a swindle pulled off, all right,"  
returned Horton, doggedly, "and I can prove it to  
you." He reached into the drawer of his desk and  
drew out a large envelope. "John F. Mallory has  
done time," he continued, "three years in Joliet  
for forgery under the name of Henry Price. You  
see, Mike, when the insurance company tipped me  
off to this suspicion of a swindle, I figured that the  
Sacramento papers might have run his picture at  
the time of his disappearance, if not when the body  
was recovered. Sure enough they had, and I  
secured an original photograph, had copies made  
and sent to the wardens of every penitentiary in  
the United States and Canada, together with a  
circular letter of inquiry. And I dug Mallory up  
on the records at Joliet. I have his Bertillon mea-  
surements and his prison photographs right here."

Detective Sergeant Michael P. O'Shea was a  
skeptical no longer. "That settles it," he said. "Once

a crook, always a crook. This is the job for Michael  
P. Show me the fellow's mug, Cap."

He studied the photographs with the eye of the  
trained thief-catcher, but even after a long scrutiny  
he glanced up at his chief, disappointment showing  
plainly in his big ruddy face. Even with the crop-  
ped head and shaven face — a condition which  
brings out forcibly every criminal angle in the  
human head, there was nothing about John F.  
Mallory that would indicate the criminal save the  
horrible barred suit and the number on his breast.  
O'Shea compared the prison photographs with the  
one published in the Sacramento papers.

"They're pictures of the same man," he an-  
nounced. "And yet, that's a good face, Cap—a  
good, strong, manly face. I see he was wearing a  
moustache when he disappeared."

"It's a cinch to locate him, Mike. You'll notice  
he's just a trifle myopic; he might be wearing  
spectacles now. The job before you, Mike, is to  
proceed to Victoria, B.C., and find John F. Mallory  
under whatever alias he may be living. He was  
seen at a desk in the office of the real estate firm  
of McDougall & Rand. Of course you understand  
that this is a roping job, Mike. While a felony is  
extraditable under our treaty with Canada, we  
can't commence extradition proceedings without  
a Grand Jury indictment, and we haven't any  
real proof that a felony has been committed; be-  
sides which, if this thing leaks out it's an official  
job and our reward goes glimmering. Its up to you  
to entice him across Puget Sound into American  
territory and hold him there, on some pretext,  
until you can communicate with me by wire. Then  
I'll have a warrant sworn to here, on information  
and belief, and forward it to you. Once we get him  
back in Sacramento it's easy to cook the case  
against him, if he's the man, and you and I split  
the five thousand. Of course you understand that  
I must never appear in this at all. You're on your  
vacation and this is an unofficial job."

"I don't like a roping job," protested O'Shea.  
"It makes me feel like a stool-pigeon, and if this  
fellow hadn't done time and wasn't an out-and-out  
crook, I wouldn't take the job, Cap."

"Well, you can't walk into his office, knock him  
down and identify him by his thumb-print and  
Bertillon measurements and then call in the Vic-  
toria police, can you? Be sensible, Mike. You're  
the only man big enough for the job and the only  
one I can trust to play fair with me. The rest of  
the dicks around this office would blackmail him  
for his roll, if they thought he'd come through  
stronger than their cut of the reward, and then  
they'd turn him loose, hotfoot back to San Fran-  
cisco and tell me it was a case of mistaken identity.  
But I don't think it is. I do not believe the body  
found in the river was that of John F. Mallory.  
I know it isn't a pleasant job, Mike, but it's on  
the level. I've put you next to a good thing—now go  
forth and gather. Remember, there's \$2,500 in this  
for each of us, no publicity and no questions asked.  
Gad! Imagine what the private detective agencies  
would do if they had our information, Mike!"

Out of his vast experience, Mike could readily  
imagine. And, as the captain said, it was a fair  
game, in playing which Mike O'Shea would be  
merely using his skill as a detective in a purely  
private and individual capacity. Mike O'Shea never  
felt any pity for a crook. His motto was "Deliver  
the goods, or, in police parlance: "Get your man."

"I'll spend my vacation in British Columbia,  
Cap," he said. "I need the money."

He did, indeed. He was buying a little home on  
the instalment plan, and since he supported a  
numerous family on his salary as a detective ser-  
geant and scorned the "pickings" of his profession,  
the prospect of \$2,500 in clean money, with vaca-  
tion, travel and expense money, not to mention the  
professional pleasure, the artistic delight of con-  
summating a difficult task and landing a crook, this  
chance was distinctly alluring. Only, he wished it  
wasn't a roping job! To hunt a criminal down, no  
matter how faint the clues, to walk up to his man,  
tap him on the shoulder and say softly: "Hold  
out your hands. I'm going to put the bracelets on  
you"—That was quite ethical. But the task of  
gaining even a crook's confidence for the purpose  
of destroying him—it hardly seemed a sporting  
proposition. However, Mike O'Shea had been raised  
in a hard school and he did not pause to analyze  
this faint feeling of repugnance at the task assigned  
him. It was sufficient that he disliked it none the  
less, but needed the money more.

For the remainder of that week O'Shea spent  
much of his time delving into the minute details of  
the case and the habits and personal peculiarities  
of the late John F. Mallory. Upon the day his



*Give that bird the  
time and a good set  
of tools to work with, and  
he'll burgle his way through  
any armour plate steel door  
that ever swung on hinges.*

W.H.R.



vacation commenced he took steamer for Victoria, armed with a large roll of bills and the other impedimenta requisite to the success of his mission. Before he left, however, he dropped in at the Central Station and called young Hen Maguire out of the reporters' room.

"Henny," he said, "here's that French book you loaned me. I haven't had time to finish it and I found it as dull as a reform administration. I got as far as where this crook, Jean Valjean, pinched the bishop's silver candlesticks that he thought so much of; and then, when the cops caught him with the goods red-handed, and the bishop lied and said he'd given the crook the candlesticks—well, that was too much for Michael P. O'Shea. It ain't logic, Henny, my son. You know just as well as I do that a bishop won't lie—more particularly when you swipe his silver candlesticks. A bishop is human the same as you and me, Henny, and a good sterling silver candlestick on his little private altar means more to him than it does to anybody else. Now, here was this cheap dip, Jean Valjean, just out of stir, hungry and broke. The good bishop gets wise to his needs, takes him into his house like a gentleman and stakes him to the pork-chops. And at that, remember, the bishop ain't any too well prepared for a guest. He has a poor diocese and he's living awful cheap and simple. But he's got a good heart for the poor, and he feeds this Jean Valjean and gives him a night's lodging. And what does the crook do? What does he do? Why, what every crook always does. He bites the hand that feeds him. In the middle of the night he gets up and lifts the bishop's candlesticks. That's gratitude for you—crooks' gratitude!"

"But Mike, you big bonehead, listen——"

Michael P. O'Shea raised a large protesting hand. "Nix on the gabble, Henny. You're all wrong. You're giving me this book to convince me I'm wrong for the way I treat a crook, and here's a case true to life, right down in black and white, and you ain't convinced yourself!" And Michael P. O'Shea chuckled pleasurably. "I tell you, Henny, when you've had as much to do with crooks as I've had, you'll know they're all bad, every one of 'em. I tell you, son, a crook's a crook. If he wasn't I wouldn't be a detective sergeant. Here's your book. I'm obliged to you, Henny, but there's better reading, and more interesting and true to life, in the files of the upper office."

"I see," observed young Hen Maguire, thoroughly chastened. "Your tastes in literature lean toward the school of realism."

"Every time."

"But you've missed the part I wanted you to read, Mike. About Javert, when he took off his shield and jumped into the Seine. Take the book with you and read it on the boat."

"I've had enough, Henny. Now, you forget these dynamite theories of yours, boy, and listen to your old Uncle Mike. I'm digging out of town today on a quiet little job of my own, and if luck comes my way I'm going to hand you the swellest little scoop ever. I've got a peach of a story for you, Henny—all canned for you. Remember that. It's a peach of a story."

Young Hen's eyes glistened. He was every inch a reporter.

"Thanks, Mike, awfully. You know me. When I write the story M. P. O'Shea gets all the publicity that's coming to him. Remember that—you—and don't forget to tip me off."

They shook hands and parted. They understood each other well, these two. The reporter gazed after the bulky form of the detective as the latter hurried down the corridor, suit-case in hand.

"Ah, Javert, Javert!" he murmured. "What a pity an honest man like you has to be a detective!"

THE two natural gifts which made of Michael P. O'Shea a great detective were a marvelous memory and a photographic eye. All of the written information on crimes and criminals contained in the upper office filing cabinets was on perennial tap in O'Shea's brain. Crooks he had never seen before in the flesh he recognized at a glance, provided he had once seen their photographs. Courage he had to spare, and the bulk and brawn, and Irish cunning, combined with an attractive and winning personality when he desired to forget the argot of his calling and play a part. His were no ham-like hands; no cold, forbidding eyes. His neck was not thick, nor his brow low and receding, nor his lower jaw prognathous and blue, after the popular conception of the great detectives of the regular force. Far from it. For five successive years Michael P. O'Shea had been voted the Adonis of the department and elected to lead the grand march at the

policemen's ball for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the department. Indeed, in a rented dress suit and Mrs. O'Shea on his arm, he was always worth two sticks of publicity and a picture lay-out in the newspaper accounts of the ball.

Arrayed now in a handsome suit of tweeds, which he had ventured to order on the strength of his prospective share of the \$5,000 reward and a liberal expense account from the insurance company, and carrying a gold-headed cane which had belonged to his father, Detective Sergeant O'Shea landed at Victoria, B.C., and registered at the best hotel as M. P. O'Shea, of Decatur, Illinois. He lunched with the utmost enjoyment, filled his pockets with twenty-five-cent cigars, and strolled uptown to the real estate office of McDougall & Rand.

In front of the office he paused and displayed great interest in an array of cards advertising bargains in small farms, timber lands and bungalows. He puffed thoughtfully at his cigar for several minutes while he studied the signs, then he glanced casually into the office of McDougall & Rand and saw a man at a desk. This man was watching Michael P. O'Shea, for the window display was a bait to catch the transient investor, and O'Shea was immediately conscious of a feeling which must be greatly akin to those of a deerhound when he picks up a warm trail; for the man at the desk was either John F. Mallory or his double!

O'Shea's glance wandered again to the window display. Once more he read the advertised bargains, scratched his ear in evident indecision, pulled out his watch, started to walk away, paused undecided, looked at his watch again—and stepped into the office of McDougall & Rand. He approached the man at the desk.

"Is Mr. McDougall or Mr. Rand in?"

"I am Mr. Rand, at your service, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Well," replied O'Shea, "I haven't got much time to discuss the matter with you now, Mr. Rand, but I happened to notice that timber land advertisement in your window. I'm in the market for some timber, but that acreage is too small for my purpose. If you have larger tracts I would be interested in looking over your maps and other information with a view to doing business if the land suited me."

"We have larger tracts, Mr.—"

"O'Shea. M. P. O'Shea. I'm from Decatur, Illinois, looking around in your big Western country for a timber investment."

"How long do you propose remaining in Victoria, Mr. O'Shea?"

O'Shea smiled—and a particularly likeable smile had Detective Sergeant O'Shea when he chose to use it. It had its instant effect on Rand. Mentally he labelled M. P. O'Shea as a bluff, brisk, keen Irish-American gentleman with money to burn.

"I'm fitting around, Mr. Rand, hoping to light somewhere and grow up with the country. I don't know exactly what I want, but I thought a few hundred thousand put into timber wouldn't be a bad investment."

"'Buy trees and grow rich' is the motto of this country, Mr. O'Shea. However, if you are pressed for time just now, you might care to have me look over our timber lists and wait upon you later at your hotel, at some hour convenient to you."

"That will be bully, if you'll do it, Mr. Rand. I'm staying at the Empress. Suppose you do that. Look over your lists of large tracts and meet me at the hotel at six-thirty this evening. We can dine together and discuss the timber situation. I am a stranger in your country and anxious to glean a little information."

"Delighted," replied Rand. "Thank you, sir. I shall be there at six-thirty. I think we can fix you up. Thinking of erecting a sawmill and engaging in the lumber business?"

"Not I," laughed Detective O'Shea. "I'm going to take it easy. But I have a boy growing up and he can tackle it fifteen years from now if he feels like it. I understand timber values are increasing very rapidly." He glanced again at his watch. "I must be running along, Mr. Rand. See you at six-thirty. So long," and with a friendly wave of his hand he was gone in a great hurry, swinging his father's gold-headed cane.

"Ain't I the great come-on kiddo?" he told himself admiringly, as he turned the corner and slowed down to a leisurely walk. His plans were working out well, for he had had the precaution to investigate the Canadian timber laws. He had learned that one cannot buy timber outright and let it lie idle as an investment. On the contrary, the contracts of purchase from the Dominion Government specify that milling operations must commence within a certain period and that a royalty on the manufactured product must be paid to the Government. It was this knowledge that had led O'Shea to feign an interest in timber lands, for by talking carelessly of an investment of a couple of hundred thousand dollars he knew he would arouse Rand's interest. Then, with that interest aroused, O'Shea planned to discover, regretfully, that an investment in Canadian timber was impossible. He must have his lands in fee simple, and the only place where such timber lands were for sale was the United States.

"If the prospect of a big commission doesn't lure that bird across the water where I want him," mused Detective O'Shea, "I'm a boob and I'll resign from the department the minute I get back to San Francisco."

RAND arrived at the hotel at six o'clock and talked timber lands until six-thirty, when they went in to dinner. By ten o'clock O'Shea, by adroit questioning, had fathomed every angle of the Canadian laws relating to purchases of timber, and with well-simulated regret, he played his trump card.

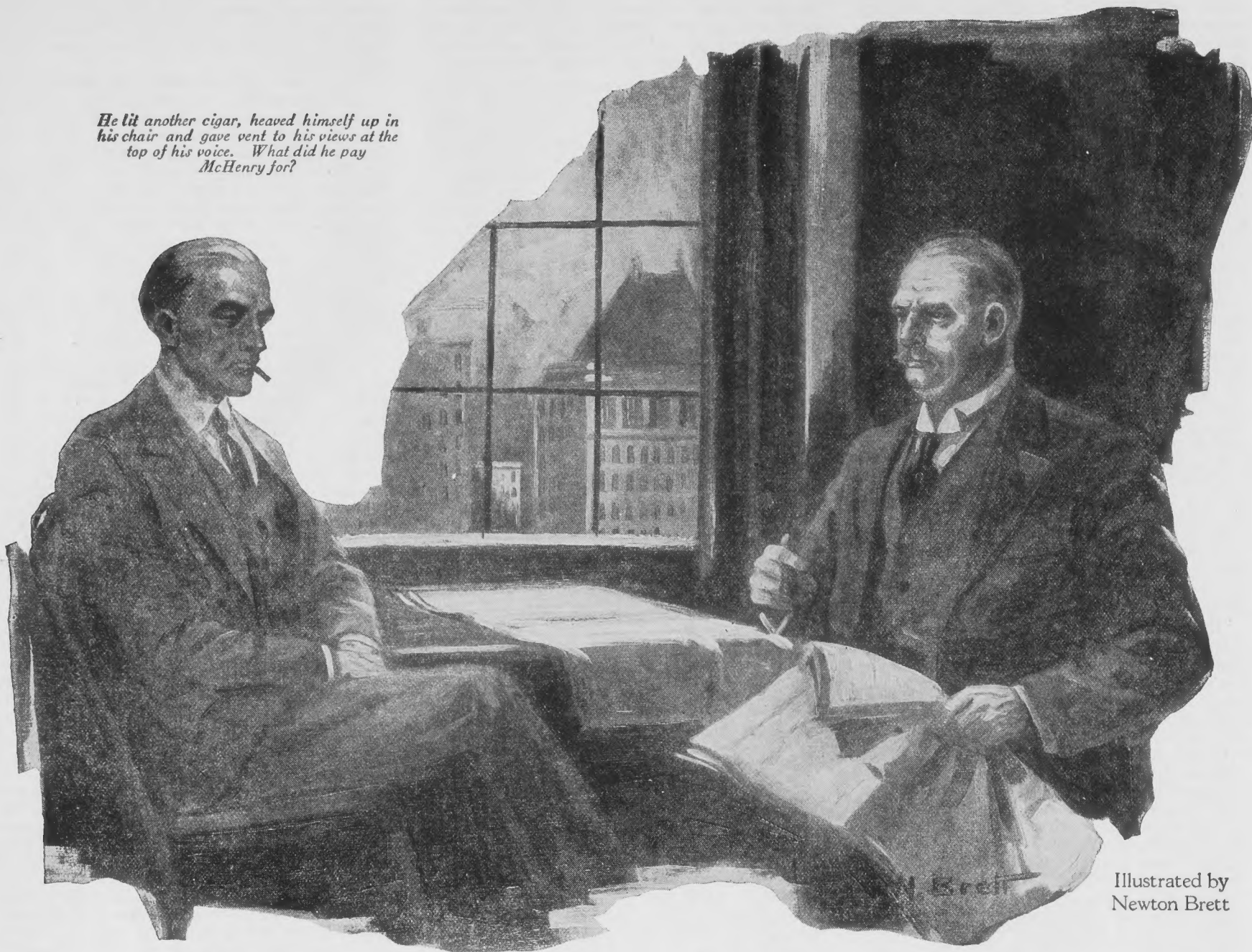
*Continued on page 61*



*Six months later Mallory's body was found half buried on a sand-bar in the Sacramento River near Kennett.*



*He lit another cigar, heaved himself up in his chair and gave vent to his views at the top of his voice. What did he pay McHenry for?*



Illustrated by  
Newton Brett

## Booming Mr. Mombasser

By Bernard J. Farmer

**T**HE good press agent is a singularly simple-minded person. He has but one ambition—to land Big Business on the front page. And as a reward, when he leaves this vale of tears, the great Celestial dailies will literally crackle with the news. His position will be reversed!

Flaring headlines will give his life and life work; the lives of his family (up to date) and their views on all earthly questions; the life of his dog (also up to date) and the dog's views on the emancipation of the canine race; and, as a grand finale, a quick review of his opinions on woman's suffrage, the water deal, the industrial question, and any other questions that occur to the angelic editor.

It is assumed, of course, that there are daily papers in heaven; otherwise no good press agent would ever think of going there!

**HENRY** McHENRY was a good press agent—none better; but this morning he was having a very trying time.

Cyrus P. Mombasser, his employer, was sitting in his private suite at the Mount Royal Hotel, and staring with undisguised dissatisfaction at the well worn grey suit of McHenry, and still more at McHenry's pale, thin face. By his side was a copy of the Montreal News, and in this lay the cause of all the trouble.

The front page had no mention of Cyrus P. Mombasser; nor had the back page, nor the intermediate pages. The only news the great Canadian public had of this unique man was contained in the shipping list:

"Among the cabin passengers on the SS. Ariadne were Madame and Mlle. Delude, Cyrus P. Mombasser, Montreal, Mrs. Caroline Bruner, Toronto, etc., etc."

Mr. Mombasser was justifiably annoyed. The Canadian public had no interest in what Great Britain or the United States were going to do about disarmament; they wanted to know about him, Cyrus P. Mombasser—and by heck, they *would* know! *Yes sir!*

He lit another cigar, heaved himself up in his chair, and gave vent to his views at the top of his voice.

What did he pay McHenry for? Getting him in the shipping news? He laughed bitterly. Oh, yes, of course he did! He was paying five-foot-six of underdone tripe untold sums a year to feature him with Madame and Mlle. Delude—whoever they were. He was a blinking philanthropist, that's what *he* was. McHenry had only to ask and he would be provided with a cradle and a nurse—and so on and so on and so on.

He finished with a thump of his fist that must have seriously troubled the foundations of the Mount Royal Hotel, then tilted his cigar skywards and lay back to watch the effect of his words.

McHenry sighed gently. 'Tis hard how soon benefits are forgotten. Only two short months ago and his employer was the envy and despair of every space-hunter in the country.

He had sailed for France on business, taking his faithful press agent with him, and it was in mid-ocean that McHenry had planned his coup.

Deliberately, with diabolical forethought, he had thrown every private paper his employer possessed overboard, including his passport. The result being that when they landed in France all was chaos. Mr. Mombasser had no country—no official existence

at all. Neither had he any knowledge of French, and McHenry found it convenient to leave his behind. The French authorities alternately raved and pleaded, rising at times to almost lyrical heights of eloquence. Mr. Mombasser, finding that shouting was the order of the day, did as the Romans did and shouted too. An interpreter was brought, but he could do little to help beyond translating the flow of invective. And in this the French had much the best of it. Mr. Mombasser was a bolshevik, a spy; his grips must be full of bombs and his heart full of dark schemes against their fair land. Oh, undoubtedly, he was a black-hearted scoundrel of the very deepest dye!

Eventually, when diplomatic relations were strained to breaking point, Mr. Mombasser gave up in disgust and came home. But here he encountered further difficulties. The Canadian authorities had no intention of being outdone by mere Frenchmen; and at Montreal where his ship docked, they simply labelled him "stowaway," and refused to let him land. Platoons of business men came down at Mr. Mombasser's urgent request, and ignoring his frantic signals, entered into the spirit of the thing. Asked to identify him, they scratched their heads and remembered dimly that they had seen him somewhere — where, though, they couldn't quite say. It might have been in Australia, or again, it might have been the North Pole.

In the end salvation came to the sore afflicted man in the form of his banker, who had no sense of humor whatever. He said the necessary things, pulled the necessary strings, and lo, once more Mr. Mombasser had the right to his name.

All together, the stunt cost him several thousand dollars before it was straight, and untold wealth in loss of time. But it was worth it. He saw himself appear in every paper from Newfoundland to



Vancouver, and as his annoyance melted before the sacred black headlines of the Montreal News, so did McHenry bask in the sunshine of his approval.

But all that was forgotten now. Behold this ungrateful man pretending he had never seen the non-paying end of a newspaper before. McHenry sighed again. Life was indeed hard. Absently he helped himself to a cigar, then subsiding gently in his chair, pushed back what must have been the oldest hat in Canada and surrounded himself with a cloud of smoke.

McHenry was thinking.

His employer watched with prominent blue eyes. "I'd better get another press agent," he hinted darkly.

But McHenry's only reply was a gentle shake of the head. For who could succeed where McHenry failed? It ought to be easy. And yet—and yet—

His gaze wandered out of the window. All around were aids to thought. Staring boldly past the dome of St. James Cathedral was the announcement:

#### MOMBASSER'S SIFTED FLOUR TAKES THE "ACHE" OUT OF BAKE!

To the left, grandma was smiling radiantly over the fact that Mombasser's patent lard enabled her to achieve the ambition of her dreams—the perfect cake. While to the right was further information:

#### MOMBASSER'S MAGIC POWDER BUILDS BIGGER AND BETTER BUNS!

The street cars, the railroads, the buses, every wall in the land that would or could be used, were crying aloud the name of Mombasser, and only he, McHenry, was silent.

"How'd it be," he said presently, "if you saved a suicide? The public's tired of philanthropists—they talk too much. What they want now is heroes—bigger and better heroes.

"Now suppose you go down to the harbor—you can say after to admire the sunset on the water—and hear a desolate wail of misery. You listen. The wail rises to a frenzied scream. You run to the edge and see a poor abandoned wretch struggling in his death throes. You, then, with great courage and presence of mind, jump in and pull out the abandoned wretch—"

"Can't swim," put in his employer shortly.

"Pull out the abandoned wretch," went on the press agent dreamily—at least you would, only I should be there to help. Then you lie side by side on the dock, savior and saved, stark and cold in a pool of water and gasp for breath—or p'raps you had better not breathe at all for a bit—"

Here Mr. Mombasser, who had been growing more and more impatient, definitely struck.

"S'pose I was drowned"? he demanded.

McHenry waved a gently supplicating hand.

"That will be all right," he said vaguely.

"Al—wha' d'you mean"?

But McHenry was not listening. His pale face upturned to the ceiling, his eyes flamed with the sacred fires of inspiration, and he spoke as if to himself:

"Lard magnate makes heroic rescue—Dies saving suicide—"

He broke off at an infuriated roar from his employer.

"Darned if I'll do it! I'm not goin' to drown for any of your infernal schemes. No sir! Besides, if I'm dead, how am I goin' to see a paper? Talk sense!"

McHenry was stunned.

"You mean to say you won't do it"?

"No!"

"But think of the publicity," pleaded the press agent. "Why, even the Vancouver Star would put you on the front page—and remember what they said about you and the Grain Exchange last year—"

"Once and for all," shouted the other, "No! Think up something else!"

McHenry sat back with an injured air. When a man won't listen to the advice of his best friends you can

do little for him. He took another cigar and lit it moodily. Too often in his experience men had scorned the wonder of publicity just because of a little personal inconvenience. There was no gratitude left in the world, he reflected bitterly. No, nor common sense.

But his depression did not last long. He would not have been McHenry if it had.

"How'd it be—" he began; then, "No," he murmured, "that's no good either—"

He relapsed into silence again, and ignoring his fuming employer, took yet another cigar.

"Got it"! he exclaimed suddenly, and his insignificant form quivered like a terrier at a rat hole.

Mr. Mombasser growled.

"What is it this time," he said suspiciously, "suicide or hanging"?

But McHenry never answered. With an abrupt movement his ancient hat dropped to the floor, and he started to pour forth his scheme, his eloquence surging like a flood over the hapless lard king. And as he listened, Mr. Mombasser's prominent eyes protruded still more until they resembled overdone poached eggs.

IT CAME to pass, then, one fine Saturday afternoon in June, that a baker's cart was meandering along Sherbrook street at a pace that bordered on indolence. The whole equipage was weary; the driver, slumped forward in his seat, seemed to have as much trouble in keeping his eyes open as his horse; and it was evident that if the good citizens of Montreal relied on Buggen's bread for their supplies, they would have to wait a long time.

On the left, a small crowd was watching a cricket game in progress on the McGill grounds; on the right, a solitary pedestrian was keeping pace with the baker's cart, and in front and behind, couples were dallying with love and sunshine.

It was a peaceful scene.

But unfortunately the peace could not last long, for the solitary figure on the right was none other than the very wide-awake McHenry, the *deux et machina* of publicity.

Nor did the peace long endure. Soon the ears of the promenaders were assailed by a dull rumbling, which gradually increased to a nerve-shattering roar, and then to their offended gaze came the spectacle of a steam shovel, with full mechanical devilments, coming down Durocher street at five miles an hour.

Let it be said at once: the engineer in charge had his instructions, and in his own way he was as much

of an artist as McHenry was in his. He had been paid to make a noise; and a noise he would make. Never in all the history of steam shovels had one made more noise than this; never had more smoke belched from a single funnel; and as a road-breaker, weighing five tons, had been coupled on behind by the specialist in noises and bumped about the road in a highly satisfactory manner, the din was truly appalling.

So far, so good.

The baker's cart was still proceeding at a funeral pace some fifty yards in front of the shovel, and though the driver perseveringly kept his eyes shut, the horse gradually became aware that something was making a noise.

The road-breaker leapt into the air and came down to earth with a nerve-shattering bang, and the horse pricked up its ears to make quite sure.

"Dang me if the hoss ain't deaf"! muttered the engineer of the shovel.

He opened the throttle till he couldn't hear himself speak, then wiped his steaming brow and waited again hopefully.

Now the horse, only twenty yards ahead, was quite convinced there was a noise; but for the time it endured in silence. It was not a rash animal. Then at last, when the engineer was growing desperate, it became vaguely aware that something was expected of it, raised its head and broke into a gentle gallop.

In this it was assisted by the driver who woke up with startling suddenness, gave it a cut with the whip, and closed his eyes again.

Events had now begun to move rapidly.

McHenry, who had been keeping pace with the baker's cart, turned his head with some uneasiness. The time was ripe for heroes, and at any moment now one might take it into his head to stop the horse, and he, McHenry, was not going to all this time and trouble just to land some low sensation-hunter on the front page.

Suddenly he gave an exclamation of relief.

A magnificent limousine, held up in the traffic at Mountain Street, was now making up time by using Sherbrook Street as a race-track.

The engineer of the steam shovel looked round and saw it coming, and being a sportsman as well as an artist in noises, hit his shovel up to an incredible pace with the laudable object of seeing all the fun.

And here was where he exceeded his instructions and spoilt all the carefully-laid plans of McHenry. By rights he should have stopped his agonized machinery to cool, and the noise would have ceased.

Instead, his reckless six miles an hour was producing a din ear-splitting in its intensity.

McHenry could not be expected to guard against the sporting instincts of the engineer; neither could he know of a high-spirited horse in the neighborhood of Bleury. But it was there, drawing a light delivery van, and it was of a totally different calibre to the peaceful animal in the baker's cart. It knew a noise when it heard one. Furthermore it objected, and after two minutes endurance, got the bit between its teeth and galloped down Sherbrook street at breakneck speed.

McHenry, who was just in time to see it start, sighed at the stupidity of the human race.

Of all the uncomplimentary adjectival idiots, surely the engineer of the shovel was the worst. But McHenry could not stop to tell him so now. Time was valuable. He looked round for a taxi, and after some frantic signalling, one came.

"Ten dollars if you catch up with that horse"! he yelled.

The taxi-driver looked first at his hat and then at his suit.

"I'm surprised at you, brother," he said sadly, "trying to bilk a poor taxi-man."

McHenry ground his teeth. Was there no limit to the foolishness of mankind?

He whipped out a ten-dollar bill and held it up. "Now then: ten dollars if you catch that horse"!

"Which horse"? asked the driver, calmly.

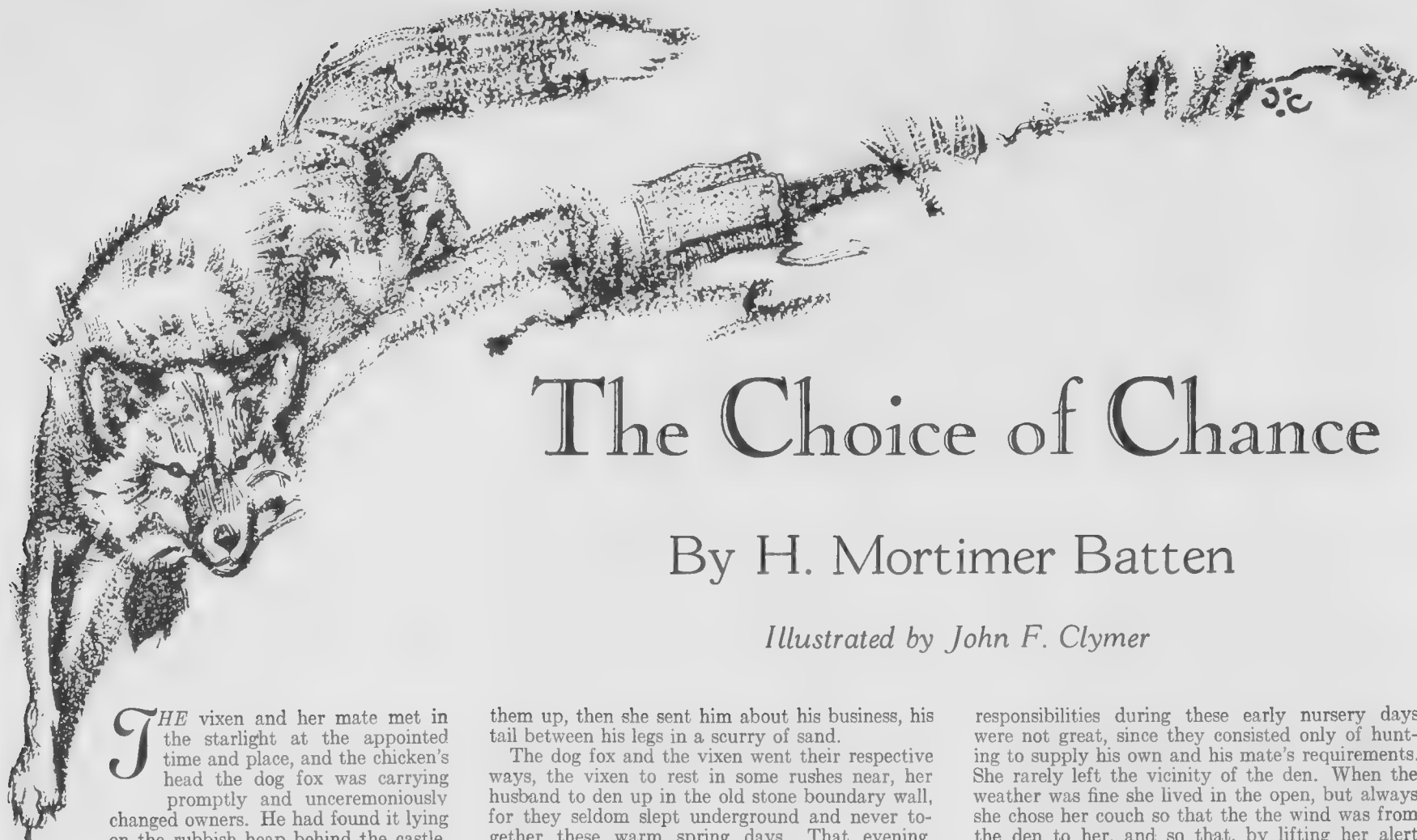
"The front one, you fool"! said McHenry, with intense patience, and shot off in pursuit.

Continued on page 58



The next moment horse, van, lard king and McHenry were all in a heap together





# The Choice of Chance

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by John F. Clymer

**T**HE vixen and her mate met in the starlight at the appointed time and place, and the chicken's head the dog fox was carrying promptly and unceremoniously changed owners. He had found it lying on the rubbish heap behind the castle, and since at this season, while their cubs were small, it was his job to feed his mate, he had taken up the dainty and carried it without second thought or enquiry. But, no sooner had the vixen eaten it, which she did hastily and on the spot, than there, under his admiring gaze, she was assailed by the most desperate stomach-ache. It sent her sprawling and writhing among the whin bushes, then, dragging herself from thicket to thicket, lying and panting at intervals, she reached at length a muddy little pond deep down among the birches. So sick was she that she could drag herself no further, for her hind quarters were paralyzed. So there she lay in the shallow water, drinking the liquid squelch and gnawing the coarse grass as though she were working against time. And indeed she was, for only a powerful emetic could save the situation which the keeper had so cunningly designed, knowing full well that by taking the life of the vixen he would account also for a promising litter. To the keeper foxes were the worst vermin along that range, though he dare not openly wage war against them.

The water and dry grass enabled the vixen to get rid of the poison, though by that time her eyes were glazed, and she was so exhausted as to be in danger of drowning in three inches of water. She shook from head to tail, her teeth were chattering, and so wet and muddy was she that small wonder that her mate, sneaking in the offing, was afraid to go near her. At length he plucked up his courage and approached, but wild beasts do not like company when they are hard put to it, and the vixen snapped at him querulously, bidding him go away and leave her. Then she ate more grass and drank more water, after which she lay in a thicket, while the dog fox circled round, clearly more curious than anxious.

Finally he left her to her own strange devices, and within an hour the vixen was more or less herself again, save for exhaustion. Either the keeper had overdosed or under-dosed that chicken's head, for as a rule strychnine is deadly sure and too quick to be evaded. She rested till dawn was near, then she bethought herself of her cubs. This was their feeding time, and so long as she was able to drag herself along, she would not neglect them; so away she went to the old badger earth up in the pine wood just above, where her family was awaiting her. She fed them and washed them and caressed them, and when she emerged, there was her mate again standing dutifully at 'shun among the pine boles, with half a dozen mice neatly packed head to tail crosswise in his jaws. Small wonder she sniffed those mice suspiciously before she took

them up, then she sent him about his business, his tail between his legs in a scurry of sand.

The dog fox and the vixen went their respective ways, the vixen to rest in some rushes near, her husband to den up in the old stone boundary wall, for they seldom slept underground and never together these warm spring days. That evening, when the sun was gone, but while the soft light of the afterglow still touched the pines with softest pink, casting vague shadows about the mounds of yellow sand at the burrow mouth, a strange and touching scene took place. As usual, the vixen went to feed her cubs, approaching watchfully, then diving quickly underground, but after a minute or two she re-emerged, carrying a little dark-colored cub in her jaws. She laid it on the sand and nosed it over and over, but it did not stir, did not whimper, in fact was very still indeed. So she trotted over to a juniper near, scratched a hole, and buried it. Then she went back to the earth, and presently reappeared with another cub, which in turn she sniffed and buried, and so one after another, till all five were all accounted for. For though she herself had survived the poison, the keeper had achieved at least half his aim. Very carefully she replaced the earth—five little mounds under the juniper bush, which would scatter its thorns and its berries about them, then for a time she sat looking at the place, as though striving for knowledge as to the why and the wherefore of it. At length she returned to the earth and sniffed the bed where they had lain, nosing it over, as though hoping against hope that she might find yet another one—alive. But that hope was soon gone, so she trotted away in the soft light where the birds were still singing, and from the manner of her going one could not have told that any great sorrow had befallen her, save that once she caught up a stick and gnawed it, dropping the broken fragments. Would she forsake this place, with its sad memories, and go right away to some different haunt among the ferny dells, or would she return again and search again as though to convince herself of the impossible? Yes, for so long as the mother-sense lasted, she would return night after night and dawn after dawn to nose about the place where her little ones had lain, whimpering while she searched for them.

Of all this the dog fox knew nothing at all. His

responsibilities during these early nursery days were not great, since they consisted only of hunting to supply his own and his mate's requirements. She rarely left the vicinity of the den. When the weather was fine she lived in the open, but always she chose her couch so that the wind was from the den to her, and so that, by lifting her alert muzzle, she could keep close watch over the sandy mounds. Hardly a mouse could have approached without her knowing it, and woe betide any poaching cat that chanced to prowl that way.

Had the cubs lived, the father's duties would have increased daily, but meantime he was scouring the hills, sometimes miles from the den, taking good care to do his hunting on the range of another fox rather than risk the far-reaching vengeance of mankind in the vicinity of his own home. That

evening, while his mate was burying the cubs, he was four miles away, slinking about in the heart of a big wood, much bewildered at a new discovery.

In the centre of that wood he had found a circular wooden hoarding, so high that he could not hope to scale it, and enclosing a patch of ground fully four acres in extent.

On one side, just outside the board screen, was a long wooden cabin such as lumbermen erect about their portable sawmill, and from this cabin came the clatter of culinary and occasional bursts of virile song. Human ears would have recognized the strong Canadian accent of the singer, but the dog fox simply did not like it. What he did like was the savory aroma which wafted from the end of

the building where the man was working, and though all this was strange and interesting, there was stranger still, for pervading the whole vicinity was a strong smell of fox. It had caught his nostrils two miles away, and following that scent he had tracked it to this very place. Here unquestionably were foxes, many foxes, inside the high board fence, for not only could he smell them, but he could hear them barking and talking—those long-drawn "Whoo-oo-os" with an occasional "woff." What on earth it could mean he could not make out, but naturally he wanted to know. The fact that other foxes were here rather set at a discount the presence of the man, for clearly the foxes on the other side of the fence were not alarmed at the man's presence.

Continued on page 56





# How Saskatchewan Looks After Its Dependent

By Doris S. Milligan

**T**HERE were so many things to be done 23 years ago when Saskatchewan attained the dignity of a province, that it must have been difficult to know just where to start.

Like the old sailor in A. A. Milne's poem—

*"Who had so many things which he wanted to do,  
That, whenever he thought it was time to begin  
He couldn't because of the state he was in.  
And so in the end he did nothing at all  
But basked in the shingle wrapped up in a shawl."*

Unlike the old sailor, however, Saskatchewan got down to the job in earnest. And though demands made by its strong and vigorous were numerous, it heard also those made by its weak and dependent.

The slogan in those early days was: "Go West, young man." And it was the young people who were coming in by the thousands. That's one reason why, up to last year, Saskatchewan didn't



*The Saskatchewan Child Adoption Act gives a certain civil engineer in Saskatchewan the right to call this little chap, "son." He was placed by the Bureau of Child Protection*

have to worry much about its old. But though it did not have many old, it always had its children and its dependent mothers.

How it has looked after these, a brief survey of its legislation will indicate. Saskatchewan has probably developed as fine a set of laws for its dependents as any province in the Dominion.

Three years after the formation of the province, in 1908, the first step towards the organization of children's protection work was taken. J. J. Kelso, superintendent of neglected children in the province of Ontario, was invited by the Saskatchewan Government to come out upon a visit and give the benefit of his experience.

It was in 1908 that the Children's Protection Act was introduced into the Provincial House, and passed. This was "designed to insure proper treatment and environment for neglected, dependent and ill-treated children," a bulletin issued by the Government a year or two later explains. "Under this Act the position of Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children was established and steps taken to care for those children, who for various reasons might be found to be in need of public attention, not merely on humane grounds but that they might become good citizens on attaining maturity." A Bureau of Child Protection



*F. J. Reynolds, Commissioner of the Bureau of Child Protection for the Province of Saskatchewan*

was formed to administer the Act and many are the duties which have been added to this Bureau since. Indeed, practically all of the social legislation of the Province comes under it. It looks after the care and supervision of neglected and dependent children, the work of children's aid societies, supervision of children's shelters and the supervision of maternity, nursing and other homes. And when Saskatchewan passed its Old Age Pensions Act last year, this also was placed under the Bureau for administration.

Adoption of children in Saskatchewan is surrounded by all possible safeguards. A staff of



*Edna and Mary are among the hundreds of dependent children who have been placed with foster-parents through the Saskatchewan Bureau of Neglected Children*

inspectors, both men and women, is kept busy visiting foster homes. The Bureau keeps in the closest touch with all of its wards.

Through the efforts of the Bureau many children have found permanent homes and legal parents. Always, however, there is a larger supply for adoption than there is a demand. At least there are always more boys. It's baby girls that would-be parents come seeking; and old children, especially boys, are not so easily placed.

What unusual requests the Bureau has received on occasions! One day a letter came from a Chinese couple asking for a little Chinese boy for adoption. Now Oriental children are not numerous in Saskatchewan. However, it so happened that among the Government wards at that time there was a little Chinese girl. Immediately a letter describing the child was forwarded to the couple. Just as promptly came the reply. They had a little girl of their own but friends of theirs would like to have this one.

After the usual formalities had been gone through, the girl was placed in her new home. A year later



*Through the efforts of the Saskatchewan Bureau of Child Protection, Evelyn has found a happy home in Northern Saskatchewan. She has been adopted by a family at Meadow Lake, 120 miles north of a railway*

the inspector, happening to be in the vicinity, called. The child was playing in the garden, clad in a pretty dress, and when she lifted her hand to shake the inspector's, she displayed a bracelet of silver dollars.

Just a year ago a Saskatchewan mother who had raised seventeen children of her own, wrote to ask for two babies to adopt. "My youngest has reached school age and I'm so used to little ones around the home I can't bear the thought of not having any," she said. And so out to the farm of these well-to-do people two little Government wards were taken.

**I**N 1927 the Child Welfare Act was passed, revising and consolidating the Children's Protection Act of 1908, the Juvenile Courts Act of 1917 and the Adoption of Children Act of 1922.

One of the new phases introduced was a provision whereby the father of an illegitimate child was made to bear expenses incidental to the birth of the child and to contribute towards its support and maintenance until the child reaches the age of 16 or dies. Another provides for the care of feeble-minded children. This requires the commissioner of the Bureau to have such children examined by a psychiatrist and on request of the parents or guardian, placed in a suitable institution.

*Continued on page 41*



# VERITY

## A Love Story Which, Like all True Love Stories, is the Story of a Storm

By Bev Struan

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

**V**ERITY TAYLOR firmly believes that a flashing, crashing storm is the most beautiful thing in all this beautiful world! She will tell you that, in the roar of mighty thunder is heard a still small voice; that flaming lightning betrays and unriddles the contemptible pettiness of little things; illuminates the big things, shows them forth in their true and mighty proportions. And Verity is convinced, too, that to fight through a storm, with body, soul and spirit strained to the uttermost of giving; to conquer the storm and to reach safe harbor once again, gives a conviction of bigness and of power to a girl, which reveals her to herself as something worthy to be loved—a woman—unafraid.

VERITY was born in our village. Her father had inherited from his father, the old mill on the river, and endless acres of bush which had been a crown grant to a United Empire Loyalist great-grandfather of the dark-eyed baby who first saw the light of day in the weather-worn old house at the meeting-place of lake and river.

Verity's forbears had been content to live the quiet, uneventful life of Northern backwoods folk, and her father was the first to realize the riches that were his, in the vast areas of timber which stood in his name. City men, interested in lumbering, who had come north for the fall hunting, had at last fired his imagination with a picture of prosperity such as he had never dreamed of, and so—but why elaborate? This story-telling is not a recital of the processes by which Verity's father became a rich man, and was gathered to his fathers, leaving his wife a rich widow; but the story of Verity and David, and how they lost each other, and found each other again.

Truly, Verity, as a youngster, was about as engaging a little rascal as one would find in a Sabbath day's journey. She wielded a paddle in young David Armstrong's canoe from the days when she called the miniature blade a "paggie." David—who had reached the ripe age of eight or ten at that time—taught her to swim at about the same time that she learned to walk. When she had reached the age of ten, her idea of "gorgeous fun" was the annual regatta at the big summer hotel some ten miles away, when she and David captured the prizes in canoeing and swimming from "those tourists." She looked upon these creatures with great scorn for their softness; scorn not unmixed with envy for soft, silky summer dresses, and white skins; for Verity was as brown as a little Indian, and, by virtue of her straight, dark hair, keen dark eyes, and generous, bow-shaped mouth, looked remarkably like a child of the noble red man.

And David? He was a country-bred boy with the fineness of the gently-bred in his heart, and all the virility of the North in his racing blood; a lad with a love of adventure, and a daring spirit which led him into perilous places sometimes. From his self-forgetful missionary father, he had inherited a spirituality which endowed the boy with a great courage, conceived of prayer—"the faith of a little child." He saved Verity's life, one spring, when she was six years old. Against orders, she was swimming, and the icy chill of the water numbed her so completely that she could hardly keep afloat. As she cried: "David—David!" the strong current carried her nearer and nearer to the mill dam. Had she been carried over, the jagged rocks over which the rapids rushed below, would have torn her strong little body to pieces. "David—David!"—

sister to the boy. Verity's father was a good-humored giant of a man who threw back his handsome head and made the old mill ring with his laughter when Verity, with childish solemnity, tried to talk to him, as she talked to David of the problems which presented themselves to her little-girlhood. He thought her funny? Very well then! He was nothing but a great big joke, his own self!

Verity's mother was the daughter of an aristocratic English "remittance man." Her hands were filled with washing, cooking, and scrubbing, and her heart with delusions anent the grandeur of blue blood. Such time and energy as were spared for Verity's mental development, were devoted to impressing upon the child that she was a little lady, and must not speak like the country children with whom she went to school. So, of course, Verity decided, after a time, that her mother was a tremendous joke, too! She loved both her father and her mother dearly, but she didn't take them seriously. Her deep respect and adoring faith were lavished upon David—her beautiful, noble, and magnificent David!

Verity was thirteen when her father was killed by a falling tree, in the forest which he loved so well. He had been a wise and a canny soul, had John Taylor and, loving his wife, he yet knew her, and the workings of her ambitious mind. With increasing prosperity he had added many comforts to the old house, and the luxury of "hired help" for his wife, but he was possessed of a fear that the peaceful home which he loved might be taken from him and replaced by a "residence" in the chaotic city; fear that he might have to say farewell to the trails through the beloved timber, and accustom his feet to city pavements and city ways, if his wife knew that he could afford the change, so he had given that lady no idea of the extent of his growing fortune.

So it was that prosperity came as something of a shock, and as a surprising adventure to John Taylor's weeping widow. She soon sold the mill, turned the key in the door of the old mill house, and moved to a city three hundred miles away, where she had well-to-do connections. For many long years she had been the country cousin, the poor relation—comparatively speaking—and who can blame her that, even in her sincere grief, she turned her back upon the scene of her married years and set forth upon the adventure of affluence?

When time for the "fitting" came, Verity wept not a tear. She felt very solemn, but not sad. Was not David in the city, in his first year at "Varsity"? His letters were a constant joy, but it would be better to see him every day. And, next summer, they would both be back in the village—David always came home for his holidays, and had not her mother almost promised that she would bring Verity, too?

On that last Autumn morning, the child was up at dawn. She climbed the high and rocky hill behind the house, and looked down upon the lake and the river, and the little village enfolded in the arms of the seemingly-endless bush. As the first faint colors of the sunrise touched the horizon's rim, Verity looked down upon the familiar scene with childish bewilderment in her eyes and in her heart. This had always been her world, and she was going away—to a vastly superior world, according to her mother, but in her heart, was a strange sense of warning that her mother's sense of values differed from her own.

As the sun rose above the hills on the distant shore, this world of Verity's was illumined in such



*Had the other man held Verity in his arms and kissed her lips, and had she responded as ardently as she had, just now, to his—David's embraces? No doubt!*

and David heard, as he always heard, and his prayer, as he fought his way, inch by inch, against the swift, relentless waters was unconventional, but none the less fervent: "I gotta save my Verity, God, and you gotta help me—O God—help me!"

David was the son of the clergyman in charge of three missions of the North country, including that of our little village of Millport. The greatest tragedy of Verity's childhood was when David was sent away to boarding-school at far-away Port Hope. Life was a thing of desolate loneliness and heart-hunger to the child. The little mission church, where solemn and uplifted moments had come to the little girl (to whom young David had somehow taught that reverence which was a part of his clean young soul), the little church seemed to have lost God's presence in the absence of the idolized playmate who had sat, each Sunday, with his mother in the first pew. And all outdoors seemed dimmed, and the bird songs less sweet—with David gone away.

Then holidays would come, and David was hers again, and the child's joy was so ecstatic that her heart ached with the glory of it! For David didn't change. His heart was ever filled with an abiding love and loyalty to the little girl who, since her babyhood, had been something more than a little



splendor as never before, to her childish eyes. The little islands in the lake, with their wealth of autumn coloring, looked like huge, and brilliant, and radiant bouquets floating on the deep blue waters of the lake.

Verity caught her breath and then her arm shot up, palm outward, fingers pointing to the sky, in the salute which she and David had always greeted each other—the greeting of the canoeist, a heritage from the Indian. Unconsciously, the child saluted in farewell, the beauty of her childhood in the North; saluted the adventure of the unknown Tomorrow. It was "Hail!—and farewell!"

THE progress of Verity upon the path to a sophisticated, too-early womanhood was naturally rapid, for she was an extremely impressionable young person. Painfully sensitive, it hurt and humiliated her to be laughed at, so she very soon learned to ape the manners of the small cousins and other little girls with whom she went to a fashionable school. It followed that her outlook changed in a great measure; the time came when her point of view ceased to be that of a child who sees adventure and beauty in an adventurous and beautiful world, and, curbing her enthusiasms, she lost much of her childhood in the process.

The love-hunger which is emphasized in the creation of such a temperament as Verity's, expressed itself in a passion for popularity even before she left school, and, as she grew older, for leadership in the none-too-innocently-played game of life, according to the rules laid down by the ultra smart set in which she lived and moved and had her boisterous being!

Don't mistake me; by virtue of an innate fastidiousness, Verity stood by those ideals which, to her, seemed to matter most but, like the rest of her "crowd," she was more than a bit lax, in that she lost sight of the fineness with which her mind had been endowed by her early comradeship with the cleanest thing in the world—Mother Nature; and Mother Nature's child—David Armstrong.

The metamorphosis of Verity was a real grief to David, and an inexplicable thing, for he failed to realize that he, too, had changed, though in a different way. It sometimes seemed to Verity that David disapproved of her every act and thought—David, who had always had such faith in her, had always found an excuse for her naughtiness; now, he criticized, and cut the ground from under her feet with some outworn platitude when she tried to explain that she was just following the crowd. David pointed out that, in many instances she was leading them. It was true. With all the passion of her love and rage, Verity told him that she hated a "kill-joy," but he continued to come—not often, but now and then—and to talk to her like "a puritanical old stick!"

Years later, it seemed to Verity that Fate had played cruel tricks upon her in those years. Instead of summers in the North, at the old mill house, there were visits to England, at the homes of her mother's people. Paddling a canoe on the Thames, her heart ached with longing for the river and the little lake. When she was back at home, David was working his way through college and finding it hard to make the time to see her much; finding it impossible to compete with her other friends in taking her to theatres and "giving her a good time" generally. It was not his poverty, or his shabby clothes (he might have been penniless and dressed in rags, and would still have been a great gentleman to Verity), but it was something else which made David less magnificent, less perfect, in her eyes. As she figured it out, one couldn't love a man who refused to laugh at one's jokes—then she told herself that her jokes were of a

different order to those which had once made the boy shout with laughter. (Oh, David was once such fun!)

Lacking David's admiration, Verity gaily accepted the attentions of various youths of her set, and of one or two married men. Upon several occasions, she told David that she was "inordinately smitten." She couldn't interest him in what they had said to her about her eyes, and lips, and charms generally. His stubborn jaw would stick out in a positively alarming way: "Verity—if a man retailed such things, he'd be called a cad. Try to behave like a gentleman!" And again—"Why can't you be decent, my dear, and save your emotions for the man you'll marry some day"? And then Verity would be furious—and contrite—and as sweet as she knew how to be with all the girlish wiles at her command, in an effort to make him say that he wanted her for himself some day. She failed and, with repeated failures, she told herself that she didn't care—she was having lots of fun! Just to prove it to herself, she would cry herself to sleep. Another romantic adventure would follow.

Promiscuous "petting," not to say osculation, Verity found was a habit easy to acquire—and very pleasant when a girl deliberately let her emotions run away with her common sense. She was a charter member of the Order of the Pocket Flask, and she smoked more than was good for her. By the time she was nineteen, she sometimes laughed at herself for a little fool, in that she was talked about more than was good for her reputation, but she assured David that there was nothing to fear for a girl so indiscreet as herself. "The girls who are really rotters," she told him, "are darned discreet! They have to be!"

Then it was that David surprised Verity. "You're damned sure of yourself!" he snapped, with eyes that fairly glared at her. "If you come a cropper you'll have only yourself to blame!"

Verity laughed aloud in her amazement. "And did he use a naughty D"? she crowed. "He'll be beating me, next!" Then her voice shook with something that was not laughter. "Oh, David, if you only would!" But David didn't play up. He

it when it was offered although he had never had it at home. He discovered two things—that he thoroughly enjoyed the effect of the stuff, and that his head was none too steady. The other fellows could take it and not show it. He couldn't. Moderate drinking affected him immoderately. When he discovered that he was making a fool of himself upon occasion, he decided to cut it out. He was surprised that the process wasn't altogether easy, and that he sometimes, particularly when he was worried about Verity and her latest escapade, couldn't resist it. Not that he tried very hard; he didn't take the thing seriously enough to consider it vastly important.

When he was in the midst of his examinations he found that a drink bucked him up wonderfully after a long night of final cramming. Puritanical upon some points, David saw no earthly harm in an occasional drink. (Neither did Verity see any harm in more-than-occasional "foolish parties," as she called them.)

ONE morning Verity awoke late, when the maid brought in her coffee and a large and expensive-looking box of roses; she awoke to the troubled recollection that she had become engaged, the previous evening, to the most eligible but weak-chinned young man, who was, officially engaged to be married to one of her closest friends. She wondered just how many drinks the youth had imbibed before he told of his fiancée's iciness, in comparison with her own emotional warmth, and had popped the question, with the explanation that he would break the news quite gently to the unfortunate if chilly Alice. And she failed—though she tried—to remember how many she, herself, had swallowed before she had submitted to his ardent embraces, and accepted him.

It was that day that David, who had been studying mining engineering, came to her with the news that he had been offered a job within a few miles of their old home, begged her to go there for the summer, and to turn over a new leaf, behave herself like a rational human being for a year or two until he was on his feet financially, and then marry him. He made love to her for the first time, with all the ardor of pent-up emotions, and a cave-manliness that took her breath away, and forced her to respond with a passion of which she had never dreamed she was capable.

So Verity wept in the arms of David—wept tears of joy and of remorse and, little thoroughbred that she really was, at heart, she told him of last evening's happening, and assured him that she would break the engagement at once, and become engaged to him at once, and that she had never been so happy in all her born days!

Verity was possessed of a large measure of courage and it took all that she possessed to make that confession. Even so, it did not occur to her that any man—even David—might react to the situation as did he. After all, the thing

was innocent enough—no harm done—she wouldn't have flirted with a friend's lover had she been "cold-sober." She had been on the point of calling the chap up—just when David came in—calling him up to tell him she was only joking—that he mustn't break with Alice, of course. However—

Explanations—excuses—worse than useless! Had David been the injured spouse of a faithless wife, he could not have poured upon her diminished head greater scorn, rage and self-righteous anger. Long-suppressed emotions expressed themselves in an uncontrolled rage which terrified Verity. Did she realize that a girl who was promiscuous in her love-making was a revolting and physically repulsive thing? Oh, a girl didn't become engaged to a man—not a man of that crowd—without some darned violent love-making! When he held Verity in his arms, and kissed her lips, had she responded as ardently as she had, just now, to his—David's—embraces? No doubt! And tomorrow evening,

Continued on page 20

*A high wind was rocking the trees; singing a stormy song. Then she became conscious of another sound—the whirr of an aeroplane propeller quite close at hand. She waited motionless for the lightning. It came again, and she saw the plane, perhaps a mile away, bury its nose in the white capped lake.*

looked at Verity with miserable eyes, and hurried away, as some other young people came in. He was ashamed, for he would not have used that "naughty D," he knew, if he hadn't had a stiff highball with one of the fellows just before he came.

Oh yes, David had found his temptations too, since he left home. He knew that his father didn't disapprove of drink in moderation, so he had taken





# "L'Art Moderne"

By

Evelyn J. L. Hamilton

"A **THING** of beauty is a joy forever." There is much of truth in this old statement—and yet—ideals of beauty change, and things, that once seemed to us unsurpassingly lovely, often lose, somehow, their charm, and become commonplace, even ugly. And this is not because these things themselves have changed, but because we have changed, and are seeking, as always, in the world around us, a reflection of ourselves, of our most vital thoughts, ideals, and emotions. Art cannot stand still in a world that is constantly moving on. True Art is created, not copied—it is warm and vibrant, expressing through the personality of the artist the emotional life of a nation.

And so, today, as has happened so many times before in past history, we are finding ourselves quite suddenly confronted with a new trend in the artistic and decorative world, a trend which is amazing yet fascinating, because so different; and we are calling it, for lack of a better term, "L'Art Moderne."

In looking at this new movement we must cast aside our prejudices, our likes and dislikes, and refrain from hasty judgment upon styles which are still in the initial stages of development. We must realize too that anything that is startlingly new and different from that to which we have grown accustomed has always been looked upon with eyes askance. All of the great decorative periods have been modern in their time, and have introduced changes which, at first were slow to be accepted.

Today we are living in an age which, in many ways, is entirely different from any former period in history. It is an age of invention, of machinery, industry, science and commerce—it is an age of complexity. Changes in our civilization have come very rapidly, and as a result our art development has not quite kept pace, but has lagged behind. And the decorative arts have been the slowest of all to move on, for the home is a private place and sacred—a place where love of the familiar and accustomed makes us blind to the incongruous.

The movement had its beginning thirty years ago in small artists' colonies in the cities of Vienna and Darmstadt in Austria and Germany, spreading from there to other countries where the soil was more fertile for wide growth. It was not until France took hold of the movement that any real

worth-while results were noticeable. The Exposition des Arts Decoratifs held in France in 1925 was very much of a shock to the whole world and

aroused a great deal of criticism, but it marked a turning-point in the new trend, and since that date rapid strides have been made in the leading countries, not only in creating newer and more practical designs, but in winning the public over to an interest in, and appreciation of "L'Art Moderne."

But while it is necessary for us to know what has been and what is being done in the European

countries before we can appreciate the movement as a whole, we are naturally most interested in what is taking place on this side of the water. Canada and America, which are the most modern of all countries in the world today, are particularly well suited to adopting the new forms and contributing unique creations of their own. They are young, wealthy, and quick to take to that which is new, being far less hampered by tradition than older countries. Already, valuable contributions have been made.

**WE** come now to the question of what is "Modern" in Art? "Modern" as a term is, of course, wholly relative.

First, let us look at the floor; we will find that it is dark,

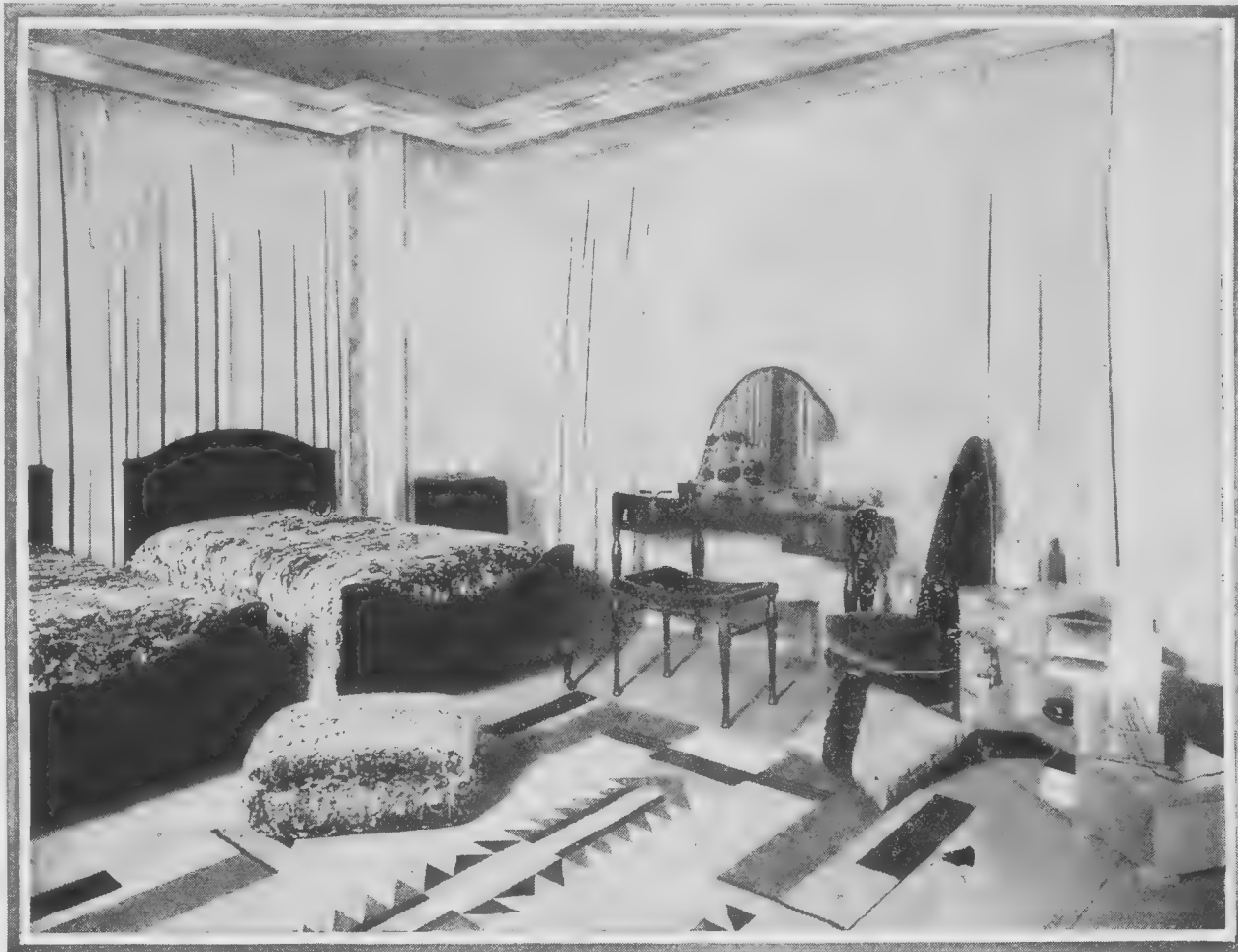
noiseless and plain, yet luxurious in richness and serviceability. We will find that all-over carpeting is in high favor or large broad-loom rugs. The pile is deep and soft and silky, often being hand-tufted; the favorite colors are greys, browns, taupes and blacks.

Where design occurs, it is usually in an all-over pattern, giving soft blendings of color or light and shade effects which are exceedingly beautiful. The striking color notes and zig-zag outstanding patterns are reserved for the small rugs which are placed here and there on top of the plain carpet. When floors are of wood they are dark—the light hardwood floor has no place at all. Other floors are of inlaid linoleum, tiling, stone or marble. The richest of materials are favored in all cases as it is considered that good quality for the flooring is essential.

Let us raise our eyes now from the floor to the wall. We shall find too that it is often plain.

Perhaps the one we shall choose as most typical will be that which is entirely or partially draped with fabrics. These fabrics, plain or patterned, hang in luxurious loose soft folds from ceiling to floor, creating a feeling of space, comfort and repose. Often the drapes are used to fill in nooks at heads of beds, or behind davenport or

Continued on page 59



*This illustration depicts some of the livable interest and charm of a bedroom furnished after the moderne manner.*



*The comfortable cushion piled day bed with black bookcase ends is covered in damask of blue in this moderne study*





*Dolores poked her revolver a foot nearer saying "Uppy if you let them come up with us—unless you get us to Fort Confidence—I will kill you. Do you understand?"*

## Back to God's Country

By

James Oliver Curwood

*Illustrated by J. F. Clymer*

CONCLUDING CHAPTERS

WHEN the dunnage sack was filled, she returned to Peter. "Won't it be a joke on Captain Rydal!" she exulted. "You see, we aren't going to let him know anything about it." She appeared not to observe Peter's surprise. "You know how I hate him, Peter, dear," she went on. "He is a beast. But Mr. Blake has done a great deal of trading with him, and he doesn't want Captain Rydal to know the part he is taking in getting us away. Not that Rydal would miss us, you know! I don't think he cares very much whether you live or die, Peter, and that's why I hate him. But we must humor Mr. Blake. He doesn't want him to know."

"Odd," mused Peter. "Its sort of — sneaking away."

His eyes had in them a searching question which Dolores tried not to see and which she was glad he did not put into words. If she could only fool him another hour—just one more hour.

It was less than that—half an hour after she had finished the dunnage sack—when they heard footsteps crunching outside and then a knock at the door. Wapi answered with a snarl, and when Dolores opened the door and Blake entered, his eyes fell first of all on the dog.

"Attached himself, eh?" he greeted, turning his quiet, unemotional smile on Peter. "First white woman he has ever seen, and I guess the case is hopeless. Mrs. Keith may have him."

He turned to her. "Are you ready?"

She nodded and pointed to the dunnage sack. Then she put on her fur coat and hood and helped Peter sit up on the edge of the bed while Blake opened the door again and made a low signal. Instantly Uppy and another Eskimo came in. Blake led with the sack, and the two Eskimos carried Peter. Dolores followed last, with the fingers of one little hand gripped about the revolver in her pocket. Wapi hugged so close to her that she could feel his body.

On the ice was a sledge without dogs. Peter was bundled on this, and the Eskimos pulled him. Blake was still in the lead. Twenty minutes after leaving the ship they pulled up at his cabin.

THERE were two teams ready for the trail, one of six dogs, and another of five, each watched over by an Eskimo. The visor of Dolores' hood kept Blake from seeing how sharply she took in the situation. Under it her eyes were ablaze. Her bare hand gripped her revolver and if Peter could have heard the beating of her heart, he would have gasped. But she was cool, for all that. Swiftly and accurately she appraised Blake's preparations.

She observed that in the six-dog team, in spite of its numerical superiority, the animals were more powerful than those in the five-dog team. The Eskimos placed Peter on the six-dog sledge, and Dolores helped to wrap him up warmly in the bear-skins. Their dunnage sack was tied on at Peter's feet. Not until then did she seem to notice the five-dog team. She smiled at Blake. "We must be sure that in our excitement we haven't forgotten something," she said, going over what was on the sledge. "This is a tent, and there are plenty of warm bear-skins—and—and—" She looked up at Blake, who was watching her silently. "If there's no timber for so long, Mr. Blake, shouldn't we have a big bundle of kindling? And surely we should have meat for the dogs!"

Blake stared at her and then turned sharply on Uppy with a rattle of Eskimo. Uppy and one of the companions made their exit instantly and in great haste.

"The fools!" he apologized. "One has to watch them like children, Mrs. Keith. Pardon me while I help them."

She waited until he followed Uppy into the cabin. Then, with the remaining Eskimo staring at her in wonderment, she carried an extra bear-skin, the small tent, and a narwhal grubsack to Peter's sledge. It was another five minutes before Blake and the two Eskimos reappeared with a bag of fish and a big bundle of ship-timber kindlings. Dolores stood with a mittened hand on Peter's



shoulder, and bending down, whispered: "Peter, if you love me, don't mind what I'm going to say now. Don't move, for everything is going to be all right, and if you should try to get up or roll off the sledge, it would be so much harder for me. I haven't even told you we're going to Fort Confidence. Now you'll know!"

She straightened up to face Blake. She had chosen her position, and Blake was standing clear and unshadowed in the starlight half a dozen paces from her. She had thrust her hood back a little, inspired by her feminine instinct to let him see her contempt for him.

"You beast!"

The words hissed hot and furious from her lips, and in the same instant Blake found himself staring straight into the unquivering muzzle of her revolver.

"You beast!" she repeated.

"I ought to kill you. I ought to shoot you down where you stand, for you are a cur and a coward. I know what you have planned. I followed you when you went to Rydal's cabin a little while ago, and I heard everything that passed between you. Listen, Peter, and I'll tell you what these brutes were going to do with us. You were to go with the six-dog team and I with the five, and out on the barrens were to become separated, you to go on and be killed when you were a proper distance away, and I to be brought back—to Rydal. Do you understand, Peter dear? Isn't it splendid that we should have forced on us like this such wonderful material for a story?"

She was gloriously unafraid now. A paean of triumph, contempt, and utter fearlessness. Her mitted hand pressed on Peter's shoulder, and before the weapon in her other hand Blake stood as if turned to stone.

"You don't know," she said, speaking to him directly, "how near I am to killing you. I think I shall shoot unless you have the meat and kindlings put on Peter's sledge immediately and give Uppy instructions—in English—to drive us to Fort Confidence. Peter and I will both go with the six-dog sledge. Give the instructions quickly, Mr. Blake!"

Blake, recovering from the shock she had given him, flashed back at her his cool and cynical smile. In spite of being caught in an unpleasant lie, he admired this golden-haired, blue-eyed slip of a woman for the colossal bluff she was playing. "Personally, I'm sorry," he said. "But I couldn't help it. Rydal—"

"I am sure, unless you give the instructions quickly, that I shall shoot," she interrupted him. Her voice was so quiet that Peter was amazed.

A flash of fire blinded him, and with the flash Blake staggered back with a cry of pain and stood swaying unsteadily in the starlight, clutching with one hand at an arm that hung limp and useless at his side.

"That time, I broke your arm," said Dolores, with scarcely more excitement than if she had made a bull's eye on the Piping Rock range. "If I fire again, I'm quite positive that I shall kill you!"

The Eskimos had not moved. They were like three lifeless staring gargoyles. For another second or two Blake stood clutching at his arm. Then he said:

"Uppy, put the dog meat and the kindlings on the big sledge—and drive like hell for Fort Confidence!" And then, before she could stop him, he followed up his words swiftly and furiously in Eskimo.

"Stop!"

She almost shrieked the one word of warning, and with it a second shot burned its way through the flesh of Blake's shoulder and he went down. The revolver turned on Uppy, and instantly he was electrified into life. Thirty seconds later, at the head of the team, he was leading the way into the chaotic gloom of the night. Hovering over Peter, riding with her hand on the gee-bar of the sledge, Dolores looked back to see Blake staggering to his feet. He shouted after them, and what he said was in Uppy's tongue. And this time she could not stop him.

She had forgotten Wapi. But as the night swallowed them up, she still looked back, and through the gloom she saw a shadow coming swiftly. In a few moments Wapi was running at the tail of the sledge. Then she leaned over Peter and encircled his shoulders with her furry arms.

"We're off!" she cried, a breaking note of gladness in her voice. "We're off! And, Peter dear, wasn't it perfectly thrilling?"

A few minutes later she called upon Uppy to stop the team. Then she faced him, close to Peter, with the revolver in her hand.

"Uppy," she demanded, speaking slowly and distinctly, "what was it Blake said to you?"

For a moment Uppy made as if to feign stupidity. The revolver covered a spot half-way between his narrow-slit eyes.

"I shall shoot—"

Uppy gave a choking gasp. "He said—no take trail For' Confidence—go wrong—he come soon get you."

"Yes, he said just that." She picked her words even more slowly. "Uppy, listen to me. If you let them come up with us—unless you get us to Fort Confidence—I will kill you. Do you understand?"

She poked her revolver a foot nearer, and Uppy nodded emphatically. She smiled. It was almost funny to see Uppy's understanding liven up at the point of the gun, and she felt a thrill that tingled to her finger-tips. The little devils of

adventure were wide-awake in her, and, smiling at Uppy, she told him to hold up the end of his driving-whip. He obeyed. The revolver flashed, and a muffled yell came from him as he felt the shock of the bullet as it struck fairly against the butt of his whip. In the same instant there came a snarling, deep-throated growl from Wapi. From the sledge Peter gave a cry of warning. Uppy shrank back, and Dolores cried out sharply and put herself swiftly between Wapi and the Eskimo. The huge dog, ready to spring, slunk back to the end of the sledge at the command of her voice. She patted his big head before she got on the sledge behind Peter.

THERE was no indecision in the manner of Uppy's going now. He struck out swift and straight for the pale constellation of stars that hung over Fort Confidence. It was splendid traveling. The surface of the Arctic plain was frozen solid. What little wind there was came from behind them, and the dogs were big and fresh. Uppy ran briskly, snapping the lash of his whip and la-looing the dogs in the manner of the Eskimo driver. Dolores did not wait for Peter's demand for a further explanation of their running away and her remarkable words to Blake. She told him. She omitted, for the sake of Peter's peace of mind, the physical insults she had suffered at Captain Rydal's hands. She did not tell him that Rydal had forced her into his arms a few hours before and kissed her. What she did reveal made Peter's arms and shoulders grow tense and he groaned in his helplessness.

"If you'd only told me!" he protested.

Dolores laughed triumphantly, with her arm about his shoulder. "I knew my dear old Peter too well for that," she exulted. "If I had told you, what a pretty mess we'd be in now, Peter! You would have insisted on calling Captain Rydal into our cabin and shooting him from the bed, and then where would we have been? Don't you think I'm handling it pretty well, Peter dear?"

Peter's reply was smothered against her hooded cheek.

He began to question her more directly now, and with his ability to grasp at the significance of things he pointed out quickly the tremendous hazard of their position. There were many more dogs and other sledges at Blake's place, and it was utterly inconceivable that Blake and Captain Rydal would permit them to reach Fort Confidence without making every effort in their power to stop them. Once they succeeded in placing certain facts in the hands of the Mounted Police, both Rydal and Blake would be done for. He impressed this uncomfortable truth on Dolores and suggested that if she could have smuggled a rifle along in the dunage sack it would have helped matters considerably. For Rydal and Blake would not hesitate at shooting. For them it must be either capture or kill—death for him anyway, for he was the one factor not wanted in the equation. He summed up their chances and their danger calmly and pointedly, as he always looked at troubling things. And Dolores felt her heart sinking within her. After all, she had not handled the situation any too well.

She almost wished she had killed Rydal herself and called it self-defense. At least she had been criminally negligent in not smuggling along a rifle.

"But we'll beat them out," she argued hopefully. "We've got a splendid team, Peter, and I'll take off my coat and run behind the sledge as much as I can. Uppy won't dare play a trick on us now, for he knows that if I should miss him, Wapi would tear the life out of him at a word from me. We'll win out, Peter dear. See if we don't!"

Peter hugged his thoughts to himself. He did not tell her that Blake and Rydal would pursue with a ten or twelve-dog team, and that there was almost no chance at all of a straight get-away. Instead, he pulled her head down and kissed her.

TO WAPI there had come at last a response to the great yearning that was in him. Instinct, summer and winter, had drawn him south, had turned him always in that direction, filled with the uneasiness of the mysterious something that was calling to him through the years of forty generations of his kind. And now he was going south. He sensed the fact that his journey would not end at the edge of the Arctic plain and that he was not to hunt caribou or bear. His mental formulæ necessitated no process of reasoning. They were simple and to the point. His world had suddenly divided itself into two parts; one contained the woman, and the other his old masters and slavery. And the woman stood against these masters. They were her enemies as well as his own. Experience had taught him the power and the significance of firearms, just as it had made him understand the uses for which spears, and harpoons, and whips were made. He had seen the woman shoot Blake, and had seen her ready to shoot at Uppy. Therefore he understood that they were enemies and that all associated with them were enemies. At a word from her he was ready to spring ahead and tear the life out of the Eskimo driver and even out of the dogs that were pulling the sledge. It did not take him long to comprehend that the man on the sledge was a part of the woman.

He hung well back, twenty or thirty paces behind the sledge, and unless Peter or the woman called to him, or the sledge stopped for some reason, he seldom came nearer.

It took only a word from Dolores to bring him to her side.

HOUR after hour the journey continued. The plain was level as a floor, and at intervals Dolores would run in the trail that the load might be lightened and the dogs make better time. It was then that Peter watched Uppy with the revolver, and it was also in these intervals—running close beside the woman—that the blood in Wapi's veins was fired with riotous joy.

For three hours there was almost no slackening in Uppy's speed. The fourth and fifth were slower. In the sixth and seventh the pace began to tell. And the plain was no longer hard and level, swept like a floor by the polar winds. Rolling undulations grew into ridges of snow and ice; in places the dogs dragged the sledge over thin crusts that broke under the runners; fields of drift snow, fine as shot, lay in their way; and in the eighth hour Uppy stopped the lagging dogs and held up his two hands in the mute signal of the Eskimo that they could go no farther without a rest.

Wapi dropped on his belly and watched. His eyes followed Uppy suspiciously as he strung up the tent on its whale-bone supports to keep the bite of the wind from the sledge on which Dolores sat at Peter's feet. Then Uppy built a fire of kindlings and scraped up a pot of ice for tea-water. After that, while the water was heating, he gave each of the trace dogs a frozen fish. Dolores herself picked out one of the largest and tossed it to Wapi. Then she sat down again and began to talk to Peter, bundled up in his furs. After a time they ate, and drank hot tea, and after he had devoured a chunk of raw meat the size of his two fists, Uppy rolled himself in his sleeping-bag near the dogs. A little at a time Wapi dragged himself nearer until his head lay on Dolores' coat. After that there was a long silence broken only by the low voices of the woman and the man, and the heavy breathing of the tired dogs. Wapi himself dozed off, but never for long. Then Dolores nodded, and her head drooped until it found a pillow on Peter's shoulder. Gently Peter

Continued on page 18



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**1.**

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[WHICH MEANS FELS-NAPTHA]

**2.**

*Make up your mind to have this extra help each washday. For then your white clothes will come out so white, and your colored things will stay so fresh and gay, that the neighbors (mean thought!) will envy your wash every time they see it on the line.*

[ASK ANY FELS-NAPTHA USER!]

**3.**

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[FELS-NAPTHA WILL DO IT!]

**4.**

*Determine to get the most out of this extra helper by letting it lighten each soap-and-water task all through the year, whether weekly wash or household cleaning.*

[FELS-NAPTHA IS AN "ALL AROUND" HELPER]

**5.**

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## for 1929

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# Back to God's Country

Continued from page 16

drew a bearskin about her, and for a long time sat wide-awake, guarding Uppy and baring his ears at intervals to listen. A dozen times he saw Wapi's bloodshot eyes looking at him, and twice he put out his hand to the dog's head and spoke to him in a whisper.

Even Peter's eyes were filmed by a growing drowsiness when Wapi drew silently away and slunk suspiciously into the night. There were no yapping foxes here, forty miles from the coast. An almost appalling silence hung under the white stars, a silence broken only by the low and distant moaning the wind always makes on the barrens. Wapi listened to it, and he sniffed with his grey muzzle toward the north. And then he whined. Had Dolores or Peter seen him or heard the note in his throat they, too, would have stared back over the trail they had travelled. For something was coming to Wapi. Faint, elusive, and indefinable breath in the air, he smelled it in one moment, and the next it was gone. For many minutes he stood undecided, and then he returned to the sledge, his spine bristling and a growl in his throat.

WIDE-EYED and staring, Peter was looking back. "What is it, Wapi?" His voice aroused Dolores. She sat up with a start. The growl had grown into a snarl in Wapi's throat.

"I think they are coming," said Peter calmly. You'd better rouse Uppy. He hasn't moved in the last two hours."

Something that was like a sob came from Dolores' lips as she stood up. "They're not coming," she whispered. "They've stopped—and they're building a fire!"

Not more than third of a mile away a point of yellow flame flared up in the night.

"Give me the revolver, Peter." Peter gave it to her without a word. She went to Uppy, and at the touch of her foot he was out of his sleeping-bag his moon-face staring at her. She pointed back to the fire. Her face was dead white. The revolver was pointed straight at Uppy's heart.

"If they come up with us, Uppy—you die!"

The Eskimo's narrow eyes widened. There was murder in this white woman's face, in the steadiness of her hand, and in her voice. If they came up with them—he would die! Swiftly he gathered up his sleeping-bag and placed it on the sledge. Then he roused the dogs, tangled in their traces. They rose to their feet, sleepy and ill-humored. One of them snapped at his hand. Another snarled viciously as he untwisted a trace. Then one of the yawning brutes caught the new smell in the air, the smell that Wapi had gathered when it was a mile farther off. He sniffed. He sat back on his haunches and sent forth a yelping howl to his comrades in the other team. In ten seconds the other five were howling with him, and scarcely had the tumult burst from their throats when there came a response from the fire half a mile away.

"My God!" gasped Peter, under his breath.

Dolores sprang to the gee-bar, and Uppy lashed his long whip until it cracked like a repeating rifle over the pack. The dogs responded and sped through the night. Behind them the pandemonium of dog-voices in the other camp had ceased. Men had leaped into life. Fifteen dogs were straightening in the tandem trace of a single sledge.

Dolores laughed, a sobbing, broken laugh, that in itself was a cry of despair. "Peter, if they come up with us, what shall we do?"

"If they overtake us," said Peter, give me the revolver. Is it fully loaded?"

"I have cartridges—"

For the first time she remembered that she had not filled the three empty chambers. Crooking her arm under the gee-bar, she fumbled in her pocket.

The dogs, refreshed by their sleep and urged by Uppy's whip, were tearing off the first mile at a great speed. The trail ahead of them was level and hard again. Uppy knew they were on the edge of the big barren of the Lacs Delesse, and he cracked his whip just as the off runner of the sledge struck a hidden snow-blis-

ter. There was a sudden lurch, and in a vicious up-shot of the gee-bar the revolver was knocked from Dolores' hand—and was gone. A shriek rose to her lips, but she stifled it before it was given voice. Until this minute she had not felt the terror of utter hopelessness upon her. Now it made her faint. The revolver had not only given her hope, but also a steadfast faith in herself. From the beginning she had made up her mind how she would use it in the end, even though a few moments before she had asked Peter what they would do.

Crumpled down on the sledge, she clung to Peter, and suddenly the inspiration came to her not to let him know what had happened. Her arms tightened about his shoulders, and she looked ahead over the backs of the wolfish pack, shivering as she thought of what Uppy would do could he guess her loss. But he was running now for his life, driven on by his fear of her unerring marksmanship—and Wapi. She looked over her shoulder. Wapi was there, a huge grey shadow twenty paces behind. And she thought she heard a shout!

Peter was speaking to her. "Blake's dogs are tired," he was saying. "They were just about to camp, and ours have had a rest. Perhaps—"

"We shall beat them!" she interrupted him. "See how fast we are going, Peter! It is splendid!"

A RIFLE shot sounded behind them. It was not far away, and involuntarily she clutched him tighter. Peter reached up a hand.

"Give me the revolver, Dolores." "No," she protested. "They are not going to overtake us."

"You must give me the revolver," he insisted.

"Peter, I can't. You understand. I can't. I must keep the revolver."

She looked back again. There was no doubt now. Their pursuers were drawing nearer. She heard a voice, the la-looing of running Eskimos, a faint shout which she knew was a white man's shout—and another rifle shot. Wapi was running nearer. He was almost at the tail of the sledge, and his red eyes were fixed on her as she ran.

"Wapi!" she cried. "Wapi!" His jaws dropped agape. She could hear his panting response to her voice.

A third shot—over their heads sped a strange droning sound.

"Wapi," she almost screamed, "go back! Sick 'em, Wapi—sick 'em—sick 'em—sick 'em!" She flung out her arms, driving him back, repeating the words over and over again. She leaned over the edge of the sledge, clinging to the gee-bar. "Go back, Wapi! Sick 'em—sick 'em—sick 'em!"

As if in response to her wild exhortation, there came a sudden yelping outcry from the team behind. It was close upon them now. Another ten minutes.

And then she saw that Wapi was dropping behind. Quickly he was swallowed up in the starlit chaos of the night.

"Peter," she cried sobbingly. "Peter!"

Listening to the retreating sound of the sledge, Wapi stood a silent shadow in the trail. Then he turned and faced the north. He heard the other sound

now, and ahead of it the wind brought him a smell, the smell of things he hated. For many years something had been fighting itself toward understanding within him, and the yelping of dogs and the taint in the air of creatures who had been his slave-masters narrowed his instinct to the one vital point. Again it was not a process of reason but a cumulative effect of things that had happened and were happening. He had scented menace when first he had given warning of the nearness of pursuers, and this menace was no longer an elusive and unseizable thing that had merely stirred the fires of his hatred. It was now a near and physical fact. He had tried to run away from it—with the woman—but it had followed and was overtaking him, and the yelping dogs were challenging him to fight as they had challenged him from the day he was old enough to take his own part. And now he had something to fight for. His intelligence gripped the fact that one sledge was running away from the other, and that the sledge which was running away was his sledge—and that for his sledge he must fight.

HE WAITED almost squarely in the trail. There was no longer the slinking, club-driven attitude of a creature at bay in the manner in which he stood in the path of his enemies. He had risen out of her serfdom. The stinging slash of the whip and his dread of it were gone. Standing there in the starlight with his magnificent head thrown up and the muscles of his huge body like corded steel, the passing spirit of Shan Tung would have taken him for Tao, the Great Dane. He was not excited—and yet he was filled with a mighty desire—more than that, a tremendous purpose. The yelping excitement of the oncoming Eskimo dogs no longer urged him to turn aside to avoid their insolent bluster, as he would have turned aside yesterday or the day before. The voices of his old masters no longer sent him slinking out of their way, a growl in his throat and his body sagging with humiliation and the rage of his slavery. He stood like a rock, his broad chest facing them squarely, and when he saw the shadows of them racing up out of the star-mist an eighth of a mile away, it was not a growl but a whine that rose in his throat, a whine of low and repressed eagerness of a great yearning about to be fulfilled. Two hundred yards—a hundred—eighty—not until the dogs were less than fifty from him did he move. And then, like a rock hurled by a mighty force, he was at them.

He met the onrushing weight of the pack breast to breast. There was no warning. Neither men nor dogs had seen the waiting shadow. The crash sent the lead-dog back with Wapi's great fangs in his throat, and in an instant the fourteen dogs behind had piled over them, tangled in their traces, yelping and snarling and biting, while over them round-faced, hooded men shouted shrilly and struck with their whips, and from the sledge a white man sprang with a rifle in his hands. It was Rydal.

Under the mass of dogs Wapi, the Walrus, heard nothing of the shouts of men. He was fighting as he had never fought before in all the days of his life. The fierce little Eskimo dogs had smelled him, and they knew their enemy. The lead-dog was dead. A second Wapi had disembowelled with a single slash of his inch-long fangs. He was buried now. But his jaws met flesh and bone, and out of the squirming mass there rose fearful cries of agony that mingled hideously with the bawling of men and the snarling and yelping of beasts that had not yet felt Wapi's fangs. Three and four at a time they were at him. He felt the wolfish slash of their teeth in his flesh. In him the sense of pain was gone. His jaws closed on a foreleg, and it snapped like a stick. His teeth sank like ivory knives into the groin of a brute that had torn a hole in his side, and a smothered death-howl rose out of the heap. A fang pierced his eye. Even then no cry came from Wapi, the Walrus. He heaved upward with his great body. He found another throat, and it was then that he



Continued on page 49



At sixteen Jane Kendall excelled in riding and every sport. "Beauty and the Beast" this portrait with her Great Dane was called.



At seventeen she studied painting in Paris (for she is gifted as she is beautiful)—and prepared for her "coming out" festivities.

At eighteen she made a brilliant debut in Washington, in this Lanvin frock. They called her "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House."



At nineteen her marriage to a distinguished young New Yorker was the outstanding event of the smart Washington season.



At twenty Mrs. Mason is a radiant favorite among young society matrons. Here she is snapped at her father's Maryland estate.

# "The Prettiest Girl that ever entered the White House"

## Mrs. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR.

JANE KENDALL MASON has not long left her teens, but her extraordinary beauty has already made her famous.

"The prettiest girl that ever entered the White House" they called her when she made her dazzling debut in Washington. Soon followed her brilliant marriage to a young New Yorker of distinguished family.

Clear cut as a cameo is her Botticelli beauty of pale gold hair and wide set eyes like purple pansies. Her flawless skin is delicate as a wood anemone. Good fairies were generous at her birth. They gave her not only beauty but talent, charm, grace and a quick mind.

An extraordinarily gifted and interesting as well as beautiful young modern, Mrs. Mason is everywhere in demand. From her father's homes in Maryland and Washington to the gay diplomatic circles in Havana where her husband is an important figure, she flits like a young butterfly, yet no one has ever seen her when her complexion was less than fresh and exquisite.

This perfection of her pale anemone skin she owes to the four simple steps to beauty that so many lovely young moderns follow. "I've used Pond's Creams," Mrs. Mason says, "ever since I can remember."

"I dote on them! The Cold Cream is so light and pleasant—cleanses so thoroughly and leaves the skin really clean and soft. The Vanishing Cream is so fragrant and gives such a velvety surface for powder."

Now Mrs. Mason finds Pond's two new products just as delightful.

"The Cleansing Tissues are a luxury," she

(Right) Pond's delicious Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues compose Pond's famous Method, the sure successful way which Mrs. Mason and thousands of other clever young moderns use to keep their skin always clear and lovely.



Mrs. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR., was Miss Jane Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Kendall of Washington, D. C. One of the loveliest girls that ever came out in Washington society, she is famous for her Botticelli beauty, her flawless skin delicate as a wood anemone.



says, "they remove cold cream perfectly. I like their texture. And the Skin Freshener is simply delicious! There's nothing so cooling. Yet it gives your skin such a lovely glow!"

USE POND'S Cold Cream for cleansing generously several times a day and every night, patting it over face and neck with upward, outward strokes. It soaks into the tiny apertures; softens and loosens the dust and dirt.

With Pond's Cleansing Tissues, firm, ample, light as thistledown, wipe off the cream carrying the dust with it.

Repeat these two steps until the tissues show no soil—then you know your complexion is immaculately clean.

If you are having a daytime cleansing, a dash of the exhilarating Skin Freshener will tone and refresh your face. Apply it briskly. See how it livens and braces the complexion!

Lastly, for the correct completion to perfect grooming, apply just a shade of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects the skin, gives it fine-grained texture.

Pond's four simple steps mean beauty.

If it is possible that you have not used Pond's four delightful preparations, mail the coupon for a week's test supply.

MAIL THE COUPON WITH 10¢ for Pond's four preparations.

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## CAMEO VELLUM

As the years roll by, customs change — fashions too, but human sentiment never. As long as there are friends there will be letter writing, and the more valued the friendship the more careful will be the choice of letter paper.

Most Stationers sell Cameo Vellum

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Musterole is recommended by many doctors and nurses. Try Musterole for sore throat, cold on the chest, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, stiff neck, bronchitis, asthma, pleurisy, congestion, pains and aches of the back and joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet—colds of all sorts.



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WHAT ABOUT THAT SUBSCRIPTION TO  
The Western Home Monthly?  
WATCH IT DOES NOT LAPSE

there would be another, he didn't doubt! And then—in spite of her wild oats, he had held fast to his faith in her decency—her fastidiousness, but now—he had lost all faith in both! He had not had the right before he finished college and landed a job, to tell her of his love, but she must have realized that he had never looked at another girl—had been waiting—waiting for Verity—keeping himself clean and worthy—and she—had she kept herself unspoiled for him? Not much—!

"But David—David!" (it was the cry of a young soul in torment) "you did nothing but scold me, David—and criticize! How was I to know?"

"Oh, you knew—but what did you care? I was only one of a dozen or more. Any one of us might make love to you, if it amused us. I have absolutely refused to believe that you had made yourself cheap, but I believe it all now."

"Wild oats"? Poor Verity! She was reaping the harvest! She utterly failed to see that David, by his silence, had relinquished the right to treat her as if she had been faithless to his love. No woman with a lurid past when confronted with a clean love could have felt more filled with shame that Verity, who was nothing more or less than an adventurous youngster whose environment had provided her with no natural outlet for a temperament which demanded excitement.

Of course David was a young—a very young—fool. He had contemplated Verity's set for years, and must have known their standards. Had he wanted a wife who had never been kissed, he should have gone far afield for the lady. But he had never wanted anyone but Verity, and the thought that she had, within twenty-four hours, promised to give her life and her beloved, womanly young person into the keeping of two different men—and one of them, himself—the thought galled him, humiliated him, roused the very devil in him, infuriated him to the point of brutality. He wanted to beat her—to beat her brutally. Instead, he did something which hurt her more. He took her slender body and held it close in his hard arms, and he kissed her mouth madly—and with as much coarseness as David was capable of. Then with a harsh "Good-bye!" he left her, a crumpled heap on the floor—hating him—loving him—hating him!

It may be said for Verity that she did nothing by halves. As her shame spent itself, with every fibre of her being, she hated David. When the first emotional storm was spent, her common sense told her that his attitude had been an unforgivable insult his words a rank impertinence, and she hated him the more for that, and—with her whole soul she set about forming and re-forming herself, nearer to his heart's desire. David had opened her eyes; she hated him for the manner of the awakening, but that was no reason why she should not make sure that, never again, should she know such humiliation of spirit.

Verity's reform, from the point of view of her pals, was a scream. She so ridiculously overdid the thing. She realized that laxness of behavior was largely owing to moods which were the result of imbibing the contents of the prevalent "pocket flask." So she "cut out the demon rum," as she expressed it, gaily, and no "jolly" could shake her purpose. So far as she was concerned, "petting" was abolished, and, when youths gaily attempted to carry on in spite of her dictum, she told them not to be repulsive—and revolting—and disgusting—in no uncertain terms—and they came to believe that she meant it, and they gave her a wide berth in days to follow, and omitted her from many a party and jamboree.

VERITY didn't have much fun during that year, but she was so busy, hating David, and taking stock of herself, that she wouldn't have had much time or enthusiasm for anything else anyway. In the Spring, she begged her mother to take her, for the Summer, to the old mill house—she "wanted a change." As a matter of fact, she probably wanted to go back where she belonged.

Mrs. Taylor had been vaguely troubled at times, over Verity, in the various stages of her growing-up, but only vaguely. The mother and daughter had never been greatly sympathetic. There had been no friction, but no confidences

## Verity

Continued from page 13

either. Possessed of a weak horror of discord, she had let her strong-minded offspring go her own way—the way of a fashionable set—and was proud of the girl's growing beauty and popularity at home and abroad. She agreed to the Summer planned by Verity, and suggested a house party. "The crowd would hate it," declared Verity abruptly. "Let's be alone and have some peace for awhile, for the love of Mike!" So they went alone.

As a result of that experience which led to Verity's drastic reformation, David "took to drink!" Verity didn't know this for a long time. Shortly after that momentous day, he had gone to the North, to his job, and he had not come to say good-bye. When she was told at last, she could hardly believe her ears, but it was his own father, saintly Man of God, who told her, and she had to listen and believe.

"Why are you telling me this?" she asked him.

"Because his exploits are the talk of the village, and I didn't want you to hear it from someone else."

"The village? Has he been here?"

"Yes, they have a hydroplane to carry supplies, at the place where he is working fifty miles north-east of here, and he flies over sometimes."

"What exploits?"

"Oh, nothing—criminal—" The man smiled ruefully: "The latest? David flew down to a dance at the hotel. A lot of the men were drinking, I understand, but—David hasn't as steady a head as most men. The others did nothing startling, but David—well, they say he kissed every girl he danced with—some thirty girls—the men objected—perhaps because the girls—didn't. One of them said that he was more a gentleman—drunk—than the rest of them were—sober. Anyway, they threw him out, and he was requested by the management to go to no more dances."

"How humiliating! How utterly—cheap!" and Verity's face grew very white.

"And there was another occasion," continued ruefully: "The latest? David got into a fight at the construction camp, and was so badly beaten that he had to be sent home to recuperate, and the village people—"

"Don't tell me any more about it," said Verity, gently; "I can see how it hurts you." Then in the aching fullness of her heart, she did something which she had not done for a long time—she kissed a man. She put her arms about the sad old clergyman, and she kissed the deep wrinkles between his troubled eyes, and she whispered: "There is so much bad in the best of us, you know, dear, so much good in the worst of us—and—David has a battle on his hands—but he has a strong ally in his dad—and in all the strong clean manliness that his dad stands for!" She added: "Whew! what a hot day! I wish that David were here to go swimming!" (It was a lie—but a kind one; the face of David's father grew brighter.)

"He may be here tomorrow," said David's father. "He said that he would try to come. It's the anniversary of his mother's death. And Verity—David has promised—promised again—that he will try."

"Promised again"? So Verity knew that David had, at least once, broken his given word to his beloved father.

That night, for the first time in her life, Verity wanted to run away. She felt that she couldn't bear to see this

new and weak David. David a weakling? David a liar? David—whose very quarrel with her had been his strength of purpose, and cleanness of soul; that he should be a weakling, a humiliation to his father; a man gossiped about in the very village where his father had lived a life of service and sacrifice. She had hated him—yes—but she had never despised him before and, despising him, she suffered horribly, did proud Verity. In her tempestuous reformation, as she now realized, she had been governed by a devouring desire; to measure up to the hated, but perfect, David's standard. In those days, too, when she had drifted with the current, and had come perilously near to dangerous rocks, she had always, in her heart, thought that if need be, David would come to the rescue, and bear her to safety in his strong arms. And now—

Now she knew that David was not strong! He was weak! David—a weakling!—A stranger!—She couldn't bear to see that stranger who had killed the David whom she hated—and loved.

VERITY couldn't sleep; the night was oppressively hot, and finally she slipped out of the house, carried a rug to the hill-top, and threw herself down under a giant pine. No breath of wind stirred the highest tree-tops, but at last she fell into a troubled sleep. It was nearly dawn when she was awakened by a crash of thunder, and the lightning's flash. A high wind was rocking the trees; singing a stormy song in their swaying branches. As she gathered up her rug, she felt the first drops of heavy yet refreshing rain beat upon her. Then she became conscious of another sound—the whirr of an aeroplane propeller quite close at hand. She waited, motionless, for the lightning. It came again, and she saw the plane, perhaps a mile away, bury its nose in the white-capped lake.

"David!" cried Verity aloud in sudden terror. "Yes, it must be David over there! She dropped the rug as she ran down the path in the darkness. Many prayers flashed through her mind. A prayer for courage—and then she thanked her stars that she was in pajamas, and ready for a swim if need be. A sobbing, "David!" and then—"a peach of a storm" followed by an emphatic "damn" as she fell and scraped her knees and the palms of her hands. She thanked God for the frequent lightning that illuminated the path before her from time to time. She didn't go back to the house—that would have wasted time; down the rocky hillside she cut through the woods to the boathouse on the lake. Her canoe was in the water, tied to a ring in the boathouse wharf.

By the lightning's flash, Verity saw before her the little lake, tossing furiously in the storm, and the dark blot which was the hydroplane among the whitecaps a mile away. With a great heaving tug, and a swift movement of her strong young arms, she lifted a heavy rock from the side of the boathouse and lowered it to the bow of the canoe, to give the little craft balance and stability in the stiff wind. Then, with swift fingers, she untied the painter, slipped into the stern and grasped her paddle.

At the top of her voice, Verity shouted: "Coming David! Coming David! Hang on, David! I'm coming!" The wind carried her voice away. There was no answering hail.

So long as she lives, Verity will not forget the paddle in the teeth of the storm. Spray drenched her body, already soaked with the rain. The wind all but tore the paddle from her hands. The canoe, steadied by the rock in the bow, responded to the paddle with no swerving into the trough of the waves, yet, as it plunged and rose again, it shivered like a human thing, fighting to the last gasp.

Straight into the blackness, Verity steered her course. Above her, thunder crashed like heavy artillery in a deadly barrage; again and again, lightning flamed across the sky, to show her that she was drawing nearer to the hydroplane, drifting sluggishly among the tossing waters of the little lake. And again and again, Verity's voice rose above the storm: "Coming David—Coming David!—Hang on, David!—I'm coming!"

Was Verity afraid? Can anyone know fear when each and every gasping breath

Continued on page 22



# Modern Mothers Prefer

## External Treatment for Colds

**I**N most families, it seems that the children are forever catching cold. These colds must not be neglected, of course; they too often "pave the way" for serious ailments—bronchitis, sinus trouble, or even the dread mastoiditis. And yet, they must not be "dosed" too much, either. For constant "dosing" is so apt to disturb children's delicate digestions.

### Used Freely on Young Children

That's why modern mothers prefer the vaporizing ointment, Vicks VapoRub, for the colds of all the family. As Vicks is applied externally, it cannot possibly disturb the digestion, and may be used freely and often even on the younger children. You just rub it on the throat and chest at bedtime, and it attacks the cold two ways at once:

(1) Released by the warmth of the body, its medicated vapors are inhaled all night long, direct to the inflamed air-passages, loosening the phlegm and easing the difficult breathing;

(2) At the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice, "drawing out" the tightness and pain, and thus helping the inhaled vapors to break up the congestion.

### For Adults' Colds, Too

This double direct treatment usually checks a cold by morning. It has been found effective for adults' cold-troubles, as well as children's, in millions of homes, for over twenty years.

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# And when it comes to buying Asparagus—

Do you know the important facts? Do you know how to make sure of the quality you want?

Asparagus certainly has brought new variety to our daily menus!

Wherever women talk shop, over their sewing or the tea cups, you'll hear mention of the "asparagus course." And you'll hear talk of salads, soups, omelets, and plain vegetable dishes made delicious and distinctive with asparagus.

Even more appreciatively, perhaps, they speak of the way asparagus dresses up the simplest meals. Leftovers, snacks, pick-up meals of any sort are made appetizing and attractive with an asparagus salad, or by the use of asparagus in other dishes.

Isn't it important, then, to know how to buy this favorite vegetable? To know, for instance, how to get the size of asparagus best suited to your needs? And isn't it most important to know how to get the quality you want, every time you buy?

Fortunately, the facts are simple and easy to get.

There are two lengths of DEL MONTE Asparagus—long spears, and tips. Long spears are packed in the large No. 2 1/2 square can—shorter spears known as tips in the smaller No. 1 square and the small round "picnic" cans. Salad points—tender morsels for salads, cocktails, etc.—come in a medium size round can, called No. 1 Tall. (See reduced illustration of cans below.)

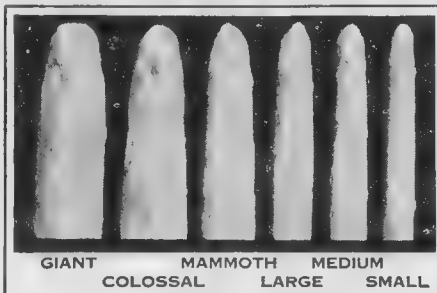
Except for Salad Points, DEL MONTE Asparagus is graded and packed according to thickness or circumference of the spears—plainly marked according to size as Giant, Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium and Small. The smaller the spear, of course, the more spears per can.

But remember—whether you buy tips or long spears, you are sure of getting just the quality you want, under the famous DEL MONTE label—the brand you know so well!

One of the reasons for this quality-assurance is that most DEL MONTE Asparagus comes from our own ranches—or land under our direct control. In the rich Sacramento delta, we own or operate over 7,500 acres and draw from thousands more—the finest asparagus land in the world.

And equally important is the fact that we have located DEL MONTE canneries close enough to the fields so that this fine asparagus may be canned within a few hours of the time it is cut—while the delicate spears are succulent and fresh.

That's why DEL MONTE Asparagus—like so many other DEL MONTE Products—actu-



Del Monte Asparagus, whether long spears or tips, is graded according to thickness of spear as shown above. Each size plainly marked on the can.

ally is more tender, more delicate and appetizing, really fresher than "fresh" asparagus usually sold at the height of the season.

And there is even more to DEL MONTE Quality than this careful production and speedy canning. Back of each DEL MONTE Product is an organization with 70 years of canning experience. Owning and controlling thousands of acres of agricultural land; owning and operating nearly a hundred food producing units; directed and managed by men who have devoted a lifetime to canning— isn't it reasonable to expect that the DEL MONTE organization should put into every can of DEL MONTE Food the very best, in both materials and skill?

It's worth your while to make sure, too, that your grocer supplies you with the full DEL MONTE line. It brings you remarkable variety—including fruits, vegetables, sardines, salmon, delicious condiments, pickles, preserves, and many other foods. And in every DEL MONTE Product you'll find the same consistently high quality—the same fine appeal in everyday meals—the same, quick answer to everyday needs.

## Get This Recipe Collection—Free

If you haven't yet received our leaflet, "22 Ways to Serve DEL MONTE Asparagus," let us send it to you—free. And with it, too, we'll send "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" and other DEL MONTE recipe leaflets. You'll find the full assortment makes a handy reference file—a guide to better, simpler menu planning. Just drop a card, addressed to the California Packing Corporation, Dept. 37-S, San Francisco, California.



Your own kitchen could be no cleaner than the great, airy rooms where uniformed workers sort, grade and pack these tempting, delicate spears.

## Verity

Continued from page 20

is drawn in prayer? Verity was not much given to praying, but now—"God"! she gasped. "God—make me strong enough to put this thing across! You're here. I know it—I know it! You're helping me guide this darned cranky little canoe! I know it!"—and then again: "Coming David!—Coming, David! Hang on, David!—I'm coming!"

The distance seemed endless, and the silence from the plane a dread and dire thing. "O God—make him answer! Don't let David be dead! Make him answer!"—and—"Coming, David!—I'm coming!"

Was the storm beating her?—beating her? Every gasping breath was torture now; every muscle crying out in agony. How long could she keep up this struggle—so unequal—a girl in a cranky little canoe—and all the waters and the heavens battling against her? David!—David!—I'm coming!" and then—after what seemed hours, but may have been forty minutes, all told—the answer came, shouted above the storm, but close at hand.

"Verity—you young lunatic! This is no night for a paddle!" Her arms, numb with pain, carried on their steady rhythm as she drew nearer to him. "And no night for a swim," she responded with a grin, as she gasped her thankfulness; for David was swimming toward her.

"Keep going!" he yelled, and he grasped the stern of the canoe. "Listen, old girl, I'm a bit fagged—plane just ahead. If you can make it, I can climb into the canoe without upsetting you. Can't risk it in this wind, otherwise."

"Sure, David! Don't talk! Hang on!" That ten minutes' paddle seemed to Verity like ten hours. Once she gasped: "Pray, David!" and David's voice came back weakly: "Steady, old girl! I'm praying like blazes!"

With his hand lightly on the stern of the plunging canoe, David swam as strongly as he could. At last, they reached the drifting plane. The storm had become less violent. No longer did the thunder crash madly overhead, but rolled farther and farther in the distance. The downpour of rain had beaten the lake into a less-boisterous fury. Lightning flashed less frequently, less-blindingly as the storm travelled beyond the lake and, while the rain still fell, it no longer poured as if the heavens had opened their flood-gates. David, with a mighty effort, threw himself above the waves, perched on something in the dark, and held the canoe alongside. "I'd better paddle," he gasped.

"Can't make the change—roll in—we'll be before the wind going back."

David rolled in, balancing carefully as he could, nevertheless. With a dexterous, wide sweep of the paddle, Verity swung the canoe about, nearly capsizing in the process. "Plain sailing now, David," she cried; then she held the paddle firmly, only guiding the canoe (thank God, no more fighting madly with clenched teeth, body strained to the utmost, against the wind), and they were carried, fast and furious, across the lake, toward the shore.

Exultant joy filled Verity's soul. "By George! It's clearing!" she cried, and—sure enough—the wind was greatly abating; the storm was travelling farther and farther to the west; the rain was ceasing altogether, and the first gray light of dawn was revealing the shore line, the tall pines on the hill-tops, the

faint outline of the little village by the mill—the church spire, looking like another of the mighty pines, pointing to the brightening sky.

"Look at those clouds! There's going to be a peach of a sunrise, Verity," said David.

"You bet! Let's see it from the hill-top," she responded. "Anyhow, don't want to wake Mother up yet. Not feeling like a fuss—are you?"

"Not on your life! We'll sneak into the woodshed and get some dry driftwood; build a fire up on the rocks, and be dry in no time."

"Fine! I can get the coffee billy and the makings out of the house without waking a soul. Rain's stopping—and look at that streak of pink across the lake. It's another day, David!"

When a glowing, roaring fire burned on the hilltop, two weary youngsters relaxed happily on a Hudson Bay blanket thrown on the soft pine needles, and looked out across the lake at the golden and flaming glory of a northern sunrise.

"Verity," said David, "I guess I'm not in the best of shape right now, for I was about all in when you reached me."

"What made you start? You were safer with the plane. You'd have been picked up in the morning."

"Lightning showed me a young idiot in a canoe who looked as if she might go over into the drink in about a minute. Wanted to be as near as possible when it happened."

"Oh, David!" Verity fairly sobbed the words. Then—"But what made you start out from the camp? Didn't you see that there was a storm coming up?"

"No—wasn't seeing much—had had a few drinks!"

"Hope you enjoyed them; they're your last."

Humbly—"I'll try, Verity." "I'm not asking you to try—I'm telling you they're your last, David." (And they were.)

"You've been a silly ass, David!" "Hardly worth saving, Verity!" the boy's voice was bitter.

Verity chuckled: "A poor thing, but mine own!" she quoted.

"Do you mean it?" (Eagerly—hungrily.)

"You don't think I saved you for one of the thirty, do you?"

"What thirty?" David was evidently puzzled. Then again: "Do you mean it, Verity, old girl?—Oh, Darling—my darling—do you mean it?"

Verity carefully balanced her coffee-cup on a rock, and rose to her feet; David chuckled his aside, and spilled the dregs on the perfectly good rug. Verity, in frilly pajamas, which had been drenched, and dried by the camp-fire, was a funny sight, but, to David, she was the most beautiful and noble, and magnificent spectacle which he had ever seen.

"Do you mean it?" he repeated, as he stood by her side.

"Look!" she replied, her eyes shining with the glory of the sunrise, which bathed the waters and the heavens in flaming, breath-taking glory! Her right arm rose in salute, and, through parted lips she breathed deep of the clean morning air. David's arm, too, shot up in greeting, in blessing, in gratitude, in exultation.

Then Verity answered him: "Oh, beautiful new day!—the most beautiful new day that the world has ever known!—you are David's and mine!"

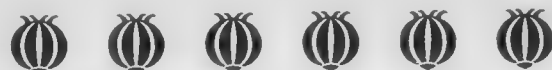
## A Wish

By M. de S.

"Give me a few more hours to pass  
With the mellow flower of the elm-bough  
falling,  
And then no more than the lonely grass  
And the birds calling.

Give me a few more days to keep  
With a little love and a little sorrow,  
And then the dawn in the skies of sleep  
And a clear tomorrow.

"Give me a few more years to fill  
With a little work and a little lending,  
And then the night on a starry hill  
And the road's ending."



# Beautiful Crystal Trees May Be Made From Sealing Wax

By Dorothy Wright

**L**IKE a bit of beauty lifted from "Fairyland" helps to describe the dainty crystal trees that are just at present among the smartest and most beautiful home ornaments in the art shops.

They come from Venice, many of them real crystal trees, and they sparkle like dewdrops in the sunshine, but unfortunately, they are almost fragile. Jade trees are also being imported from China but, needless to say, these fantastic bits of art are very expensive. The possibilities of owning a crystal tree has been, until now, a dream beyond the reach of many.

Today, however, a new vogue has sprung up, by which one may make crystal trees of sealing wax, and it is claiming an important place in woman's interests. Anyone who has made, or can learn to make, paper flowers can easily make a crystal tree.

All that you need is a small alcohol lamp, a supply of denatured alcohol, a pair of scissors, a small palette knife, and a wax moulder, although you may use a small pen-knife and a steel stiletto for these last two tools. And for actual materials you will need sealing wax, crepe paper, wire of several different weights, small crystal glass beads and tricateen.

Most of the stems and tree trunks are wrapped with strips of tricateen, which is a metallic net-like fabric which may be purchased in gold or silver. If it is impossible to obtain tricateen, an acceptable substitute may be found in winding the wire with a coarse embroidery silk that is usually called "rope silk." Three or four strands can be used in a flat row for wrapping the stems. One can also use strips of crepe paper to wrap the stems and if painted afterwards they will look very well.

## Wisteria Tree

To make the wisteria tree, you will need the following materials:

2 spools fine uncovered wire.

1 spool white covered wire known as No. 1.

1 dozen No. 10 wires.

6 pieces No. 7 wire.

2 pieces No. 15 wire.

2 sticks of sealing wax in each of the following colors: lilac, violet, royal purple and cerise.

4 sticks of light transparent amber wax.

8 sticks of gold bronze wax.

2 yards of gold tricateen (or four skeins of rope silk).

1 fold of white crepe paper.

1 fold of emerald green.

1 bunch of artificial rose stamens.

1 bunch of yellow crystal beads.

Paste.

## Flowers

Cut the uncovered wire into pieces about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. long. Heat the end of a stick of violet wax over the alcohol lamp, and when it is very soft cut off about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. with the scissors. Let the wax drop on a piece of glass which has been rubbed with a piece of soap to prevent sticking, and while it is still soft press the end of a piece of wire into it

with the thumb. Flatten and shape the wax with the fingers and with the palette knife. Reheat as necessary by passing quickly through the flame. While the wax is still soft it may be shaped by cutting the edges with the scissors. While still soft, take the top of the petal and make a cup-shaped dent by twisting between the thumbs and forefingers of both hands.

Make three petals like this for each flower. Put them together in a group with a centre, made by stringing one bead on a rose stamen in the middle, and wrap the stem with a strip of tricateen cut  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide. Cut the tricateen across the width of the material, or the way that it will stretch. About seven of these separate flowers in the various shades of violet should be made for each blossom.

## Buds

Make the buds in the same way as the petals, but in a flat oval shape. The buds, too, should be different colors. Wrap 8 to 12 buds and 7 blossoms into a spray as shown in the illustration, using a piece of No. 10 wire 10 in. long for the main stem, and wrapping with tricateen.

## Leaves

Cut white spool wire into 6-in. lengths and bend into rings about the size that can be made around a candle. It is easier to shape the wire around something and then slip off. The leaves will then be uniform in size. Shape like leaf by pointing the end slightly. Cover both sides of the wire with paste, and place between two pieces of green crepe that have been well stretched. Press firmly to the wire, leaving just enough paper to cover the wire. Bend the leaf very slightly across the middle so that it will not be perfectly flat.

Hold the leaf near the flame. Heat the end of a stick of transparent amber wax in the flame until very hot and just ready to drop; then apply to the leaf drop by drop until the entire surface is covered.

By working quickly and having the wax very hot, no further smoothing of the wax should be necessary. Cover first one side and then the other, always working from the base to the top of the leaf. If necessary to smooth the wax, pass the leaf quickly through

the flame. Be careful not to get too much wax on the leaf, thus spoiling the transparent effect. Make about ten leaf branches, using 8-in. pieces of No. 10 wire and wrapping with tricateen. Three to six leaves should be used on each branch arranged alternately about one inch apart.

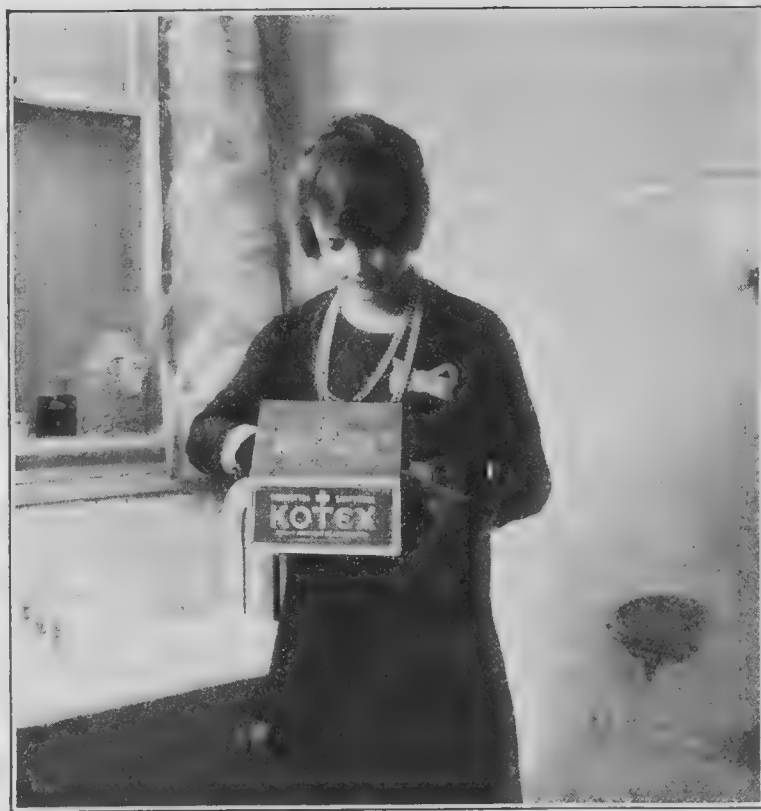
## Assembling

Before assembling arrange each group. Wind stem of each  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick. Tie four groups of leaves together with spool wire; at this point add two flower

Continued on page 55



Crystal tree making is one of the most fascinating of pastimes



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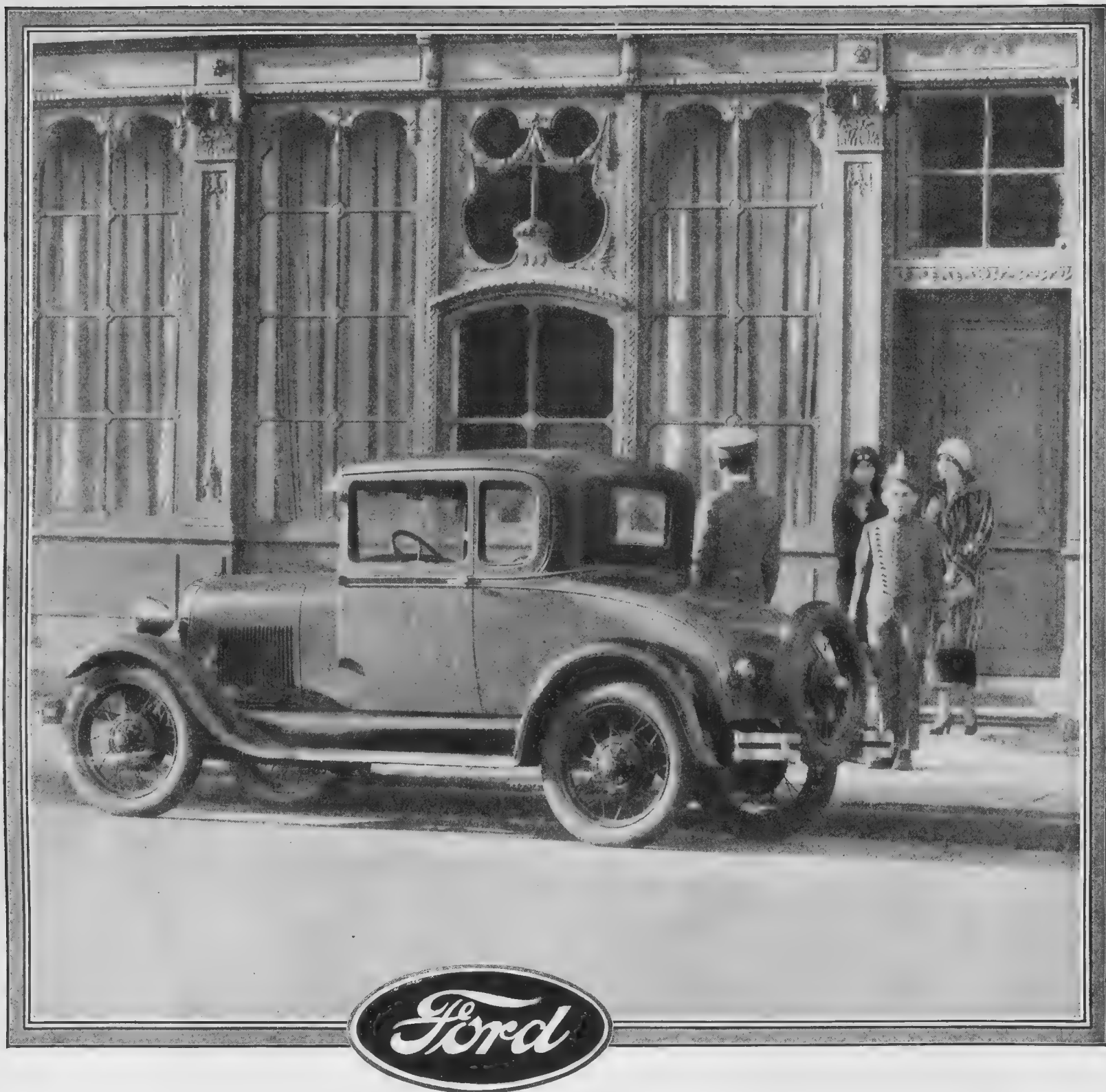
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# THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

## TRAVEL SECTION

### A Trade Union of Ruling Princes!

*The Dilemma of India's Seven Hundred Native Sovereigns in a day of Democratic Reforms*  
by Ignatius Phayre

HERE is trouble in the land of the Arabian Nights. Haroun al Raschid wears a worried look as he slithers down the stiff brocades of his state elephant from a tower of gold and ivory, and is rowed across the lilled lake to a fairy palace of delicate jasper towers that rises from the waters like a rainbowed dream.

No — the dusky autocrat will not seek comfort this morning behind the *pardah* or *zenana* veils, where exquisite houris by the score are ready to hymn the prowess of his ancestors, or to dance to sweet flutes and viols, while their heavy-hearted lord reclines on cushions and spices of sweet savor are burned in jewelled censers.

No — our Rajput or Mahratta Sovereign walks straight to a roll-top desk (made in Grand Rapids, Mich.) and begins to scribble like mad in curly-

wurries of the Hindu script, so that his great ropes of pearls rattle like marbles, and his golden scimitar gets between his legs to the peril of monstrous diamonds and emeralds set in its curving hilt.

It is not a love-letter that the autocrat writes. No declaration of war, no epic of the gods, but a Bill of Rights for the new "Trade Union" of which this angry ruler is a militant member. He is making notes for Sir Leslie Scott, K.C., who is leading counsel for the combined Native Princes of India. Are not three of them — the Nawab of Bhopal, the Maharajah of Patiala and the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar — about to set



*The veiled Begum walking with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*

the Native Rulers' new relations with the Paramount Power before Sir Harcourt Butler's grave Commission in far-off London?

Great is the British Raj; truly the *Sircar* looms as a mountain, with the august *Chakravarti*, or King-Emperor enthroned in clouds over all! And in "white" Hindostan everything is in flux and change, with uproar of "reforms" — demands for *Swaraj*, or Home Rule; with abolition of child-marriage and recognition of those sixty million *Panchamas*, or "Untouchables," whose very shadow in the road can defile the twice-born aristocrat of Brahmin caste.

BUT what concern of the Princes in their own feudal states is all this vulgar Jeffersonian rant about Liberty, Equality and the Uplift of Man? It is an evil thing to meddle with the ancient

order of things — with the burning of widows on a dead husband's grave; with the ecstasy of suicides under the wheels of Jagganath's Car, or with the frequent visitation of plague and pestilence such as swept away a matter of twelve millions of India's masses in the years 1918-19. These things are, of course, ordained by the *swamis*, or gods. And British India is today an ungodly sight, with the ladies casting away the *burqua*-veil and the thick-screened *dholi*, or palanquin, to walk or drive about openly in reeking engines sent hither by the Ford Sahib of Detroit, U.S.A.!





*Native Dancing Girls who perform in the Royal Palace*

Even the "voiceless ones" begin to murmur against their anointed leaders. Worst of all, the Bengali poet-philosopher, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, now runs a school at Shantiniketan for "free and freedom-loving women and girls." And ("Et, tu, Brute"! ) to crown all—that Mohammedan ruling Princess, the Begum of Bhopal, is seen on public platforms alongside the white Vicereine of British India reading revolutionary views and plans at a meeting of the All-India Women's Conference on Educational Reform!

Well, let them get on with it, these native Ghandis and Tilaks; these white Montagus and Simons, all bent on a tug-of-war between East and West, with dire confusion of aims and claims over a ney "dyarchy," or joint rule of Briton and Asiatic.

"But," ask the rulers of seven hundred more or less Sovereign States, "what has this unseemly turmoil to do with us? Already the King-Emperor has clipped the eagle-wings our forefathers had. Political Agents and Presidents are installed in our feudal courts to keep a censorious eye on our lordly expenses. We are forbidden to make war on our neighbors, whatever be our wrongs. Nor can we send out ambassadors, either in India or abroad. Our native armies are strictly limited by the British Raj. We may not employ any European without the sircar's assent. From many of us a fixed annual tribute is exacted in money or in kind. And if the *Chakravarti* (King-Emperor George V) says we have 'misgoverned' our people, we are banished from the *gadi* or peacock-throne with no appeal from a despotic alien decision.

"Before 1921, the white Viceroy would call us to Delhi at his pleasure. Then we formed a Council of Ruling Princes to maintain our ancient rights. But our sons are educated in a special Royal School, which is fast implanting ideas undreamed-of by Shah Jahan. On all hands the ferment of democracy beats at our ancient palace gates and castle walls. Where do we stand? How are we to safeguard our sovereign rights and privileges? Well, at any rate, we are united—with a few disloyal exceptions.

"Met in council again and again, we have lavished care and pains upon our Princely Case and now have formulated a scheme of our own to go before the Butler Committee on the Native Indian States.

"It is no longer any use to treat us as spoiled children, allured like magpies by gaudy glittering things. No use to say all is well with the present system, and that our relations with the Paramount Power can drift on as before. No. If Sir Harcourt Butler's finding is unsatisfactory, we shall appeal to the British People and the Imperial Parliament in London.

"With the affairs of British India we are not concerned—except insofar as democratic agitation there infects our own subjects, moving them to criticize their Ruling Families and demand 'reforms' which we as monarchs cannot approve. Owing to the sins of our fathers, the gods have given our country to these arrogant



*The Maharajah of Patiala as a Major-General at a review of his Troops*

white people, with the *Chakravarti* in London over us all. Well, when these Governors and Agents become rich, they will go home to England. And then we Rajahs will rule as we please! Then, indeed, can we order out our war-elephants, our camel-cavalry and men-at-arms to fight as Tippu did of old instead of fondling our women at home, or haggling for jewels with Monsieur Cartier of Paris and the peddlers of Hatton Garden. No use to tell us the King-Emperor stands for 'order and safety, and law.' When the thief broke by night into the potter's house and was rooting up his gold buried in the floor the Taliari (white police) rushed in to seize that bandit. And was the potter grateful? Why, the poor fellow smote his own mouth, wailing aloud that the rescuers had broken all his jars!"

HERE is a situation of extraordinary interest and clashing colors that light up our prosaic day. It is true that the humble *ryot*, or cultivator, in these feudal "nations" of India has dared to complain of his princely rulers. Thus, social reform was pressed upon the Maharajah of Idar, a state with the city of Denver's population. His Highness was furious, and instructed his new Dewan, or Prime Minister, to bar any of the native Idarites from responsible jobs. They were—the disgruntled ruler said—"selfish, ignorant creatures, quite devoid of filial feelings towards the dynasty."

Moreover, his people, this petty king declared, were of "debased mentality." And this he could only ascribe to "evil effects of the soil of Idar"! These were quite helpless natural causes. And having thus put his subjects in their proper place Sir Daulatsinghi, Maharajah of Idar, set out the facts in a State Gazette Extraordinary. This done he stepped down from the golden *gadi* he ascended in 1911, and set off on a journey, saluted as he went with the fifteen guns to which His Highness is entitled.

THE friction in Alwar went much deeper. Here the Maharajah, a man of 46, was about to celebrate his silver jubilee by adding to his already well-stocked harem a new wife in the person of a sixteen-year-old beauty of high Rajput clan, living in the "nation" next door. And weddings in these parts are pretty costly affairs—as we all know from the Arabian Nights nuptials of Sir Tukoji Rao, ex-Maharajah of Indore, whose choice of Miss Nancy Miller caused such commotion and scandal in the Council of Princes. This American marriage, by the way, caused Indore to lose half his revenue, and the British Resident, Mr. Glancy, was strongly opposed to the match.

The Prince of Alwar proposed to levy special taxes on his subjects to pay for a *tamasha* or festival of fabulous extravagance. Two years ago

*Continued on page 47*

*Gorgeously painted and decorated Elephants drawn up in honour of a former visit of the Prince of Wales*



# California, Land of Sunshine

by Oliver S. Arata

**C**ALIFORNIA, Where Life is Better" is the slogan that state has adopted, to signify many things. They will proudly, truly tell you that there are on the average of 185 clear and sunny days in San Francisco, while Chicago has but 118 such beautiful days that cheer, New York City about 108 such ideal days, while Buffalo, N.Y., has but 84 such poet-inspiring days.

The State, on friendly terms with sunshine, is justly famous for its beautiful and clear skies. For miles one can see on sunny days in California.

There is romance in it, as it was settled, centuries back by Europeans, especially the natives of Spain. In certain sections of this lovely country there are still relics of the old days. One talented writer, in a fine magazine article, published in Scribner's Monthly, has called it "Italy in California." That is the title of his splendid article. He compares the Mediterranean Sea country to the hillslopes that face the channel of Santa Barbara. His comparison is just, true, for I have travelled through Italy extensively, as well as California, and always compared the country in America, with the boot that skirts the Mediterranean.

Here is a splendid description and comparison from the article just mentioned, by Ernest Bexiotto: "The soft breeze, fanning the face like a caress; the limpid air—the *cielo sereno* dear to every Italian heart—the scent of the orange blossoms wafted from the terraces; the shimmering olives backed by dark oaks; the suave lines of the coast reaching from the headlands of Miramar and Montecito down towards the bluffs of Ventura; the lazy blue sea sending its subdued rumble to the ear; the island floating like mirages upon its bosom, evoke the noble panoramas of Camaldoli, of Postano, of Nervi, of Bordighera. Even the laborers, ploughing between lemon trees, chatter the liquid note of Italy's language, and towards evening, when Nature is stilled in the hush which comes with twilight come the soft notes of the romanzas of Posilippo, sung by the gardeners and their families." That is indeed a poetical description, and true. For this State is the mecca of poets, the inspiration of artists, the ideal haven of all dreamers who visit it, yet a commercial part of this great country as well.

I feel that many parts of California are modelled after certain parts of Italy. In this Western State of the United States, which is a brother of the greatest of oceans, the Pacific, you will find a touch of Capri, another scene that is a reminder of a certain famous and historical garden in Italy, fishermen that have the tang of the sea and the appearances of Neapolitans, reminiscences of Pompeii, while the view from San Francisco Bay, from Sausalito, can be duplicated in many parts of the Riviera.



San Geronimo from Smiley Heights



A Street in Los Angeles

**T**HERE is romance in Asti. This spot is located on one of the upper reaches of the Russian River, California. It is ideally placed in a broad, comely valley, and the partially wooded and picturesque hills that surround it, plus the tall giants of redwood, are dreamy reminders of the slopes of the Apennines.

At Asti prohibition does not seem to be in effect, at least the chief ingredients of wine not being lacking. There you will find the barolo and the barbera wines, the white and red chiantis are not lacking either.

Hie yourself to a hillock near Asti, and permit your gaze to stray for miles around. A vineyard of rare beauty greets your eager eyes, for acres of vineyard are spread before the visitor. When you go among the toil-

ers there you will find that they have conquered the various enemies of grapes.

The Asti grapes are luscious, tempting, and the basis of fine wines and grape juice. The enormous yield of Asti grapes are not crushed by hand, in the Italian style, but modern grape crushing machinery is used.

Asti is not the sole colony that smacks of the true Italian settlement, for at Madeira, situated in the beautiful San Joaquin Valley, and in the broad fields of the Sacramento you will see more such grape-growing colonies. These settlers are prosperous, hard working people, simple to a great degree, religious—and honest. Thus, they are an asset to the community, bringing in much wealth to California, wealth that would go to other places.

**N**O WRITER of modern times has so poetically, truthfully described the California coast as Ernest Bexiotto. This talented writer is a painter of great charm and ability. The series of drawings are almost mystical in their subjects. One picture shows a hobgoblin, of his drawing and imagination, beneath one of the weird cypress trees at Cypress Point.

Another depicts a cypress tree, on the edge of a shallow precipice overlooking the sea, shrinking, shrinking away from the sea. Most of the roots can be

seen, and it is a mystery how this hearty tree can survive the elements. Another he has called "Groves Where Dante Might Have Walked." It is given to it an apt name, and anyone can feel the presence of the Inferno in and beneath that grove of weird trees. Cypress trees, as you possibly know, have the natural habit of branches sprouting their leaves very near the top, and being unlike the oaks, for the latter have leaves to within a few feet of the earth.

Although I have never been to Pescadero Point, the home of the Inferno described to us by Bexiotto, I feel like I have lived there for years after studying his fine pictures of the place.

Continued on page 36





Throne Room—King of Spain, Madrid



## The Real Spain's Marvelous Treasure House Entire by Francis



HERE they come marching—"all the king's horses and all the king's men." It is eleven o'clock of a summer morning, and the guard is being changed in front of the Palace of the King of Spain. The band of fifty men leads the way. But what men! Never in all my life have I seen such a gathering of short soldiers. In France one grows accustomed to seeing tiny men in uniform. But the men of this band, and the company of soldiers who follow them, are even shorter.

They march in to the vast courtyard of the Palace, and stand while a little body of twenty-five horsemen come and swing into two lines, until a minute later the palace guards are changed.

There are plenty of idle people in Madrid. And this sunny morning the open space is crowded with people for the most part shabbily dressed. I stand pressed in the crowd, and breathe air heavy with the odor of dirty humanity, and gaze over an array of greased black heads that shine and send off a heavy perfume to combat the other smells. And though my eye dwells upon the blue, red and gold of the uniforms of the mounted riders of the guard, my mind is strangely occupied with wondering how many pounds of pomade the Spanish nation use a year. After much travelling around this way, one's mind does take to playing strange tricks upon one. Having seen the guard changed at St. James Palace in London, where every man is over six feet, this view of a somewhat similar sight in Spain is doubly interesting because of the smallness of the men, and because of the glaring lack of smartness of the Spaniards when compared with the English.

The soldiers march away, and as they pass, my witty Irish friend, Power, remarks quaintly: "Oh the soldier's life; they keep on doing the same stupid thing and looking serious about it. In peace times endless days of awful boredom, contrasted with the terrible excitement of the times of war." I am afraid my friend is like the painter, Goya, anti-militarist.





Partial view of real Armeria, showing Tent of Francis I in background

# Armeria of the Past has no equal in the World Dickie

The sound of the band grows fainter down the street. I remain gazing across the great courtyard and through the arches of the long façade of stone that connects the Palace and the ancient Armoury, where is housed the finest collection of armor and ancient things of war in the world. I have seen the soldiers pass, and compared them with the fighters of England, and am reminded that the lessening power of Spain began long ago when their Armada went down before the British tars and bad weather.

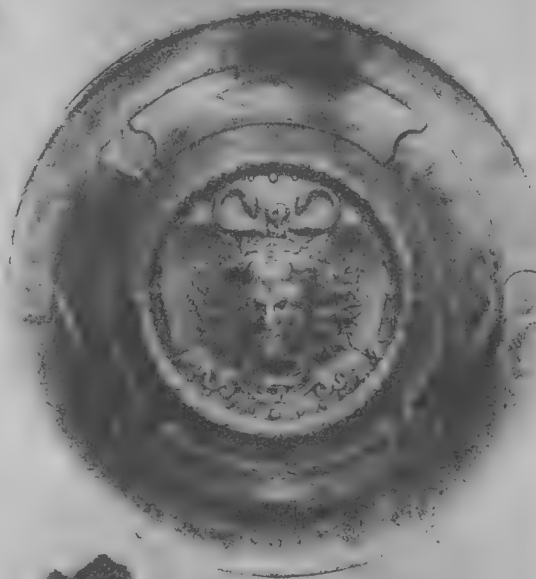
The glories of Spain are faded glories, relics and grandeurs of the past of a nation that once was all-powerful, the afterglow, as it were, of a brilliance that has now long departed. Of the thirty-five palaces which the kings of Spain once occupied, all lying within a short distance of imperial Madrid, only five remain, and only four are in use by the royal family. Of these the Palacio Real in Madrid contains a throne room of awesome grandeur.

The palace stands in the western quarter of the city, a huge, uniform square pile typical of the eighteenth century. It cost \$15,000,000 to build. It looms on a little rise of ground, and from its windows one can look over rolling bare land and wooded slopes to the low range of the Guadarrama Mountains. The vastness of the Palace reminds one of the remark of Napoleon as he ascended the impressive staircase with Joseph:

"You are much better housed than me."

The king does not usually make his appearance while the guard is being changed, but on the day of my attendance he came to the window and bowed. No doubt he knew the representative of *The Western Home Monthly* was on hand! Entrance to the throne room is not given to the general public usually. But little silver pieces do work wonders, especially if you happen to belong to the writing tribe. And so I stood for a moment in that lofty room, with its beautifully painted ceiling, its golden-gilded lions, its mirrors, inlaid marble floors, and all the marvelous display so dear to the Spanish heart. But words fail to convey the palatial splendor, and so I leave the rest of the description to a photograph, which tells in one brief glance to the reader far more than

Continued on page 38





# A few kind words for Mr. Mountain Cayuse

## by C. W. Lane



**V**EETERING on horseback on the edge of an abyss that runs down almost vertically for some 1,500 feet, liberally bestrewn with fallen trees, great and small boulders of rock and wooded with great trunks over

whose one hundred and fifty-foot tops you look at the opposite mountains, is to be in a position of thrills for the brave and nervous tension for the timid. In reality, however, there is no more danger than in sauntering along the sidewalk of your home town.

The occasion often arises when you are out trail-riding in the Canadian Rockies. Whether you are negotiating the "sky-line" between Twin Falls and Yoho, or riding over the Burgess Pass, or up to Mirror Lake and Lake Agnes from Chateau Lake Louise, or climbing Sulphur just above Banff Springs Hotel, you will apparently be hanging over the roof of the world, not once but many times, with nothing between you and the depths but thin air. Yet nothing untoward ever happens or has happened since trail riding began in these parts.

You hire a quiet, sad-eyed cayuse who has seen plenty of your like and who, if he could speak, would probably only inquire your weight, as being the (to him) most interesting thing about you. He has his advantage over his rider that he was born and bred in the mountains, and is almost as much a part of them as the glaciers. What he doesn't know about mountain-climbing simply isn't knowledge.

Now there are some who claim a horse has no brains. Thus, a gentleman meeting two horsey-looking men in a train near Calgary, enquired of them their opinion on this point. "Brains," said one of them, "no, he hasn't any brains. He will kick his best friend to death if the latter tried to rescue him from a burning stable and he'll eat and drink till he bursts unless he's prevented." The other was more laconic. "He does nothing but work all day long for bare food and lodging. Where's the brains in that?"

But the Rocky Mountain cayuse is the exception that proves the rule. He has brains. Only, they are in his feet.

Among domesticated animals he is the surest-footed of all. Only the mountain goat and sheep are his rivals. He can take boulder-strewn roads at a trot where the average horse would be down with broken knees after half a dozen strides. He can balance himself on two-foot-wide paths, the edges of which have broken away in a run of pebbles or scree, with the nonchalance of

a man taking a walk across a field. He has no sense of vertigo such as afflicts his rider when the looks over his head into a sudden drop into nothingness. Left to himself, he will bring you in perfect safety to your destination and thereafter will return you home in as good condition, though probably much more thrilled, than when you set out. Even pulled about by nervous riders, nothing will induce him to depart from his calmness and he will go through the identical motions as if you had wisely left the reins loose on his neck. His early training and experience have in fact made him fool-proof.

All of which is not to say that cayuses are all of a kind without character and individuality. That is far from the case. There is as much temperament among them as is to be found in humans. They are contemptuous, friendly, shy, stand-offish, indifferent, fond of little luxuries such as sugar and apples, self-indulgent, there is never an ice-cold stream that they will pass up in their travels, and even enthusiastic—when they scent the stables after a long ride. Oh, yes, there is quite a lot of personality in Mr. Mountain Cayuse.

No doubt, he annoys you when you fail to restrain him from joining some half-dozen of his brothers tied up to poles while their riders are enjoying a nearby view. You wish to ride on up the trail. But Mr. Cayuse is after a crack with his friends and perhaps a discussion of the strange bipeds who have been bestriding him and them. You too have been known to loaf on duty; why then begrudge him a like failing? And he bears no ill-will when you have tugged and heel-jabbed and berated him for his strayings.

Also remember that as a judge of character, he can give aces and kings to any correspondence school in the world. Before he has gone half a dozen yards, he has sized up his rider and knows just how much he can get away with. If the rider is easygoing, he will model himself on his example; if he or she desires action he will provide it in a measure of his ability, for he is no Man-o-War. He will sometimes trot of his own accord, if a gentle slope once and again invites him to exercise, but he is quite as willing to take a straight-away at a two-mile-an-hour gait if his rider is lost in contemplation of the incomparable scenery, as he is to smarten up into a trot when the same rider has decided it is time to get a move on. But there is one thing he will not do. He will not permit his rider to harbor the notion that he knows more about how to negotiate the mountain trails than Mr. Cayuse, and, whether it be early training or just plain horse sense, there is no doubt he is right.

*Continued on page 41*

# The Magic Carpet

by Ruth Anderson Walker



ALL the stories that delighted us in childhood, there was none quite so nice as that story from the Arabian Nights, "The Magic Carpet." No other oriental rug could be compared to it, for its magic lay in this: that all you had to do was to step on it and name any city town or country you wished to see, and, before you could say "Jack Robinson," it had whisked you up in the sky and was floating toward your destination.

That legend, catching our imagination in childhood with its tales of journeys over strange lands and seas, has left us all with a great desire to travel. The sight of a schooner in the offing makes us restless. Even a map, a cold, unromantic drawing of a strange continent, is just as apt to conjure up the feeling of "wanderlust." As one poet has said:

*"I never see a map but I'm away,  
On all the errands that I long to do,  
Up all the rivers that are painted blue,  
And all the ranges that are painted gray."*

Alas, where is that enchanted carpet now? Some of us, when we had passed the happy, believing days of childhood, decided that it had never even existed. Others think that the Arabian Nights story was prophetic of the aeroplane. But, whatever we believe or disbelieve, we do know that travel, by the aid of train, ship and plane, has been made as easy today as it was mythical centuries ago by that delightful and expeditious magic carpet. There are train and boat accommodations to fit every purse, and now "a trip to Europe" is no longer the tremendous undertaking it used to be. So, if the wanderlust is on us, let us make our plans carefully noting the things we enjoy most that we may make the most of our journey, for in Europe the wise traveller can find anything he wants—even to waffles and apple pie! The glories of the old European civilization, its art, architecture and music, its cities and countryside glamorously rich in history, are all there for the seeing. The sportsman can find his favorite sport; the gourmet, restaurants that will delight his palate. The modernist can enjoy the very latest plays, paintings and music in the big artistic centres; and the average traveller will probably delight in a happy combination of all these things. Let us therefore step on our magic carpet of modern travel, and be off!

WITHOUT doubt our first wish will be to see the coast lights of England growing larger and larger and more luminous as we approach them. And, as soon as we land, we shall head straightway "up to London town." It is a glorious adventure to arrive in London at any time or season—London, familiar in the rain; London of a November evening, swathed in deep blue mist; London mysteriously cloaked in fog; or London in Spring with its grey streets brightened by the color in the flowerstalls; London—well, just London! There are so many things to see and do. First of all, perhaps, we shall go to the famous buildings we have always longed to see: St. Paul's, the

Continued on page 52



Asolo, Italy, where the poet Browning lived for some time



Oxford Hockey Team  
Murren-1923

From left to right—Edward Nathan  
Richard Bonny, L. Pearson,  
E. B. Pittblado, Kenneth Taylor, J. Anthony  
D. R. M. H. George & M. Bacon



An Italian Farmhouse



Murren, Switzerland, Skating and Hockey Rink



Old Gate at Bordeaux France



Villa Medici  
near Florence

Where Princess Mary  
and Viscount Lascelles  
spent their honeymoon



The Harbour at Bordeaux  
France

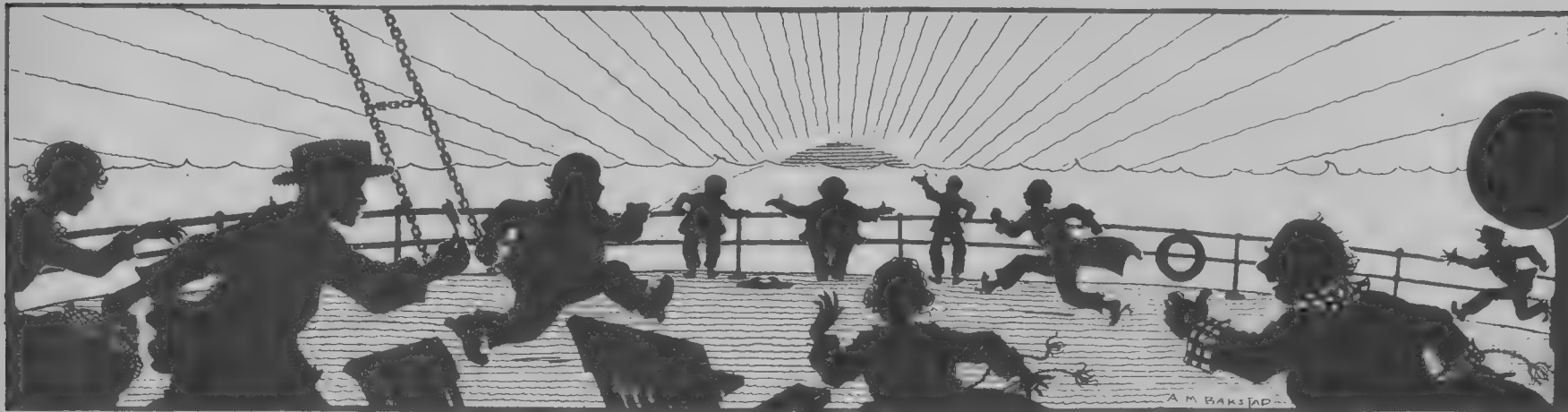


Florence - The Old Bridge



# Some Impressions of an Atlantic Voyage

by J. Taylor Mitchell F.S.A.(Scot.)



DEEP in the heart of every man who has left behind him the home of his childhood and journeyed afar, there dwells throughout the crowding years an imperishable longing to revisit the beloved spot and live again in memory the days of his youth. If he be British, this desire is intensified a hundredfold and increases with the passing of time and though oftentimes it must remain as a dream unfulfilled, happy is he who, finally, finding himself free to put away the press of business for a while, may promise himself a glimpse of that "land of brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood," which for half a lifetime has been enshrined in his heart, and who therefore is at liberty to take his staff in his hand and journey forth on the road to Yesterday—surely one of life's greatest thrills.

The terms, of course, in this progressive age but quite usual to mum of personal effort comfort and of speed. The voyage in one of the steamships of the way, a luxurious and Our good ship made but a few days' between the handclasps and circumstances have arches of the seas bring citizens from many others to return to visits of greater or less the most agreeable of many lines ply the than ours, the stately



are purely figurative. it is not only possible travel with the minimum and the maximum of We elected to make the fine Empress Canadian Pacific Railwell-appointed boat. of the mighty oceans pleasant interlude before friends whom time parted. These months to our shores new lands and they enable their homeland on duration and under auspices. Many ships seas but none better Empress of France.

There are obvious advantages to the St. Lawrence route which people embarking from ports other than Montreal or Quebec miss. This magnificent waterway materially shortens the voyage as well as adding to the pleasures of the traveller. Montreal is 1,000 miles from the ocean and yet is 315 miles nearer to Southampton than is New York. But one would counsel the prospective passenger to take this trip by daylight in order not to lose any of its beauties and delights. The walled City of Quebec, the cradle of New France, and the ancient capital of our country, is a memorable event along our journey, and if one can spare the time to see it in detail, so much the better. The grandeur of its site, its old houses and its new, its traditions and its indescribable charm, which takes color from the checkered history it has known, all endow Quebec with a special appeal. The great Chateau Frontenac dominating the skyline—count this as one of the important sights of the St. Lawrence trip. In addition, the city is the rendezvous of summer tourists and the chief winter-sports resort of the continent.

Twelve hours after our ship leaves Quebec we are still getting fascinating glimpses of French-Canadian life, for this is repeated in numerous villages and hamlets along the green shores of the gradually-broadening river. Instead of sailing from a harbor straight into the ocean and watching a receding land behind, one travels for several days between river-banks dotted with green meadows and forests; with little clusters of houses, whitewashed for the most part, nestling at the foot of every hill-slope, with cattle browsing in the fields and village church-bells calling to mass. To the north are the blue Laurentian Mountains. These scenes, which we find ourselves dwelling upon with a peculiar wistfulness, are the last of Canada which we shall see for some time.

The St. Lawrence presently widens into the broad expanse of the Gulf and the peaceful, pastoral farm-lands give way to a more austere prospect—rockier shores and the forest primeval. Forty-eight hours out and we are still seeing evidences of human life, however—headlands with their lone light-houses, and fishing schooners en route to the salmon grounds. At lengthening periods we still catch glimpses of little white villages, but by the third day these have disappeared. As the shores melt away into the distances on either side the smell of salt water begins to herald itself in a series of tangy gusts that whip one's cheek and sting the eyes, just at first. It is the air which we

are to breathe for the next four days. This route, being, as it were, a beneficent arrangement of Nature to accustom the voyageur by gradual degrees to the bracing ocean breezes we discover that by the time the broad Atlantic is reached we have acquired our proper sea-legs and hardly notice the transition from fresh to salt water.

At Father Point, which is our last stop until we slacken near the coast of France where one-half of our passengers disembark, a tender pulls alongside and takes off the final mail-bags. The warning "tootings" being a veritable Last Post, there is in this scene a hint of pathos and even of fatalism. In this manner off go our last-minute farewells hastily scribbled in our deck-chairs—"We're off! Wish you were along"—"Good-bye. We'll write from the other side." And always there is at least one young woman who goes racing along the deck with a belated bundle of postal cards in her hand held together with an elastic band which she throws to the waiting tender below. The sailor just manages to catch them, and a little cheer goes up.

Leaving Father Point land is in sight for at least twelve hours more. We see: the Gaspé Peninsula, Anticosti Island, the Magdalens, and Newfoundland, as well as lesser unnamed isles. At certain seasons at about this stage a slow enveloping fog may sometimes roll in to meet the ship but this seldom lasts long and in our own case was absent altogether since we had hand-picked our weather and the gods who sit up aloft and direct the destinies of those who go down to the sea in ships had chosen to smile most benignly upon us. The St. Lawrence season opens in May and continues throughout the summer and fall until November, after which Canadian ocean liners sail from St. John, N.B., the winter port.

As the final thin thread of visible land faded from our ken and a strong salt wind began to beat in our faces we realized that at last we were at sea. Before us, behind us, and all around stretched the grey-blue water, illimitable, vast, overwhelming, even in its calm.

MANY of the passengers had already made friends with one another, for on shipboard there's an agreeable informality in social relations quite lacking on land. Merry gusts of laughter came from the saloons, and on deck little groups had gathered together in that pleasant freemasonry of souls characteristic of people who are embarked on a similar enterprise. From the first evening aboard when all the passengers meet and mingle in the great saloon everybody seems to know everybody else and friendly greetings are tossed back and forth on every hand. A good deal of the conversation turned to aviation and the various attempts made at intervals to cross the Atlantic, which was not unnatural, with little to contemplate but sky and water. The captain and officers were a genial lot and had some very engaging stories to tell of their experiences at sea and in the ports of all the world.

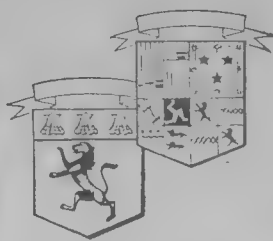
If you are one of those indefatigable early risers your day will begin about dawn. There are always those who want to watch the sun rise over the watery rim of the world (it repays them, they declare, for getting fearfully drowsy about eleven a.m.) and Old Sol seldom disappoints them. Nearly every morning he obligingly put on a most wonderful and colorful performance along the eastern horizon. I particularly recall one spectacular effect which was like nothing so much as the gradual unfolding of a great rose-and-ivory fan. How we bragged about the sight at breakfast, firing all the sluggards with an intense resolve to arise with the very next break-of-day! The stewards nobly did their duty. Many were called but, alas, few got up on the morning following. A scant half-dozen valiantly deserted their comfortable berths, actuated by a beautiful confidence in Old Sol and in perfect trust that the extravaganza would be repeated for their especial benefit. But as luck would have it, that morning rain-clouds sulked over mid-Atlantic—and we who had instigated the sortie had to pay for the drinks on which the bets had rested.

Continued on page 53



THE

# Duchesses

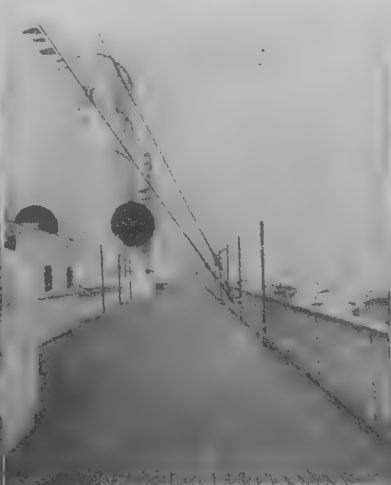
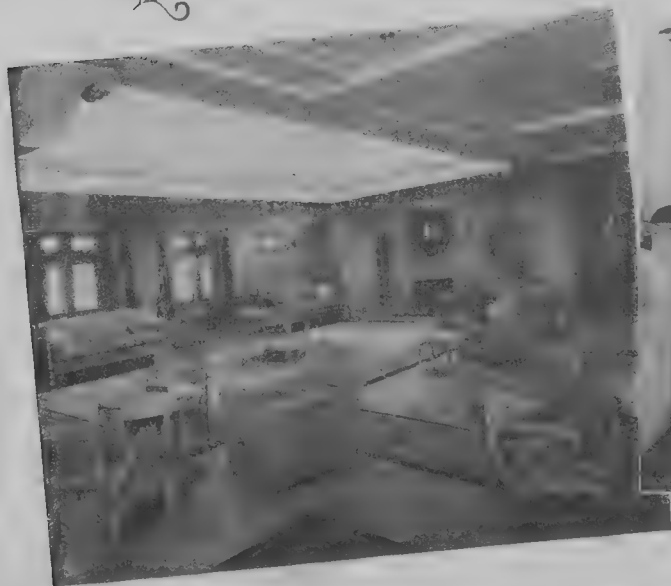


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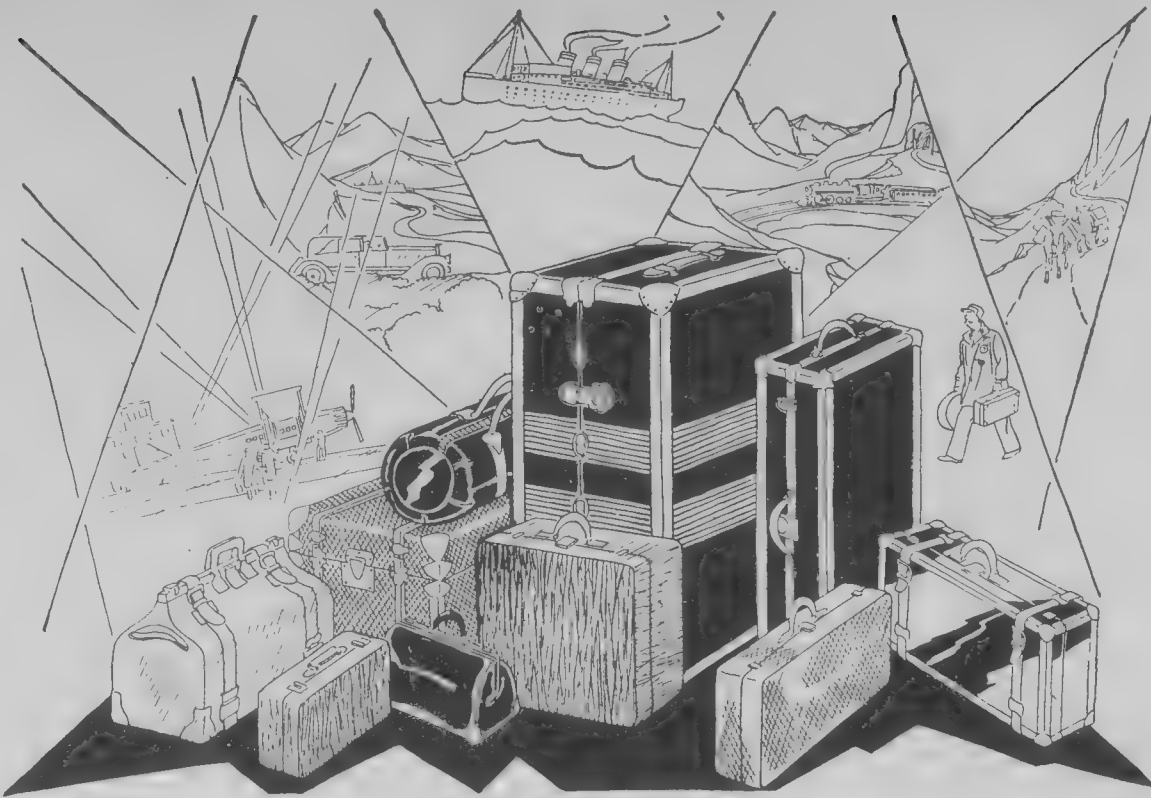
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## What Luggage Will You Take on Your Travels This Winter?

By J. M. Hamilton

WHEN the conductor shouts, "All Aboard," and the train steams out of the station, will you settle back contentedly in your seat, mind intent on the endless vistas of holiday ahead—new places, old friends, adventure, romance. Or will you be worrying John to look under the seat to make sure every one of the thirteen pieces of luggage are all there,—or tucking the heavy coat you brought for the boat and the umbrella you'll need in England into the top rack!

Just which—is a fair omen of the sort of time you may expect to have. Luggage can detract so greatly from the joy of travel that it is wise to give it serious consideration at the outset. There are advantages and disadvantages in different types of luggage that are well worth knowing. For the right thing costs no more than the wrong and is worth many times its cost price in adequacy.

Perhaps it is to be a holiday in the old land—Merry England or the highlands of Scotland. Fine! We'll treat ourselves to a large wardrobe trunk and take along a suitcase and club bag for extras. Or shall we? A full size wardrobe trunk holds a tremendous amount of clothes—more perhaps than one would count on taking. Excess baggage will have to be paid for it practically every time it is moved. And because one can rarely count on having it right with one—all the clothes it contains are practically inaccessible while travelling. So one puts her change of dress in a suit case, probably to take it out quite creased, and the new hat similarly crushed—when most they are needed. The club bag holds nothing but small articles successfully—rather an extravagance when one wants to be unencumbered with many pieces.

Suppose instead one chooses just two pieces, a wardrobe case and a three-quarter size wardrobe trunk. We'll pack

them and see if they are as inwardly adequate as they are outwardly simple. But first of all a word as to the clothes that will go along.

For just as simplicity and adequacy are paramount in importance with luggage, so simplicity in clothes is the motto, not only of the chic woman, but unswervingly of the wise traveller. Simple tailored clothes pack better, look smarter, and require less attention to keep in order as well as time spent putting them on. One must have the right thing to wear for every occasion but it is not necessary nor advisable to have a bit more—not a bit. One color scheme, (brown, blue or black for example), in different tones for variety, allows one to use the same accessories smartly for several costumes—a great saving in space, and cash outlay too! Materials that do not crease easily or show dust, and with body enough for warmth and wear are best. In this respect flat crepe, rajah,

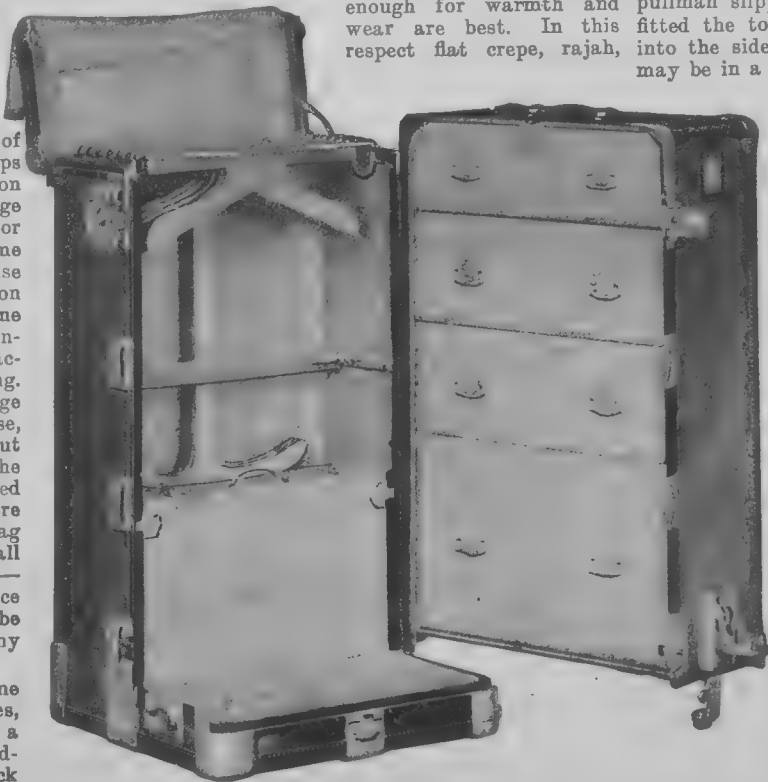
moire, tweeds and woollens stand out. So for clothes, smart simplicity in style, the minimum in quantity and the utmost in travel-worthiness.

Now to pack. We'll lift the lid of the wardrobe suitcase and carefully place on the hangers (in the manner advised in the pamphlet therein) a tailored about-town dress in wool crepe or sponge cloth; a smart dress of flat crepe, and one of pussy willow; a simple dinner dress of moire and an extra sweater to go with the ensemble of tweed coat, skirt, and flannel blouse to be worn on the train. Last of all we'll place over them a warm but light-weight delaine or challis kimona. Fastening the snap band that holds them securely in place we are assured they will come out of the case when needed quite fresh and unwrinkled.

In the shoe box, at a careful angle so as not to soil the bottom of the dresses, we'll put a comfortable pair of walking shoes (to go with the street dresses and relay with the pair worn with the tweed ensemble)—a slim pair of slippers for the silk dresses and a pair of mules or pullman slippers. If the case chosen is fitted the toilet articles will be slipped into the side of the partition. Or they may be in a tray that folds in the wink of an eye to form a case that lifts out and may be carried to and fro in the pullman. If the case is not fitted, the toilet articles tuck in a pocket provided in the side of the shoe box.

The chic little hat that goes with the silk dresses will be filled with lingerie and placed right side up in one corner of the case. In the remainder of the space will go two pair of pyjamas, four changes of hose and easily washed lingerie—besides handkerchiefs, and small accessories. A small cotton bag of soap flakes for washing is very handy, and doesn't spill carried this way. We'll tuck in a book for dull hours and a couple of oranges—the best of food when travelling. Stationery is not really necessary as it is provided in every train, boat or hotel.

Continued on 35



## What Luggage Will You Take on Your Travels This Winter?

Continued from page 34

Dressed in the sporting ensemble and carrying the case one may board the train confidently, outfitted with appropriate clothing for as much as a three week's journey:— three changes for morning, street or sporting occasions and three for informal afternoon or evening affairs. This, besides a street and dress hat, two pair of walking shoes, a pair of dress slippers and restful footwear for the bedroom, not to mention sufficient lingerie and accessories. Best of all the dresses are on hangers, the shoes in a shoe box, and the hat in a hat box uncrushed and ready for instant use.

Safely on board ship and in possession of one's cabin keys a trip to the trunk room will be rewarded by the fur coat and steamer rug brought for the deck; one's evening dresses and cloak,—in fact whatever other wearing apparel one wishes to take, besides sport shoes, swimming suit, etc. for ship's sports. A three-quarter size trunk is large enough to allow one some leeway in choice of clothes besides room to bring home woollens, linens and other precious purchases that inevitably accumulate. It generally has also the convenience of a laundry bag and an ironing board.

In many cases husband and wife find the one trunk sufficient for both their needs and once settled on the continent it becomes the supply base for fresh clothes and cache box for travel trophies.

The wardrobe case is sufficient in itself for further wanderings in Europe. It can be taken right with one even on the cramped continental trains—obviating any nerve wracking search in a foreign land for stray or delayed luggage, involves no extra expense, and it carries home one's Paris frock uncrushed.

Friend husband and brother bachelor need to do less careful planning of their travel wardrobes to have them small but sufficient, nevertheless they must choose their luggage carefully, to carry that little, well. A club bag or suit case will not hold shirts or suits as satisfactorily as a Gladstone bag—with its large flat bottom. This bag has the advantage also of sufficient carrying capacity for as much clothing as many men feel the need of. The newest cases designed for aeroplane travel seem especially adapted to the use of men for any occasion. Not only have they an attractively sturdy construction but wardrobe equipment for three suits besides room for six shirts and a good supply of socks, handkerchiefs, collars and other accessories. For those who require more space there are many very desirable wardrobe suitcase styles from which to choose. Though they have the capacity of a small wardrobe trunk, a man may carry one easily for short distances—a point of travel comfort that cannot be too strongly emphasized.

**BUT** perhaps it is to be the West Indies or blue Mediterranean—and Winter forgotten! Will the same luggage be practical? In this case the boat is one's home for several months so it is convenient to have one's wardrobe trunk right in the cabin—necessarily then a steamer wardrobe. It will hold large

supplies of "summary" sportswear and many changes of lingerie. As it is easier to have clothes washed than cleaned this is the more practical type to take. But breezy mornings, and cool nights demand their quota of heavier toggery—a popular costume being the navy serge admiral's jacket with pleated cream flannel skirt. It is not necessary to take a supply of books as most of the ships have very good libraries and reference books regarding the places to be visited. In fact the days are much too full of festivities and unexpected interest to allow any great time for books. But a good camera is almost a necessary luxury. It preserves to memory many happy occasions that would otherwise be forgotten. And once more—cool, comfortable shoes! Though the hours in each port are limited, a great deal of walking is crowded into them, seeing the interesting places to be visited.

For jaunts inland and for the overland journey to the ship, the wardrobe case

is still to be recommended, but in this case its contents will include several sun hats and no winter-weight frocks. It is advisable to wear to the water's edge the same clothes that will be worn during cold days on board ship—leaving room in the trunk for the greater supply of warm weather clothing needed.

Many fortunate people will follow the birds to California—flying by car or train. On the train a wardrobe case or even a club bag (if they really believe that to travel light is to travel right) will suffice and a three quarter size wardrobe trunk will stow away the Winter's supply of clothing.

But if the trip is to be made by car and the Winter spent in fitful nomadic wanderings, the choice becomes limited to apparel that will not only look suitable but stand up well under the test of this carefree life. Even the most luxuriously appointed cars do not protect one from windburn, dust and a certain gypsy-like atmosphere that robs frilly feminine clothes of their attractiveness and practicality. Clothes chosen rather for their ability to stand up under much rough usage, clothes with a free sporting swagger, are preferable. Tweeds, woollens, rajah (printed or plain), sports shoes and felt hats—the old stand-byes—are unexcelled.

An to meet the needs of this popular mode of travel manufacturers have designed good-looking compactly-built touring wardrobes. A favorite type is the size of a large suitcase and sits on end, fastened to the running board of the car by a special locking device. Those that do not open along the full length of one side and that do not separate into two pieces when opened, are less awkward to handle in cramped quarters. The latest thing on the market is a desirably strong case of wardrobe convenience designed primarily for aeroplane travel but embodying all the requisites demanded for auto touring as well. Besides one of these pieces a small overnight case will answer both to the motorist's wants and the car's limited space.

### So Swift the Dawn

By Mary Matheson

Dawn rides triumphant o'er the silver plain  
And shakes his golden head with laughter gay,  
Dauntless he drives the night-spun dream  
away

And flecks with light each drowsy eye again.  
A little wind walks through the meadow now  
(Like some lost friend who sudden finds his  
clue.)

With certain steps, since he remembers how

To thread the pathway of the morning dew.  
With quick, warm hope the wakeful morning  
fills.

And full of strength the earth smiles as of yore;  
Another day his cup of wealth distills  
Then knocks with stealthy hand the self-  
same door

That opens and closes to our quick amaze  
And hides Today with all our Yesterdays.



### The Tourobe

Has all the conveniences of a Wardrobe Trunk yet light enough to carry like a suitcase. Slips easily under the Pullman seat. Weighs only 21 lbs. In all the latest color combinations. From \$22.50 up, F.O.B. Toronto.



## LANGMUIR LUGGAGE for your Winter Travels

For Travel Comfort and Travel Convenience, make Langmuir Luggage your choice. The Langmuir Line embraces all that is smartest and newest—durable luggage pieces, in fashionable color combination, that will give life-long service. Besides the Tourobe and Wardrobe Trunks (as illustrated) other Langmuir creations that make ideal travelling companions are the new Club Bags fitted with Yale Pin-Tumbler Locks, Kemi-suede Luggage pieces, Ensemble Sets, Square Hat Boxes, Aerobes, etc.

Langmuir Luggage is sold at all the best luggage stores or write direct for illustrated catalog and colored folders describing the Langmuir Luggage in which you are interested. Let us know your requirements.

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## What a dilemma for the Young Wife.....

... this whole matter of feminine hygiene!

**M**ANY a young married woman is perplexed concerning those intimate matters that are vital to her welfare. More than likely she has too much information—many facts, but with them much contradictory opinion that frightens and bewilders.

There is no doubt as to the value of personal hygiene for women. But there is ground for grave apprehension regarding certain antiseptic measures taken to obtain complete surgical cleanliness. It is no secret that deadly poisons such as bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid are being used today.

### Modern hygiene calls for Zonite

No matter in what form these compounds are prepared, they are DANGEROUS when employed for feminine hygiene. So caustic is carbolic acid, for example, that its continued use actually hardens the delicate internal membranes and in many cases produces areas of scar-tissue.

Happily, science has provided a new antiseptic, quick and sure in its germicidal effect yet absolutely harmless to the tissues. It is called Zonite. Though non-poisonous, this remarkable product is actually far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the body.

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☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home  
(Please print name)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

## California, Land of Sunshine

Continued from page 27

Here is a description of this weird spot, on the California coast, by the one who loved it best, Pexiotto: "I had of necessity pitched my tent at some distance from the house across a deep gully and had chosen a spot under a clump of live oaks protected from wind and fog. I spent the first evening sketching canvases, then turned in for the night. The silence was intense; the breakers made no noise whatever, for I was on the lee side of the hills. Not a trace of a rustle in the leaves. The chirp of a cricket and the buzzing in my own ears were the only sounds that I could hear. Then I heard a step. First faint, it came nearer and nearer, approaching the tent over the dry oak leaves—leaves on which no moisture had fallen for mortal months. I listened and the footfall drew ever nearer. In fact it was very close. I lit my lantern cautiously and, raising the flap saw—a tiny kangaroo rat, whose hop on the dry leaves sounded, in that stillness, like the tread of a deer!"

**O**NE of the chief beauties of California country is the Sierra Nevada section. When you visit this beautiful range of mountains, including some of the most beautiful in the world, you only need a light sleeping-bag, unless ladies are with you.

Hotels are few and far between. Tents are seldom carried. After you have left the last hostelry behind, on the edge of the wilderness, you know and feel the real enjoyment of this unforgettable journey. Californians have long ago discovered the beauty and pleasure to be derived from spending their vacation in these mountains, much like people of New York City flock to Coney Island, or persons around the rugged yet beautiful Ozarks, near St. Louis, spend their vacations and week-ends there.

I don't advise my readers to see this masterful range of mountains, this beautiful picture which no poet has adequately described, and few painters have done proper justice to, from the trains.

For instance, you must not miss the wild beauty of the Range of Light, harboring pine forests and gentian meadows, undescrivable by pen, its magnificent cliffs and waterfalls, its sequoia groves and its lakes, fringed with blooms of the bryanthus. You cannot see them via the Pullmans or the iron conveyances.

In the Sierra range you will find that death often stares you in the face when you climb up and down precipices. For years California harbored a club called the Sierra Club, which had for its purpose the extending to all the tale of beauty, pleasure, to be found in this rugged, picturesque range.

One of the most noteworthy spots there is the Bridal Veil. As you gaze at it from the mountain road you know that it is well named, for it is a falls of rare beauty, sparkling beauty, I should

call it, tumbling over and then rapidly down the rugged and rather deep hillside.

At Rae Lake you will behold Mount Rixford, where snow and leaves of green mingle on the friendliest of terms. Where Mother Nature has deftly painted her great masterpiece of rugged, beautiful colors; where you feel that men are men, that weaklings have no place. The sparkling waters of Rae Lake lend contrast and charm to the cracked mountain chain behind and above it.

Grouse Meadows is actually a sharp and deep ravine between two tall mountain sides. It is located on the middle fork of King's River. The evergreens and balsams and pines on the opposite bank from where I stood give you the impression that man has never trod upon those sacred, rough grounds, and that he never will. And you feel that he cannot master it, like he has other parts of California. I thought of the gold rushes, of the times when citizens from the East, South and North rushed to the West to find sudden, easily-found wealth, as I gazed wonderingly upon this scene of Nature.

One writer tells us that he could not sleep in the Sierra country, owing to the splendor of it all, even in spite of his great weariness. There the Stellar rays will wake you, without the aid of an alarm clock. There you will behold, upon arising, "the rosy shafts of the dawn striking the grey minarets of the rock; to watch unseen hands weaving a tapestry of silver and gold."

There, those speckled beauties, rainbow trout, abound, frisk, leap. Wild yet savage too, they strike as vigorously as their temperaments at your bait. They make splendid breakfasts, I know.

Only in the Canadian wilds will you find rugged beauties, such getting near to God and Nature. Once, I was not sure, I thought I heard the great god Pan, playing upon his immortal reeds. It may have been just an echo of the past, or maybe a wind whistling through the pines. I was not sure.

At Catalina Island there is fine fishing. It lies thirty miles from the mainland of California, being very hilly, and it is really dangerous to wander far from the sea-shore without a knowing guide. Santa Catalina is among the lost British possessions, historians tell us. It was traded, by its original owner, for a horse. An expert claims there is the best fishing in the world there. The natives there have much magnetism, but are truly happy. At this point is a small golf course and many other amusements. However, so fairy-like, so entrancing to the visitors is this island that many who come, for just a month, you know, finally stay for years. At Catalina Island you can hunt wild goats, although this sport is almost dead today.

The seals there comprise a zoo in themselves, barking most of the night,  
Continued on page 37



Avalon Bay, Catalina



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*The Goodness of Beef*

# California, Land of Sunshine

Continued from page 36

like a pack of hounds. You should visit the famous Seal Rocks when on Catalina Island.

About the most lasting memory of this paradise on earth are the sea-gardens of Catalina. You can drift over beautiful gardens, where gorgeous creatures dart in and out of amazing tangles of flowers, unknown to exist above sea-level. The author, F. G. Aflalo, has given to us a beautiful description of this spot: "No dust troubles the canyons of their mountain gorges. No voice breaks the stillness of their groves and thickets. Their blooms have no scents. These are God's Gardens of Sleep. Brilliant goldfish are the cynosure of all eyes that look down on these birdless jungles. Blue perch swim steadily in shoals, while little kelp fish drift timorously out of reach of the looming forms of rock-bass prowling amid the dark chasms for a welcome meal. In yet humbler walks of life, there are snails and worms of the sea-garden. Flabby sea-cucumbers cling to every rock, while sea-urchins lurk like hedgehogs in many a cranny. Beautiful abalone shells flash back at sunlight, and on all sides float strings of polyps."

You can see these undescrivable sights through the glass bottom of the boat meant for that purpose. It is advisable to use the small skiffs of this type when viewing this wonderful, unsurpassable marine scene, in place of the latest side-wheelers. The noisy side-wheelers scare away the tiny inhabitants of the sea-garden. An entire volume could be easily written upon the beauties of Catalina Island.

**L**AGUNA BEACH. At this beach you will not have to go far to find the Eucalyptus trees, whose long and scimitar-like leaves are very fine in shape. This tree carries a full scale of color in its foliage. When new they are blue-white in color, olive when mature, and when ready to fall they contain brilliant russets and crimsons. The color is a delicate fawn, being smooth enough to take on fine tone reflections from soil and sky. In the early summer this tree flowers in a profuse manner, while the seed vessels of the eucalyptus are as rare sea-shells.

When you ride up the canyon toward El Toro, although the valley cannot be accurately called a canyon owing to its gentleness, you will behold a typical California landscape. There rose and swayed smooth slopes of pale golden grass, in the bottom lay the creek. It was isolated with pools and reaches. There red cattle grazed. The hillsides were terraced by their interlacing trails. There grew elders and willows at scattered intervals, while blue mountains rise on the northern horizon.

At Pala you will discover the Mission of Antonio. This is a low and squatty building, with the immortal stucco on it, and one of the known mission crosses and a bell in front. The interior of the church at the Mission of San Antonio is a replica of those used centuries past. The rafters are hewn, and are exposed on the ceiling, much like a barn's ceiling. They are extremely stout, storm-proof. Large cobble-bricks are on the floor of the church, with little or no mortar or sand between them, and the benches are the simplest type imaginable. It is a place of penance—you need not have to inquire if it is that.

At San Diego de Alcalá you will discover the remains of the first California mission. History seems to flow from it, but not great beauty, I must add.

The Mission of Santa Barbara is about the most famous in the State. The city by this name is one of 30,000 population. In Santa Barbara you will find a mild and equable climate, but it is not a stimulating one. The Mission proper shades a Spanish air, of perpetual languor over the city itself.

The famous Mission is the harbinger of a large collection of the material of California history. Santa Barbara proper does among palms and roses, besides the bluest of seas imaginable.

Monterey still has much of the air of its early days about it. It is a most interesting town, for many of the old and

low adobe houses remain, while a goodly portion of its population is Mexican or Spanish.

To attract the interest of the tourists who visit Monterey many of the buildings there are ticketed in some way, as the first or last of their kind, for there you will view the first brick house, and looking in another direction is the first one built of lumber. A famous governor lived in that low and shady house, etc. Nearby is the first theatre, etc., etc.

"The Robert Stevenson House" is on a side street. The great author merely visited there, and never lived there.

**F**ARTHER, when you come to the two lagoons, Stone Lagoon and one called Freshwater, you are on the borders of a splendid forest. The beauty, the majestic silence, the heaven-towering acolytes of the forests inspire one. They make you feel nearer to God. Even the hemlocks as well as the redwoods of California are charming, beautiful, powerful in their mute silence.

**C**ALIFORNIA has its dreary, deserted spots as well as its beautiful cities and scenery of Italian style.

Here are some of the desert trails' spots to be seen when you wish to visit the other, the weird side of this remarkable State. Chino Canyon, barren as to trees, a spot where you feel like you are on the Sahara Desert. Misty, mirage-like scenery.

La Reina de Canon is to me a number of hills, made by huge giants who carted immense wagon-loads of large and small rocks to that place, and without much ceremony threw them in many piles, then forgot to spread them out. One tall coconut or date tree can be seen in the distance. No plant or tree life can grow on those hills, which, poetically put, were the playgrounds of ancient giants.

Many relics of the old and dead Indians are found in the canyons. A beautiful scene is that view, the so-called "Seven Palms," with San Jacinto Mountains in the background. They seem like seven sentinels from I cannot tell where. I shall call it "Garden of Allah," for lack of a ready name.

On the desert you will come across scenes that make you feel as if you are on the bottom of the tropical seas, looking at sea-life. The ocotillos are the main feature of this scene.

Indians of this country cut-out the heart of an agave for baking. When in Thousand-Palm Canyon you will see a most unusual scene. I cannot describe it, so difficult it is to portray with the aid of pen and the typewriter.

The top of San Jacinto is marked by scratches of white, after the last of the snow has melted. This is a giant cross, made by Nature, on the top of this mountain. When the snow lays in the deep ravines that form the cross on its top you will view a scene of rare beauty and splendor. For all who are anxious to know much about the desert trails of California I refer him or her to that fine book, "California Desert Trails," by J. Smeaton Chase, published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., of New York City. Another favorite of mine, by the same author, is "California Coast Trails," published by Houghton, Mifflin Co.

Don't forget to visit Hollywood when in California, for there the bulk of the world's motion pictures are made; there studios are in full blast, and millions of dollars are invested. There you will see and meet stars of the silver sheet, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and all.

Before closing I must add, see Los Angeles, city beautiful, the "City of Angel," the centre of a citrus-growing country. San Francisco, on the bay by that name, is more cosmopolitan than the "City of Angeles," yet, it has many beautiful scenes, preferably the view at night of the unsurpassed San Francisco Bay. A throbbing, thriving city, harboring many foreign quarters, famous for its destroyed Chinatown, a city often ravaged by sweeping fire, yet managing to build up rapidly, always building better, houses more beautiful, never seeming discouraged by adversity.

California, the "Italy of America."

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## The Real Armeria

Continued from page 29

even the pen of a Shakespeare could convey. Because of the tremendous favor of the romantic novels of Sir Walter Scott, and the later works of Maurice Hewlett, and the present-day enormous sale of the works of Sabatini, many of which dealing with the knights of old, I propose to devote the principal part of this article to the Real Armeria that stands next to the Palacio Real of the King of Spain in Madrid. Millions of people have read the works of these authors and loved them for the word pictures they gave of those days of old that to us seem so terribly romantic. And in the Real Armeria are housed the carefully preserved relics of those days which so many of us love to read about. No other museum in the world quite equals it in the wide variety of things appertaining to the days of chivalry. Here upon the vast floor of the Armeria stand men in armor and brave knights upon their caparisoned steeds just as they did in the years of the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th centuries. Here, gathered with infinite pains and great expense through long years of time is a collection of articles and implements that makes the past a vivid and living thing in this commercial age when flying machines and radio-pictures shot across 3,000 miles of space leave the average man quite unmoved. That is the irony of things: with all our 20th-century wonders we are still greatly drawn to, and tremendously interested in, the relics of those days when men went to war loaded down with a hundred pounds of cumbersome metal clothing.

The arrangement of the display is particularly well made, being all upon one vast floor. At the end of the room stands the campaign tent of Francois Premier of France. Here he rested upon that last anxious night before the battle of Pavia. And later, when the victory had gone to the enemy, the Spaniards carried away in triumph this sumptuous resting-place of one of France's greatest kings. It is indeed a marvelous thing that four hundred years after we may look upon the heavy silken folds, the ornamented and brocaded cloth that sheltered the monarch.

From the tent one passes on slowly down the long aisle face to face with stern warriors in glistening armor, and spears that have weathered many an ancient battle. There is presented such a wealth of historic relics that one is doubtful which to deal with particularly, for to tell about all is quite impossible.

One pauses before a glass case. A long, very thin-bladed sword holds the attention. It is shaped almost like a corkscrew, except that the spirals are longer drawn out. There is something sinister about this weapon. It is an oriental masterpiece of the year 1500. The workmanship is beautiful, the spiral turning of the blade fascinating in its snake-like writhing. It almost seems alive. And those twists were not for mere ornament alone. The thrust from such a blade was much more deadly than the clean cut of a straight blade.

Again one halts before a case. It is another sword. But, ah, how different. Here is romance. Here is history. The weapon is very plain of handle. The blade is broad. There is something impressive about its very simplicity. Somehow it speaks of the man who claimed a vast far-away territory for Spain. For this is the sword of Francisco Pizarro. He was a plain blunt man. He slaughtered countless Indians in a plain matter-of-fact way. But he was honest and sincere in the doing. He was the stuff that empire builders are made of; and though his methods were direct and drastic, one cannot but be queerly moved when standing and looking upon this preserved emblem of his ancient power.

Just beyond is the sword of the Duke of Wellington, a portentous and impressive blade, gold inlaid, and with a handle of pearl. I rather doubt that this sword saw much campaigning, but still it stands as a symbol to revive those days when the Duke with such admirable generalship drove the French back across the plains of Spain. The good curator of the museum, however, did not deem a photograph of this worthy to be included in the all-too-scanty collection

they have made of their treasures. Another historic blade is that of Hernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico. This also is not included in the collection of photographed objects.

The collection here of armor, these finest pieces of what is now a lost craft, for the manufacture of such practically ceased at the end of the 17th century, is largely due to Philip II.

The Emperor Charles, Lord of Germany and Italy, commanded the services of the most noted armorers of the day. During his reign the workmanship reached its finest point. He roused to rivalry the master-smiths, Colman of Augsburg and Negrolis of Milan. It is ironical that this so-warlike man should have renounced all his military glory for the cowl of a monk. Yet he left to his son Philip II the finest martial equipment perhaps any monarch ever possessed. Philip fortunately appreciated this sufficiently to have a house specially built for its reception, thus forming the foundation of the present collection. In 1840, Queen Isabella II devoted herself to rearranging and having the collection catalogued. When Alfonso XII came to the throne he placed the work in charge of the late Count de Valencia de Don Juan, an antiquarian and scholar of note. Where the museum is particularly interesting lies in the fact that it is not confined by nationalism. Spain was famed for its sword blades for centuries. But the majority of the armor found here is the work of Italian and Bavarian smiths.

The aim of all armorers was to combine lightness, elasticity with a complete covering. But even the finest work accomplished weighed 74 pounds. Thus it was that when a man was unhorsed, he was so handicapped as easily to be knocked out or made prisoner.

PROBABLY the finest suit of armor, and doubly interesting because it was made for the romantic figure Don Sebastian of Portugal, is shown in the photograph on page 28. It was made by Anton Pfefferhauser, a man noted among armorers of the 16th century. This suit was made in 1567. In the words of the learned Count de Valencia de Don Juan: "This suit is Pfefferhauser's masterpiece, and places him on the level, if not above, the finest German armorers of his day. True, he is a little given to over-ornamentation, but the composition and embossing are bolder than that of Colman (Emperor Charles' favorite armorer) and, above all, his chiselling is of inimitable clearness and precision. The suit consists of burgonet, breast plates, and backplates, gorget, pauldrons, rerebraces and vambraces, gauntlets, taces, lobster-tail tassets, genouilleres and jambes. The burgonet, cast in one piece, is beautifully embossed with allegorical and mythological figures, and with battle scenes in which we find elephants introduced, an illusion, no doubt, to the Portuguese conquests in the Indies. Mythological studies also adorn the longitudinal bands traversing the suit from neck to ankle. The shoulder-plates display a bewildering and marvelous profusion of ornamented work. The elbow-guards are adorned with reliefs of the cardinal virtues, the knee-blades with beautifully emblematic figures. Thinking of this suit when brightly gilded, one fancies that thus arrayed Milton's archangels went forth to battle for the lordship of Heaven." (The helmet of this suit is shown in a separate photograph on page 28.)

When it is mentioned that a description of this museum occupies several hundred pages of a catalogue, the obviousness of having to confine oneself to a few outstanding objects in the limited space a magazine allows will be apparent. For this reason I have selected four pictures of different armor ranging from the year 1498, 1547, 1554, and 1585. The suits of 1498 and 1547 show the chain armor that were as flexible as silk.

Much attention was also paid to the protection of the horses. Neck and breast guards of steel, and body-covering armor overlying a blanket of heavy silk or other fabric were used in battle and at the joust. So that a horse fully caparisoned carried upwards of two hundred

Continued on page 40



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## Sloan's Liniment

# Outfits for Your Winter Travel

By Julia W. Wolfe

IF YOU are off for San Francisco be sure to take along warm clothing for the nights there get very cool; the days are sometimes very hot. A great deal of fog and mist you will encounter in this city. Warmth is best obtained by wearing a soft garment under a windproof one. The theory is that a layer of still air, such as is contained in the folds of a loose garment or beneath the cells of a porous wool fabric, is a non-conductor of heat and will conserve the natural heat generated by the body. Therefore, the porous wool cloths, such as flannel, Shetland hand-woven tweeds, and kasha, are warm, added to which their softness makes them comfortable. They will be warmest, should there be wind, if they are covered by a windproof material which will prevent disturbance of this layer of still air. A coat then, of leather, fur, or gabardine, is a good wrap to carry along if you are going to San Francisco or even to England.

Wintering along the Mediterranean is sure to give you sunshine and fine weather. Buy all that you require before departure, for clothing is very high in Southern Europe. Occasionally it also gets cold here at night. Hot weather clothes will be suitable. Lined straw hats with shady brims for protection from sunstroke, and a warm coat, of fur, if possible to wear in the evenings.

Silk, washing crepes, cottons and linens are good materials for warm weather frocks to wear when sight-seeing or watching the sports, and of the two day coats which will be required, one might be of black crepe de chine for smart occasions in the towns, and the other could be a sports coat of light-weight soft tweed for travelling and general wear. A tussore dress and coat, in light green, pale yellow, ash-rose pink, white or natural shade is also a comfortable possession.

As many of your days will be spent in sight-seeing or in sports, few afternoon frocks are required. Two, at most, will be sufficient for such occasions as an afternoon tea, a garden-party, and the hasty tourist can perhaps dispense even with these. Everybody goes to the race meetings when in Egypt and in Southern Italy, which are very smart gatherings, though the women usually wear a well-tailored suit or a silk coat over a matching frock, and never finery.

Evening frocks, however, are very important, no matter where you roam. They should always be smart. If you dance, half a dozen will be none too many. At all the resorts dancing is about the only pastime. One of these frocks should be a simple black lace dress, but the others should be as festive as possible—simple but fashionable.

The sportswoman outfit for any winter journey should include kit for riding, tennis, golf and swimming, as well as frocks for wearing at the races or at the polo and cricket matches. You know in Egypt, they go in for cricket. You will find your Canadian and English summer golf and tennis clothes suitable for wearing in Cairo during what are our winter months at home, but for golf the woman tourist must provide herself with rubber soled shoes as the "Greens" are of rolled sand and would be made impossible for play if walked upon by leather shoes and nailed shoes. The majority of players

wear white canvas golf shoes, so be sure and include these.

A fine gabardine is a good material for the riding habit as it is not heavy and it affords protection from the winds which are encountered on desert rides.

As to hats, light weight felts, not too tightly fitting, are generally worn the wide-world over. Shady-brimmed lined straws for the real hot days; the sun helmet is required only during the high summer in Egypt—and this you can purchase there. A pair of tinted glasses will induce a beautiful feeling of coolness and will prevent headaches which otherwise might be caused by the glare. A chiffon veil is useful on donkey excursion into the desert while in Egypt.

Always wear comfortable, roomy shoes when travelling, for who wants foot-trouble at such a time? Feet are always apt to swell and grow irritating walking on hot pavements and burning sand, and ill-fitting shoes have been known to ruin many a vacation. Black patent leather shoes will be useful for the city and afternoon gatherings. Evening shoes of satin must of course, be in your outfit.

When in England for the winter have a suit of tweed and you can wear it most anywhere—church, shopping, sight-seeing, etc.

Our ultra-smart men are wearing midnight-blue this winter. Even the new waistcoats for stylish men at formal affairs are in blue. Of course, the conservative man will stick to his black. This new blue has the virtue of black without the deadening effect.

For evening wear plain shirts seem the choice of the most correctly dressed man at formal functions. One pearl stud in the centre of the shirt is correct, and cuff links must match.

Collars can be wing or band. Ties may have their ends flaring, rounded or long or straight.

The single breasted waistcoat seems to have won over those ultra-fitted double-breasted ones that smart men affected last season.

The best looking coats do not fit as tightly, though they hug the waistline at the sides a little. But their fronts should stay open enough to show that broad expanse of gleaming shirt and waistcoat which gives the formal look to evening attire.

Evening shoes may be patent leather pumps or untipped patent leather Oxfords.

The lapels of evening clothes are a matter of personal taste. Some men prefer them wide notched or peaked. Others like them with modified peak and narrow. Lapels this season are faced with satin, which gives an elegance duller surfaces did not.

Our men tourists must have at least two light-weight suits for Mediterranean trips and for Egypt; one of pongee and one of linen. Dark brilliantine suits are just the ticket for train and boat trips in the East—inexpensive, dust-proof and cool.

Of course, a heavy overcoat for boat trips must be in every outfit.

Let no traveller burden himself with too many clothes—just necessary ones and no more. Attention to clothes have also ruined many a vacation.



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## The Real Armeria

Continued from page 38

pounds upon his back in addition to the ride. Two photographs are given showing different styles. These range from 1520 to the end of the 16th century.

From gazing upon all this display of armor one realizes the amount of human skill and labor that attended the preparation of these objects of war. The exquisiteness of some of the decorations equal the finest of the painters' and engravers' arts. Months of labor must have been expended upon a single suit. Turning from the armor one is attracted by gold inlaid maces, and battle axes that here and there upon their blades bear mysterious stains suggestive of the blood of some brave warrior.

The most depressing sight was the enormous bits, some with wheels, others with metal grips to press upon the horses' tongues. The animals must have suffered terribly in those days when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was not formed to send around a policeman to put unruly knights in their proper place.

STEP by step I traversed this fascinating collection. By my side walked the companion of many of my days in Spain, Power, the witty Irish playwright. Suddenly we halted abruptly, carried away by the unusualness of that which we looked upon. Here, indeed, was a real treasure. And yet it was stuck away in a far corner, almost unnoticeable behind the feet of a wooden horse.

"Isn't that just like the Spaniards, having a marvelous antique relic, something unique, rare beyond words from the days of old, and hiding it away in a corner." So cried my companion.

He certainly spoke the truth. The Spaniards are poor advertisers. We had experienced this time and again. Unlike the French, they take no pains to publish catalogues or information in English or German. Everything is in Spanish.

This was true of that rare object we now looked upon. There is probably not another in the entire world. Yet the catalogue does not enthuse about it; and the museum authorities were so little aware of its tremendous interest that I could not obtain a photograph of it at the moment, but had to order one specially made, and this was not delivered until six weeks later.

Power and I were so tremendously elated at coming upon this unique thing that we resembled two scientists who had found a complete skeleton of the "missing link."

There, tucked away between knights in armor mounted on steel-clad horses was unquestionably the most unusual relic of the days of chivalry, a representative of a form of hunting that was peculiar to its time. Here it stood in such a place the average visitor might easily have passed it unnoticed.

The object was no less than a replica of the armored hunting-dogs of the 16th century. In those days boar hunting was a favorite pastime of the nobility, and boar hounds were valued very highly. The accompanying photograph shows how the animal was protected as far as possible against teeth and tusks of the boar. Not only was the armor highly protective, but it was decorated in the highest degree. It was exceedingly light and so arranged as in no way to hamper the movements of the running dog. I deal at some little length upon this subject, because I know it is something absolutely new to my readers. I question if the story has ever been told before; certainly the picture had not previously been seen.

The ears and top of the head of the dog were protected by a light steel helmet gaily set off by two enormous ostrich plumes. From the throat to the chest extended the very finest of close-mesh chain armor. Covering the length of the body was a light blanket of velvet, carrying over one hip of the dog the arms of the owner in raised embroidery work. Overlying the blanket was a jointed armor of steel plate, exceedingly thin, but which no boar's tusk could pierce. And just as the armorers of old took infinite pains and spent weeks in the work of decorating the armor of the knights, so, too, much time was expended upon the ornamenting of the dogs' suits of mail and armored covering. We can take it for granted that the one in the museum is a good average sample of the time. Upon the dog's steel body-covering is beautifully etched a scene in a forest when the knight has come up to where the dog holds the wild boar at bay. The knight, spear in hand, is shown about to deliver the final stroke.

This perfect example of the method of protecting and adorning the armored dogs of old is probably the only one in the world preserved to us by the historians of that day. And but for a chance visit of your correspondent this might not have been brought to light.

There are at least a score of other objects closely connected with important happenings in history that one would like to dwell at length upon, but alas, only a book will fill the need. And unfortunately no book in English has as yet been produced upon the subject.

But Spain is so full of things one feels like writing about that this article must end, and we must go on to a still more historic spot, to far-away Grenada, where snow-clad hills look down upon the glory and the grandeur of the Moorish conquest, upon Grenada and the Alhambra, that monument to beauty that even the desecrating changes of the Spaniard and passing time has not spoiled, nor made less interesting.



Rare relic of days of chivalry—armoured dog of old

## How Saskatchewan Looks After Its Dependent

*Continued from page 11*

The child adoption section of the Act makes such provision that legal protection is given not only to the child but to the adopting parents.

Under the Juvenile Offender part of the Act, provision is made for suitable training of the problem child and the delinquent, by methods of supervision and probation.

The blind, the deaf and dumb children are not forgotten. The Bureau of Child Protection is charged with the responsibility of seeing that they are sent to proper schools to receive education. Not only does the Government bear the onus of this expense, but provides also an escort to take the children to and from the schools, all of which lie outside the Province.

While a great deal of attention is focused upon its dependent children, Saskatchewan has also made provision for its neglected and dependent mothers. Allowances are made to widowed mothers, ones whose husbands are in jail or institutions for incurables, and whose husbands are permanently incapacitated. The money is paid until the children reach the age of 16 years. Close to a million dollars has been spent by the Province on Mothers' Allowances alone, during the past three years.

In order to assist dependent mothers in rural districts, the government allows maternity grants. The sum, which does not exceed \$25, is to give the expectant mother a chance to prepare a layette for her baby and to pay for medical attention at the time of the birth. A portion of the money is paid in advance so that the mother may purchase the material to make clothes for the layette. Almost \$10,000 yearly is spent in this way.

**A** FEATURE in which Saskatchewan is unique among the provinces of the Dominion, is in its provision for the education of children of deceased and disabled soldiers. Special legislation was passed providing for the education of such children about eight years ago. The Act is administered by three commissioners. One is the Deputy Minister of Education, and one is appointed by the Government. The third is appointed by the Provincial Command of the Canadian Legion.

By the provisions of this Act, the children are paid \$24 a month for ten months a year, over a three-year period. In order to be eligible they must have reached grade eight standing. The object of this Act is to give soldiers' dependents an opportunity to obtain a high school education. Since the Act came into force in 1920 until the first of December, 1927, the amount of assistance

paid was \$175,348.92. Almost 180 children are receiving help in this way at the present time.

Although it was not until 1928 that Saskatchewan commenced paying pensions to her dependent old folks, some provision had been made for the care of old people. For many years a home for the aged and infirm had been in operation. This was first situated in an old hospital building in Regina and since 1921 has for its headquarters a new and up-to-date building at Wolseley.

The handsome, thoroughly modern structure of white brick looking across a tiny lake toward the town of Wolseley, homes 85 infirm. A staff of 20 attendants cares for them. Every effort is made to make the old people as comfortable as possible and one of the monthly bills is for snuff and tobacco. The home is run under the Department of Public Works and on one occasion when the Deputy Minister, J. M. Smith, visited it, a delegation of old gentlemen waited upon him.

They had heard that the Government was pouring liquor that had been seized, upon the ground, and they thought perhaps, instead of wasting it in this way, it might be sent to the Home. Mr. Smith explained that he was afraid that this was one matter in which their requests could not be met.

One old man, who has been an inmate of the Home for a number of years now, boasts of the fact that he has passed the century mark.

**T**HE Saskatchewan Old Age Pensions Act came into force May 1, 1928. This brought into application in this Province the provisions of the Dominion Act. The maximum pension payable under this is \$240 a year, subject to certain reductions in specific cases. Applicants must be British subjects, 70 years of age, and must have resided in Canada for 20 years, preceding the date of application, and in the Province for at least five. No one who, being a British subject and having attained the age of 70, is in receipt of an income of \$365 a year, is eligible. Indians as defined by the Act, are also debarred.

The very first person to receive a pension in the province was George Grant of Lipton, Sask. More than 70 years of age, the old man is deaf and dumb. He has the distinction of having obtained check No. 1 of the Old Age Pensions.

In caring for its dependents Saskatchewan has not yet reached an ideal condition, by any means, but it has gone a long way and done a great deal in a comparatively short time.

## A Few Kind Words for Mr. Mountain Cayuse

*Continued from page 30*

These horses are first and foremost packhorses, used to take equipment, provisions, etc., from place to place in the mountains where no other method of moving them is available. Packed with some hundredweights of these impedimenta sticking out from his back at all angles, it is imperative he should take the outside of the trail, since otherwise his burden striking against sheer mountain walls or tree-trunks might push him off his narrow path. Hence when he is carrying the tourist over the trail there arises the nerve-straining experience of the horse seeming to be always perched on the outside edge of the trail with his rider's foot swinging over the void. As a matter of fact this can be verified by watching the horse just ahead of you; his legs are well under his body and therefore much more securely standing on the narrow trail than seems at first apparent. And he is as safe as if he were growing out of the path instead of merely perambulating along it.

So, whether he is apparently contemplating stepping over a corkscrew trail

into eternity, or whether he is galvanized into a short burst of near-speed on approaching his stables, thereby shaking you up unmercifully, let us have a few kind words for Mr. Mountain Cayuse and a soft spot for him in our hearts. He has served us faithfully and well. He has never laid down on his job, or only enough to remind us that we are the guiding spirits of the enterprise and not he. He is associated forever in our minds with some of the noblest scenery that it has ever been given to man to enjoy. He works long hours and if he prefers a mouthful of mountain grass to any views that may offer, he does not object to a different opinion on the part of his rider. He is tolerant of your riding limitations and, if they are anything like the writer's, they are extreme. In short and in conclusion, he is a philosopher, and what better companion than a philosopher and a working one to boot, can you ask for in your excursions through the most delightful scenery on the North American continent?

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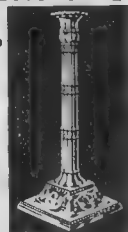
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**R**ECENTLY we read a most interesting article in the Market Letter of one of the leading stock and investment houses and it has appealed to us so strongly that we feel justified in summarizing it so that our readers may take full advantage of what we believe to be sound investment principles.

A certain professional man had accumulated a large sum of money over a period of years through careful investment. It appears that his son and only heir was not only unequipped to earn his own living but also was without experience in investments. The father had at first contemplated the placing of all his securities in the hands of a trust company who would manage the estate and after his death pay a certain income to his son. The weakness of the proposition was that even admitting the inexperience of his son the position would not be bettered by refusing to give him some experience and some control of his own matters. After due consideration the father decided to place the matter squarely before the son at the same time drawing up for him a certain set of principles which the father in his time had followed, and which had been of benefit to him. These principles are as follows.—

1. No investment is absolutely safe. There is no bond or share of stock in existence which should be "locked up and forgotten."

2. When the price of one of your securities becomes so high or so low that you would not buy it at that price, you should sell it. Hold only when you would be willing to buy at the current price.

3. If it is present income that you want, buy for income primarily, not appreciation in value. If it is future income you want, add a few high grade common stocks to your holdings.

4. A non-dividend paying stock must double in value once every twelve years if it is to yield a return of 6 per cent.

5. It accomplishes nothing to sell your securities, because you see a "profit" in them, if you immediately reinvest in other securities which have also risen in price.

6. The buyer of a diversified list of investment stocks is not a speculator. Some stocks are better than some bonds.

7. A business man can afford to hold 60 or 80 per cent of his securities in the form of diversified stocks with an established dividend-paying record.

8. Not more than 25 per cent of the investments of a widow should be in the form of stocks, and then only in a highly diversified list of investment stocks. The balance should be in the form of seasoned bonds—they require less watching.

9. The great advantage of owning common stocks is that the dividend rate is not fixed by contract. As the company prospers, the shareholder may receive larger dividends. The owner of bonds can receive no more than a fixed interest return. In a period of rising prices, he may find that the purchasing power of his fixed interest income has been materially diminished. In a period of rising prices, earnings of companies usually increase with a like increase in dividends whereas bond interest remains fixed.

10. The smaller the investor, the greater should be the proportion of bonds in his holdings.

11. When buying stocks, buy only investment stocks—the stocks of companies having a record of stable earnings, stable dividends, and conservative management.

12. Don't buy the stocks of two or three competing companies in the same industry. Choose the strongest company in the industry and buy its stock.

13. The small investor can get little benefit from tax exemption on his bonds.

It is likely to cost him more than it is worth.

14. You can afford to devote study to your investments. Take an interest in the company whose securities you own. As a shareholder, estimate the probability of the company's earnings falling off 50 per cent over a two or three year period. Could dividends be maintained during such a period? When did the company have its worst year or years and how did it come through?

15. As a bondholder, note by how much the earnings available to pay interest exceed the annual interest charges. In practically all cases, earnings before interest should at least be twice the amount paid out in interest. In companies whose earnings are subject to wide fluctuation, earnings, before interest should be three or four times interest charges.

16. Decide on the amount you should save every year and stick to it. Save \$500 a year for fifteen years, keep principal and interest invested to yield an average return of at least 5 per cent and your earnings will accumulate to \$11,328. Continue the process for ten years more and you will have \$25,056.

17. Cultivate thrift and conservatism. Teach your wife and other dependents the value of thrift and independence; diversification in investments; dealing only with the most reputable investment houses.

The article concludes as follows and with the conclusion we entirely agree.

Was the parent conservative in his estimate of human intelligence, as he must have been in his investments, when he risked \$100,000 on the belief that an amateur could learn the value of these suggestions and become a fairly intelligent investor? Today the parent declares that this particular venture of his, initiated almost ten years ago, turns out to have been the safest and most satisfactory investment he has ever made.

### SERVING CANADA FOR FIVE SCORE AND TEN

**W**ITH its annual meeting held recently at its headquarters in the city of Montreal, the Bank of Montreal has rounded out one hundred and eleven years of banking service. Perhaps no other institution has been in so close a touch with the great commercial undertakings that had so large a part in bringing Canada up to its present high status. Many of our greatest developments have centred around this banking institution. Today it reflects the financial pulse of Canada just as it did a century ago and ever alive to every circumstance that affects it. Always fortunate in having for its guidance men of ability, vision, and strong Canadian loyalty, it has at all times anticipated to a wonderful extent the requirements of this new and progressive land.

Of an especially optimistic nature were the speeches at the recent annual meeting. They were delivered by such specialists in the science of finance as Sir Charles Gordon, the Bank President, and Sir William Fredericks Taylor, the General-Manager. Both pointed out that Canada was, so to speak, on "easy street." To Canadians, they said, the year 1928 was more generous than to any other people in the world for the average individual was enjoying greater prosperity here than was the case anywhere else. In the West in particular the year was remarkable, not only for the record grain crop but also for a substantial reduction in cost of production brought about by ideal weather conditions and the growing effectiveness of agricultural machinery. The annual statement of the Bank of Montreal is indeed an inspiring and stimulating document.



This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

**A** TRAVELLING salesman entered into an agreement with a firm to sell its advertised products. He agreed that he would devote his entire time and services subject to the direction of the firm and to the best of his ability serve its interests. He further agreed that he would not sell or offer for sale any goods except those manufactured or handled by the firm; that he would work continuously in the territory assigned to him between the dates mentioned in the agreement; and further if during any four consecutive weeks the total amount of his orders was less than \$1500.00 the firm was to have the right at the expiration of any four weeks to call upon him to return the samples and other property belonging to the firm and that in this eventuality the contract should cease. The contract was to last for one year but the salesman after having worked about four months for the firm gave notice that he was leaving and immediately entered into the service of a rival concern who were selling competing goods. The position was that he had broken his contract and that this breach had been accepted by the firm. However, the firm felt that it should prevent him from carrying on business with his new employer and sought an injunction in the Court to restrain him from selling any goods until the end of the year except those goods manufactured or handled by it. It was held by the courts that the restriction set out in the agreement was not intended to govern the salesman in the event of breaking his contract but only applied while the contract was in existence. It was further held that the contract was so wide and so unreasonable that the salesman was not bound by it. The evidence showed that there was no likelihood of the old firm taking him back and if the injunction was granted that the salesman who possessed no qualities for any other employment would be forced to remain idle for about nine months. The request of the old firm was refused and the salesman was permitted to carry on his contract with his new employer.

**I**T IS a trite saying that anybody who backs a note for a friend is opening up an avenue of trouble for himself. The following case would bear out this contention, and will also show the folly of signing notes subject to conditions without expressing these conditions on the face of the note. A certain individual backed a promissory note for his friend as collateral security to an agreement for sale of land purchased by his friend from a wealthy farmer. This farmer before the note became due used the note in connection with an agreement for sale of land which he was buying from another party. It turned out that both of these agreements were subsequently cancelled and the purchasers agreed and did give quit claim deeds in each case. The holder of the note sued the maker who attempted to show that it was simply given as collateral to the agreement referred to and that as this agreement was cancelled he was not under any obligation to pay it. The courts however, held that the holder of the note had taken it before maturity and for valuable consideration and that he was not bound by any agreement entered into between the maker and the payee namely, the wealthy farmer. The maker of the note should have taken care to impress upon it the fact that it was given subject to another agreement. If he had done this every person to whom the note had been endorsed would have had knowledge of the fact that this agreement was in force. He had therefore to pay the note.

#### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

**St. Agathe, Manitoba.**  
**Q.**—I was going home the other night driving my wagon and a truck came along behind me and ran into the wagon and wrecked it. I was thrown out into the ditch and I have a very bad arm. I cannot use it now. Can I not get damages from the owner of the truck? He says the driver had no right to be driving his car there and that he is not liable. Can I seize the truck for my expenses, because I am a poor man?—L.A.P.

**A.**—You are in the unfortunate position of a great many other farmers who, because the law does not compel it, fail to realize that it is exceedingly to their advantage to carry at least one light on their wagon when on the highway at night. The usual rule is that the owner of the truck is responsible for all injuries and damages caused by anyone operating the truck. This rule is subject to the important exception that if any person who has no authority to drive the truck causes the accident, then the owner may not be liable, unless he has in some way acquiesced in the driver using the car. You cannot seize the truck except through Court proceedings, usually after judgment against the owner; and then there may be lien notes or other liens upon the truck which would prevent you collecting. It would be very much cheaper for you to always carry a light on your wagon, visible both forward and to the rear.

**Regina, Saskatchewan.**  
**Q.**—I rented a house last May and the agent assured me that it was clean so I said I would take it for a year. The house was not clean but has bugs in it. I told the agent and he said he would clean it up, but the man he sent did not do much good and so we gave notice and moved away. Can the agent make us pay rent for the rest of the year? We never signed the lease he wanted us to sign.—S.R.D.

**A.**—There is no implied warranty that a rented unfurnished house or apartment is free from vermin. Unless you can prove affirmatively that there was a very clear understanding between you and the agent that the house was clean, you have no right to vacate before the end of your lease, either with or without notice to the agent. A lease for a year need not be in writing. If the agent can prove that you agreed to rent for a year you are responsible for the rent for that period, unless you can establish the warranty that the house was clear of vermin. Not every casual remark could be interpreted as a warranty. It must be a very definite part of the negotiations.

**Kenora, Ontario.**  
**Q.**—When I was on a trip to visit friends in Manitoba last month a man sued me for an old claim. Now I don't owe that man anything but do I have to go out there to defend the action, because it would cost me a lot of money? I used to live there before I sold out and came to Kenora.—D.L.W.

**A.**—Probably the plaintiff was technically justified in issuing the Writ in Manitoba, but if he obtains judgment in Manitoba it would apparently be barren of result, because you have no property there. Before he can enforce collection of the judgment in Kenora he will have to reissue the claim in the Court for the Kenora district. You may then plead all the defences which have been available to you in Manitoba. In addition because the plaintiff is not resident there you may require the plaintiff to file in court security for your costs of the defence and if you are successful in your defence you can obtain payment of your costs from such security.

## Trade Reviewed at Bank Annual

The 111th Annual General Meeting of Shareholders of the Bank of Montreal Was Marked By a Number of Important Developments

**SIR CHARLES GORDON**, the President, was in the chair and submitted his first address to shareholders. At the outset Sir Charles referred to the heartfelt regret at the absence through illness of Sir Vincent Meredith, Chairman of the Board.

Dealing with the prosperity being enjoyed by Canada, Sir Charles drew attention to the tremendous development that is occurring in many basic industries. In addition, the foreign trade of the Dominion had during the past year, for the first time, been larger in value than that of 1921, when prices were at the peak, and in quantity far exceeded any previous year.

Sir Charles took occasion to correct the somewhat widespread idea that Canadian banks have transferred large amounts of money to New York for employment in call loans. The opinion was entirely erroneous. The policy of the Bank of Montreal and, he believed, it also applied to all Canadian banks, had long been to carry in New York a substantial proportion of ready reserves or quick assets. No funds, however, were ever transferred to New York or London to be loaned on call until every legitimate need of the Dominion had been carefully examined and if at all possible complied with.

#### MARKED PROSPERITY

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, dealt more particularly with the affairs of the Bank. The results of the year had been highly satisfactory, and were well in advance of those of any post-war year.

Dealing more especially with conditions in Canada, Sir Frederick stated that the country as a whole had enjoyed more prosperity than ever before. In Western Canada the year had been remarkable, not only for the record grain crops in the Prairie Provinces, but also for a reduction in harvesting cost per bushel, due chiefly to good weather and partly to the growing effectiveness of agricultural machinery.

Sir Frederick also pointed out that one of the happiest developments had been a distinct revival of prosperity in the Maritime Provinces, now fast coming into line with the rest of Canada in this respect. Old established industries were taking on new life, important new industries based on the exploitation of water power and forest wealth, were being established, new settlers were being attracted and tourists in ever-increasing numbers were discovering in these provinces a summer paradise.

In concluding, he said that in a time of prosperity there was but one danger—over-optimism. We had suffered from its effects in the past. If we keep our optimism and ambition within prudent bounds, our feet firmly on solid ground, remembering that national wealth can only be created by production, there need be no fear for the future of Canada. Because we are travelling quickly there is all the more need for travelling carefully.

#### MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS

at

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## A Year of Sunday Suppers

By Gertrude Dutton

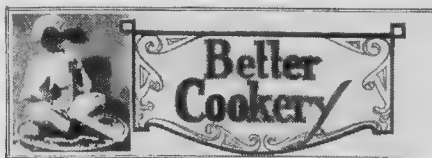
SUNDAY night is a good time to have a meal which is quite different from all the others. It can add much to the interest and variety of life, but should not mean extra work for the over-worked mother of the family. It gives an excellent opportunity for informal hospitality. Much of the labor should be performed by the children. They should quite frequently be given the opportunity to entertain company of their own ages. We who are older do not often enough concern ourselves about providing such simple enjoyment for the little people. No mother or father can hope for a better, more natural opportunity for becoming acquainted with the associates of their children, than during a simple unrestrained meal.

There are so many ways in which variety can be secured. The living room in cool weather, out-doors when it is warm enough, seems to be the ideal place for such a meal. Happy indeed is the family with an open fire-place beside which to have supper. Small tables may be used. An excellent investment is a supply of trays, about eight inches by twelve or fourteen, which may be bought for a few cents each. They may be held on the lap, in a comfortable chair, in which one may eat with such a sense of rest and leisure. On the tray may be placed a paper napkin, or a set of simple cloths may be made to fit it. The tray will hold a cup, either with or without the saucer, a glass of water, plate, and perhaps a dish of dessert. The trays may be arranged in the kitchen, and carried in to each person by a boy or girl, or the food may be arranged cafeteria style on the dining room table for each person to put on his own tray, then to carry back to his place. Or everything may be wheeled to the living room on a tea cart if one is fortunate enough to have one. A muffin stand is a possession no one would willingly do without if she has ever used one. They may be had in either wood or wicker, and are very inexpensive.

Whatever food is served should be of such a nature as to require only a fork or spoon to eat it with, and should be prepared the day before. Bread of whatever kind it may be, should be ready spread to avoid awkwardness of spreading it on one's lap. Something hot may be ready to re-heat on the table in a chafing dish, or in the oven then brought to the living or dining room in a covered dish which will keep it hot. In a number of families we know, hot toast is made on the table in an electric toaster. Muffins, nut bread, raisin bread, sandwiches, hot biscuits, are always popular. Biscuits may be mixed up, cut out and put in the pans, then put in the ice box or in a very cold place till ready to bake, then served hot, with butter, or spread with honey, marmalade, jelly, lemon honey, etc. Fancy desserts, such as gelatines, custards, etc., which are light and attractive looking, yet not much work, may be made on Saturday and put in sherbert glasses, ready to be used on Sunday. The family's favorite cake with plenty of delicious-looking frosting, seems to taste even better on Sunday night than at other times. Perhaps some half-grown boy in the household enjoys freezing ice cream for the family, and makes it his specialty. The menfolk should be encouraged to help a little on Sundays, especially if their chums are included in the fun. Salads are always liked, and if meats are considered desirable, one might have cold meat loaf, or some hot meat prepared in a chafing dish and served on toast, or it may be in sandwiches.

|                                               |                                                           |               |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| Tea                                           | Chicken a la Newburg<br>Bread and butter<br>Cookies       | Cocoa         |
| Buttered toast                                | "Little Pigs in Blankets"<br>Cake with chocolate frosting | Bran muffins  |
| Buttered toast                                | Ham Canapes                                               | Tea and cocoa |
|                                               | Trifle                                                    |               |
| Bread and butter                              | Scalloped Oysters                                         | Nut bread     |
| Tea                                           | Cocoa                                                     | Grape Sponge  |
| Creamed chicken on toast or with hot biscuits | Pineapple Bavarian cream                                  |               |
|                                               | Jellied tomato salad                                      |               |
| Brown bread and butter sandwiches             | Hard Sauce                                                |               |
| Steamed suet pudding                          | Milk                                                      |               |
| Tea                                           |                                                           |               |
|                                               | Sardine toast sandwiches                                  |               |
| Tea                                           | Bread and butter                                          | Milk          |
|                                               | Cookies                                                   | Ambrosia      |
|                                               | Country Salad                                             |               |
| Cocoa                                         | Brown bread Sandwiches                                    | Tea           |
|                                               | Spanish Cream                                             |               |
|                                               | Pineapple and cottage cheese salad                        |               |
| Brown bread and butter                        | Glorified Rice Pudding                                    | Milk          |
| Tea                                           |                                                           |               |
| Fruit salad                                   | Bread and butter                                          |               |
| Tea                                           | Nut bread with cheese                                     | Milk or cocoa |
|                                               | Cocoanut layer cake                                       |               |
|                                               | Minced ham sandwiches, pickles                            | Cocoa         |
| Tea                                           | Oatmeal date cookies                                      |               |
|                                               | Canned fruit                                              |               |
|                                               | Cabbage Salad                                             |               |
| Tea                                           | Peanut butter sandwiches                                  | Milk          |
|                                               | Little Mince Pies                                         |               |
| Celery                                        | Cheese Toast                                              | Date muffins  |
| Coffee                                        | Lemon Delight                                             | Milk          |
| Cold tongue                                   | Buttered rolls                                            | Potato salad  |
| Canned peaches                                |                                                           | Cookies       |
| Tea                                           | Fried oysters                                             | Cocoa         |
| Chocolate cake                                | Bread and butter sandwiches                               | Canned fruit  |
| Coffee                                        |                                                           | Milk          |

|                                        |                                 |                    |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| Cookies                                | Chicken short Cake              | Canned fruit       |
| Tea                                    | Hot biscuits                    | Cocoa              |
| Orange toast                           |                                 | Fruit salad Wafers |
| Coffee                                 | Floating Island                 | Cocoa              |
| Devilled eggs                          |                                 | Lettuce sandwiches |
| Tea                                    | Whipped cream cake              | Cocoa              |
|                                        | Welsh Rarebit                   |                    |
| Waldorf salad                          | Jellied Pears                   | Bread and butter   |
| Tea                                    |                                 | Cocoa              |
| Asparagus Shortcake                    |                                 | Biscuits and honey |
| Baked custard                          | Tea                             | Crisp cookies      |
|                                        |                                 |                    |
|                                        | Toasted cheese sandwiches       |                    |
|                                        | Pickles                         |                    |
| Apple sauce with whipped cream         |                                 |                    |
| Tea                                    | Cookies                         | Milk               |
|                                        |                                 |                    |
|                                        | Hot bacon sandwiches            |                    |
| Cabbage salad                          | Fruit cup                       | Crackers           |
| Tea                                    |                                 | Cocoa              |
| Bean Salad                             |                                 | Cheese sandwiches  |
|                                        | Brown bread and butter          |                    |
|                                        | Ginger Bread with whipped cream | Milk               |
| Tea                                    |                                 |                    |
|                                        | Cold roast pork sandwiches      |                    |
| Celery                                 |                                 | Apple rings        |
| Jellied Prunes                         |                                 | Custard sauce      |
| Tea                                    |                                 | Milk               |
|                                        |                                 |                    |
|                                        | Vegetable Macedoine salad       |                    |
| Shortbread                             | Bread and butter fingers        | Fruit jello        |
|                                        |                                 |                    |
| Stuffed celery                         | Brown bread sandwiches          |                    |
| Tea                                    | Cocoanut layer cake             | Cocoa              |
|                                        |                                 |                    |
|                                        | Peanut butter bread             | Cheese             |
| Little frosted cakes                   | Sliced oranges and banana       |                    |
|                                        | Tea                             |                    |
|                                        |                                 |                    |
| Jellied salad                          |                                 | Date Muffins       |
| Prune whip                             |                                 | Tea                |
|                                        |                                 |                    |
|                                        | Creamed chicken in Patty shells |                    |
| Rolls                                  | Apricot Whip                    | Cookies            |
|                                        | Tea                             |                    |
|                                        |                                 |                    |
|                                        | Chopped meat sandwiches         |                    |
|                                        | Pickles                         |                    |
| Little pumpkin pies with Whipped cream |                                 |                    |
| Tea                                    |                                 | Milk               |
|                                        |                                 |                    |
| Pressed cold meat                      |                                 | Potato salad       |
| Bread and butter                       |                                 | Chocolate cream    |
|                                        | Tea                             |                    |



Pop corn Minced Ham sandwiches  
Spice cake Milk

Tea Club sandwiches Milk  
Floating Island

Pineapple-Cheese Salad  
Nut bread  
White bread and butter  
Spice Cake Tea Cocoa

Chicken liver omelet  
Toast Cake Tea  
Dates

Japanese eggs Lettuce sandwiches  
Strawberry Bavarian Cream  
Tea Milk

Milk Toast Bran muffins  
Sugar cookies Sliced oranges  
Tea

Cinnamon Toast  
Waldorf salad  
Nut cake Tea

Cream of Tomato soup Croutons  
Fruit salad Graham crackers  
Tea

Banana peanut salad  
White bread Raisin bread  
Tea Jelly jumbles Milk

Salmon Salad Buttered rolls  
Tea Molasses cookies Milk

Christmas Salad  
White bread Nut bread  
Gelatin plum puddings  
Coffee Milk

Orange salad Graham crackers  
Hot biscuits Jelly roll  
Tea Cocoa

Waffles Honey  
Graham crackers  
Tea Fruit jelly Milk

Whole wheat bread and butter  
Salted nuts  
Canned fruit Loaf cake  
Tea Cocoa

Potato salad Beet pickles  
Peanut butter sandwiches  
Date cake—chocolate frosting  
Tea Milk

Chicken a la King  
Toast strips Fig tapioca  
Tea Milk

Open cheese—olive sandwiches  
Toast strips  
White cake Canned cherries  
Tea Milk

Cauliflower au Gratin  
Bran muffins Turnovers  
Tea Milk

Ham French sandwiches  
Tomato catsup  
Crisp cookies Canned fruit  
Tea Milk

#### Chicken a la Newburg

Make a rich sauce of—  
Butter 3 tb Thin cream ½ c  
Salt ½ t Soup stock  
Cayenne few spks Egg yolks 2  
A grating of nutmeg  
In it heat cubes of cooked chicken,  
and serve on slices of toast.

#### Ham Canapes

Toast and butter the bread, or spread  
the bread with butter and brown in a  
very hot oven, or in a frying pan, to  
use either hot or cold. On top spread  
finely chopped and well seasoned cooked  
ham. It may be mixed with salad  
dressing, tomato catsup, mustard, a  
little chopped onion. Garnish the  
canapes with chopped or sliced egg,  
hard-boiled, parsley, slices of olive, etc.  
Canapes may be eaten either in the

Continued on page 46

**Positive "MONEY BACK"**  
 Guarantee in each bag.

# Robin Hood FLOUR



**Makes bread whiter  
and lighter than you  
get with other flours**

## Holt, Renfrew's January Fur Sale!



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**20% to 50%**

Our Entire Stock of High Grade Furs is  
marked down for clearance before inventory.  
This great fur sale is your last opportunity  
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If you are thinking of purchasing a fur  
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to buy it now. Beautiful models have been  
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Self and Alaska Sable Trimmed

|                    |       |                 |
|--------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Regular \$365. for | ..... | <b>\$289.50</b> |
| Regular \$425. for | ..... | <b>\$335.00</b> |
| Regular \$450. for | ..... | <b>\$360.00</b> |

#### PERSIAN LAMB

Alaska Sable Trimmed

|                    |       |                 |
|--------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Regular \$375. for | ..... | <b>\$295.00</b> |
| Regular \$435. for | ..... | <b>\$345.00</b> |
| Regular \$475. for | ..... | <b>\$385.00</b> |

#### MUSKRAT

|                    |       |                 |
|--------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Regular \$200. for | ..... | <b>\$159.50</b> |
| Regular \$245. for | ..... | <b>\$189.50</b> |
| Regular \$265. for | ..... | <b>\$210.00</b> |

#### CHAPAL SEAL

Self Trimmed

|                    |       |                 |
|--------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Regular \$110. for | ..... | <b>\$ 79.50</b> |
| Regular \$125. for | ..... | <b>\$ 97.50</b> |
| Regular \$145. for | ..... | <b>\$110.00</b> |
| Regular \$165. for | ..... | <b>\$125.00</b> |
| Regular \$185. for | ..... | <b>\$145.00</b> |

#### CARACUL LAMB

self Trimmed

|                    |       |                 |
|--------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Regular \$125. for | ..... | <b>\$ 97.50</b> |
| Regular \$145. for | ..... | <b>\$115.00</b> |

Also Coats in Kolinsky, Squirrel, Real Seal  
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at similar reductions.

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Canada's Largest Furriers Est. 1837 **Limited**

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Gargle with Minard's in water. Also  
take a half teaspoon  
of Minard's in syrup  
at night. Quick  
relief assured for  
hoarseness, croup,  
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**MINARD'S**  
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McCoy's Sugar Coated Tablets Puts  
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Them Up.

In just a few days—quicker than you  
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building, flesh creating tablets called  
McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets will  
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After sickness when the children are  
exceedingly puny they are especially  
valuable.

All over North and South America and  
even in Great Britain and Australia tens  
of thousands of skinny run down men  
and women have put their faith in Mc-  
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Try these wonderful tablets for 30  
days and if your frail, sickly child  
doesn't greatly benefit you get your  
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A very sickly child, age 9, gained 12  
pounds in 7 months.

Ask any druggist for McCoy's Cod  
Liver Extract Tablets—as easy to take  
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Good Tea -

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## NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, O. D. Johnson, 405 Logan Ave., Toronto 8, is offering to send a lamp on 10 day's FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make \$250 to \$500 per month.

## Snow glare often strains the Eyes. Use Murine for relief

The blinding glare of the sun on snow has an irritating effect on your Eyes. Eye troubles often get their start this way. Prevent them by applying a few drops of harmless *Murine* the moment you come in from outdoors. It instantly relieves the strain and invigorates your Eyes. Begin its use today!

# MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES



fingers, or with a fork. They are usually cut in fancy shapes.

### Trifle

Trifle may be arranged in a large serving dish, preferably glass, or in the individual dishes. Cut stale cake, without frosting, in cubes or small thin slices. Put a layer in the dish, then a layer of boiled custard, cubes of red jelly or strawberry preserves, either cocoanut or nut meats, another layer of cake, and the process repeated till the dish is full. Pile whipped cream on top, and decorate with dabs of the jelly or preserves. Let stand for an hour or longer in a cool place to let the cake become moistened with the custard.

### "Little Pigs in Blankets"

Select nice plump oysters, and wrap each one in a piece of bacon, fastening with a tooth pick. Cook in a frying pan till the bacon is clear. Serve on toast, putting a little of the gravy on each. The bacon fat will be diluted by the oyster juice. This is not nearly so much work as one might think, and can be prepared hours before it is to be cooked, then left in a cool place, till ready to be broiled.

### Scalloped Oysters

Cracker crumbs 1 c Oyster liquor ¼ c  
Bread crumbs ½ c Cream or rich Butter 4 tb milk 2 tb  
Oysters 2c or less Salt and pepper

Mix the crumbs and stir in the melted butter. Put a layer in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Cover with half of the oysters, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with another layer of crumbs, then the remaining oysters and crumbs. Pour the liquor and milk or cream, mixed, over it. Bake half an hour.

### Grape Sponge

Make a gelatine dessert of grape juice, gelatine, sugar, a little lemon juice for flavor, and when beginning to thicken, beat till fluffy, pile in sherbert glasses, and to serve, put whipped cream on top, and garnish with nut meats.

### Sardine Toast Sandwiches

On slices of buttered toast put tiny sardines side by side, garnish finely chopped parsley or green pickles, and squeeze a little lemon juice on the sardines. Leave the sandwiches uncovered by a second slice of toast.

### Ambrosia

Peel oranges and cut in thin slices, sprinkle each layer with grated cocoanut. Prepare long enough before wanted, to let the cocoanut become well soaked in the juice. Sugar should not be needed unless the oranges are quite sour. Serve on glass plates if they are available.

### Country Salad

Cubes of cooked corned beef. Cubes of cooked potatoes. Cooked salad dressing, well seasoned with mustard. A little finely grated or chopped onion.

### Glorified Rice Pudding

Make plain rice pudding with milk, while still hot, stir in a suitable amount of gelatin, whipped cream, a little chopped preserved figs, and mold. Serve with whipped cream, or omit the figs and serve with a little maple syrup.

### Cheese Toast

Make and butter toast, of either white or brown bread, and spread with cheese soft enough to spread. Keep hot till ready to serve.

### Lemon Delight

Make stiff lemon jelly, cut in cubes Cut marshmallows in fourths, and mix them together, with enough whipped cream to hold them together. Pile in sherbert glasses.

### Fried Oysters

Clean the oysters and dry between towels. Dip in melted butter, then in fine cracker crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper, and brown in the frying pan in butter.

### Chicken Short Cake

Heat cooked chicken which has been cut in cubes, in a sauce made of chicken stock and milk or thin cream. Split hot biscuits, put the chicken in between them and on top.

### Orange Toast

Make hot buttered toast. On top spread a mixture of grated orange rind, orange juice, and as much granulated sugar as the liquid will take up.

### Jellied Pears

Arrange halves of canned pears on a flat pan or dish. Over them pour red jelly which has not begun to set. When firm, cut in squares, allowing a half pear to each serving. A spoonful of whipped cream may be put on each. Raspberry jelly powder is good with the pear flavor.

### Toasted Cheese Sandwiches

Make cheese sandwiches, then toast them, which softens the cheese, somewhat.

### Apple Sauce with Whipped Cream

Make apple sauce which can be beaten free from lumps. Put in sherbert glasses with a spoonful of whipped cream on top of each.

### Hot Bacon Sandwiches

Cook the bacon and put between slices of thin hot buttered toast.

### Fruit Cup

In sherbert glasses put a mixture of any available canned and fresh fruits, cutting those which are in too large pieces.

### Apple Rings

Cut apples in rings about half an inch thick, removing the core, but not the peeling. Make a syrup of sugar and water, boiling for five or ten minutes, then drop in the rings of apple and cook till clear, not crowding them while cooking. Skim out as soon as done, and put in more. A thick syrup will jelly on the apples if poured over them. The syrup may be colored pink if wished.

### Stuffed Celery

Fill the cavity in washed stalks of celery, with a mixture of cream cheese, salad dressing, chopped olives, or pickle, or with plain, or pimiento cheese. Cut in convenient lengths.

### Peanut Butter Bread

Use your favorite nut bread recipe, omitting the nuts and using peanut butter to taste, about ¼ c or more. Make a day before required or it will be too crumbly to cut neatly.

### Date Muffins

To any good white muffin recipe add dates pitted and cut in pieces. Spices and a little molasses may be used if liked.

### Apricot Whip

Use either canned or stewed dried apricots.

Egg whites 3 Apricot pulp 1 c  
Sugar 2tb or more Lemon juice 1t

Beat the egg whites till stiff, adding the sugar gradually, according to the sweetness of the apricots. Fold in the fruit pulp, and the lemon juice. Serve very cold with custard sauce. Or use whipped cream in place of egg whites, and omit the custard.

### Christmas Salad

On lettuce arrange slices of canned pineapple. On each slice put pieces of pimiento radiating from the centre to represent poinsettia leaves. In the centre place a little salad dressing, sprinkle with chopped parsley or pistachio nuts to give a touch of green, or else grated yellow for yellow centres.

### Cheese Olive Sandwiches

Mix cheese and butter till it will spread readily. Spread on slices of brown bread. On top lay slices of stuffed olives, and leave the sandwiches open.

# A Trade Union of Ruling Princes

Continued from page 26

he built himself a fairy palace at a cost of six million rupees, and furnished it with the usual hotch-potch of splendid Indian works of art and trashy European stuff. Then Alwar went abroad—a step that leads to trouble, as I shall presently show. In Florence His Highness stayed in a grand old Tuscan palazzo, such as Dante and Machiavelli must have known. And now, as a royal lover, he must needs have this mansion copied in his own Oriental state! So the brand-new native palace must be destroyed. Can you wonder that barbaric “democracy” gibbed at this, considering that their tiny corn-patches were to pay for it?

Meetings of protest were actually held! Little swart fellows got up and read out the prince's household expenses to mobs of still humbler folk, who might indeed have been of the “untouchable” caste, but were determined this time that their ruler should not “touch” them for yet more rupees and annas!

The “nation,” it seemed, had a total revenue of \$1,687,500. Out of this His Highness took \$1,012,500, leaving little enough for Public Works, Education, Hygiene, Police and other administrative needs. On his automobiles, petty Caesar had spent \$187,750, with another \$137,515 for garages, liveried chauffeurs, gasoline and so on. His Petronian kitchen ran into \$56,250. The entire amount budgeted for Forest Conservation was swallowed up in tiger-shoots and gay hunting parties arranged for the Maharajah and his friends. For Alwar Naresh was very hospitable—like his brother of Benares, a man of 70, yet still a mighty chaser of tigers, who can offer a state coach of pure white ivory to an English girl as a casual wedding gift!

So went the indictment of His Highness the Maharajah of Alwar. When all his lucullan expenses were set out by new audacious agitators, the beggarly sum of \$37,509 was left for “public education in the state!” Hence the new revolutionary slogan: “No Taxation Without Representation.”

How did the amorous tyrant take all this. He sent out a mediaeval bellman, escorted by fierce-whiskered troops to forbid all meetings of protest “for the discussion of any political subjects likely to disturb the peace of the Realm, or for the exhibition or distribution of any banners, placards or printed matter relating thereto.” And of course these feudal rulers have absolute authority within their own states.

Even the great Sir Sayaji Rao, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Maharajah of Baroda has been sharply criticized for registering his racing colors with the British Jockey Club. Baroda consists of five or six larger and a number of smaller states. His Highness is chief of the old Mahratta Clan; a man of romantic origin who fifty years ago lived in a mud hut and tended cattle in obscurity. Today he lords it over 2,000,000 souls, with a “Royal” salute of guns at his coming and going! But why—his subjects ask—does the Prince run race horses on Newmarket Heath?

“And why”—comes in ominous echo from Cooch-Behar—“does our Maharanee Indira dress in Paris frocks and dance all night at the Victor's Club in London”? A very beautiful girl is this Princess of the Kshatriya or Warrior Clan, with a revenue of \$800,000 and the population of Pittsburg to kow-tow to her. But why does she spend time and money abroad in night clubs, doing the tango, with uncovered hair? Why does she ride to hounds with white ladies of Leicestershire? Her go-ahead Highness is a daughter of the Gaekwar of Baroda. Her husband died a few years ago, and all his brothers were educated at Eton College under the shadow of Windsor Castle. These are afflictive thoughts to these newly-awakened democracies of India's Native States.

“Is Maharanee Indira's conduct worthy of a Hindu widow”? the local press dares to ask. “Hitherto only our Princes have been guilty of squandering abroad the wealth they extort from neglected subjects at home” . . . And the great Aga Khan—has he not just paid \$88,500 for the three-year-old colt, Feridoon, which he got privately from the British National Stud?

AT THE other extreme is the State of Bhopal, which is rather smaller than Massachusetts and has a revenue of \$1,000,000. Here a great Moslem Princess, the famous Begum, established a brand-new and enlightened constitution six years ago, and then abdicated in favor of her son, the present Nawab, who was educated in the Special School of Princes and bids fair to outstrip even his mother in “national” reforms.

The other day, in a sweltering petty parliament, I heard this boy tell his picturesque Congressmen that: “I am deeply impressed with the urgent need of marching with the times” . . . “From strictures passed on our Native States, nobody can ignore the fact that ugly storm-clouds are gathering on our princely horizon. At any moment there may be a cloud-burst. And unless the Ruling Families erect durable works of internal reforms and good-will, they run the risk of being wiped out of existence!”

His Highness of Bhopal—who is one of the delegates of the new “Trade Union” of princes, and is primed to present their “case”—urges “the moral and intellectual uplift” of subject races who dwell apart from British India, and number in all about 80,000,000 people. These are queerly tangled as to creeds and castes and rulers. Thus, in the Senior State of Hyderabad, the bulk of the masses are Hindus, while His Exalted Highness the Nizam himself comes of a Moslem family. On the contrary in Kashmir, most of the subjects are Mohammedans while His Highness, Sir Pratap Singh, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., &c., Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir, is a pure Hindu of Dogra Rajput race.

In the Delhi Chamber of Princes—the only Congress of Sovereigns on earth—a resolution was recently passed affirming the need for all the ruling families “to maintain better systems of government for the welfare of their states and peoples.” To this the Nawab of Bhopal adds: “The assurance of their material progress by the development of natural resources and means of communication.” Above all that: “the absolute power of the Ruling Prince shall not be used arbitrarily or capriciously,” and that “there should be proper apportionment of the state's revenue between the Sovereign's privy purse and the national administration.” There was, I am bound to say, no great enthusiasm shown in the Parliament of Princes for this last pious wish of His youthful Highness of Bhopal.

THESE seven hundred feudal “nations” range from Hyderabad, which is larger than Minnesota and has a population of thirteen millions down to tiny village states like Sandur in the south, with an area of only 161 square miles, 11,000 people and a gross royal revenue of \$30,000; this clearly precludes the purchase of Koh-i-noor diamonds, state elephants, seven-row strings of pearls and all the gorgeous paraphernalia which Mysore and Gwalior can afford.

His Highness Sir Krishnaraja Wadiyar Badahur, G.C.S.I., Maharajah of Mysore, had a local congress forced on him in 1881. It is made up of a few ryots, or small farmers and merchants, but has no real powers at all. But a British Resident in this glowing court keeps an eye on things.

And these white intruders in the Arabian Nights of Hindostan often loom as protectors when trouble is toward among the Dynasts—threats of secret poison or deadly daggers; affairs of love and war, ambition, greed or hatred. One night, Prince Vikram Singh, heir-apparent to the Senior State of Dewas, arrived at the British Agency in Indore in great distress to crave sanctuary as his life was in imminent danger. So far back as 1841 this little “nation” was cut in two parts by order of the London Chakravarti, or King-Emperor, so as to satisfy rival claimants of the Ruling House. The line went clear through the palmy Main Street of the Capital; and the two Maharajahs were entitled to equal salutes of fifteen guns. When the Viceroy of India visits these native states, he does so as a “distinguished foreigner”—to all external showing.

Continued on page 48

## “I remember her when she was beautiful”

IT WASN'T so long ago either. Her complexion was the envy of every girl and woman. Her radiant manner was felt the instant she entered the room. . . . But now you'd hardly know she was the same person. Her animation is gone—her clear skin is sallow. She's always tired—often irritable. . . .

Here's what has been said about countless women all over the country. Yet, this could have been prevented. The cause, often constipation, is so easily removed by Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

*But you need ALL-BRAN—not “part-bran”*

It is the “bulk” in bran that relieves constipation. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN has a large amount of *bulk*. In a part-bran product there is seldom enough bulk to do this work. That is why doctors recommend ALL-BRAN. Because it is 100% bran—and brings 100% results.

*How different from dangerous pills*

How much more pleasant than sickening medicines! Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a delicious cereal. Serve it with milk or cream—and add fruits or honey if desired. Use it in cooking too. Mix it with other cereals—for health! Just eat two tablespoonfuls in some form daily—in chronic cases, with every meal. Keep ALL-BRAN always on hand—a package of health. But be sure it is genuine Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Don't risk part bran substitutes. At best, they can be but partially effective. ALL-BRAN is sold by all grocers. Served at all hotels and restaurants. On dining-cars.

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# WHAT'S BECOME

of the

## "Superfluous Woman?"

THESE were the women that the census taker used to put down as "Females without Occupation." You know. Old-maid aunts. And the familiar ailing relatives that had to be supported by some other member of the family.

What's become of these so-called "superfluous women?" You hardly ever meet

one any more. Certainly they don't act or feel superfluous. There were never more healthy, busy, happy women in the world than there are right now.

Just talk to women who've been successful along their own particular lines. They follow the same health rules. They'll all tell you they take Nujol regularly.

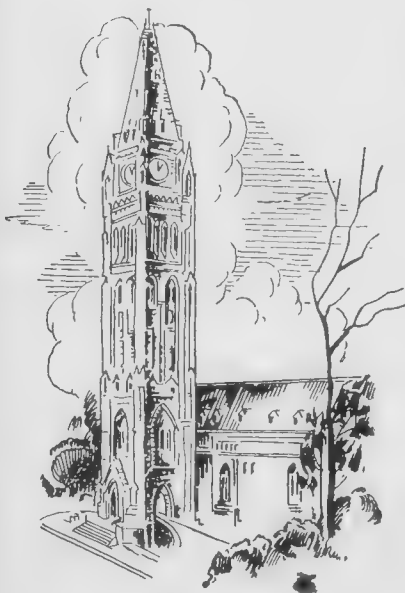
"I learned that good habit from our school doctor," you'll be told. "She advised all the girls to take it, especially whenever we had to cut down on our regular exercise. You know how head-achy you're apt to feel when you're not active. Well, you'd be surprised to see what a difference it makes if you take some Nujol for a few days beforehand."

Why don't you try the same thing? No harm trying. For Nujol can't possibly upset you, even when you're below par. It contains absolutely no medicine or drugs. It's just a pure natural substance that helps everything function as it should at all times. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, N. Y.

Nujol not only keeps any excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them) but aids in their removal. Buy a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. In sealed packages only, never sold in bulk.



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DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

## A Trade Union of Ruling Princes

Continued from page 47

I was present at a lavish tamasha which the Maharajah of Kapurthala, Sir Jagatjit Singh Bahadur gave to celebrate his fiftieth year on the golden gadi of a Sikh-ruled "nation" with Jersey City's population. For weeks the bazaars buzzed with the great affair, as men ate sticky sweets and savory Kabobs or gabbled with their elders under the pipal-trees by the village tank. A whole city of canvas had been pitched for the guests in the prince's palace grounds.

And Sir Jagatjit is rich. Besides his own million a year his family own huge estates "outside" in British India. In Oudh alone is half a million acres which yield this prince another \$750,000; these lands were given to Kapurthala's grandfather in return for services rendered during the Indian mutiny. Sir Jagatjit ascended the throne as a child of five. France is his spiritual home; he has travelled widely in North and South America and the Far East. And now, in the glittering Durbar Hall of his palace, behold the great White Lord Sahib (the Viceroy, Lord Irwin) with the White War-Lord Sahib (Sir George Birdwood, India's Commander-in-Chief), with an imposing retinue of British officers and their mem-sahibs, to say nothing of rulers and princes galore, all smothered with diamonds and rubies and pearls.

Such processions and feastings and speeches, often in the open air with squads of British bombers droning overhead to startle the golden-tusked elephants and the feather-plumed horses in black and gold coaches and long files of dromedaries with wild warriors atop, armed with the weapons of Joshua's own hosts and the brazen trumpets that brought down the walls of Jericho.

It was a dazzling incongruous mix-up in that remote Sikh nation of the Punjab between the great rivers Sutlej and Beas. Meanwhile, His Highness' subjects shared in the festival. There were free open-air kitchens, with fireworks and shows, as well as a distribution of princely largesse to all who cared to hold out a hand. Foundation-stones were laid; and the King-Emperor's deputy added yet a few more letters to the alphabet of honors which already follows Sir Jagatjit's name.

Then came an inspection of the Crown jewels, and a speech by the Prince himself, which showed him a true member of that "Trade Union" of Indian Sovereigns which is now so jealous and anxious over its collective rights. What, after all—the veteran Sikh asked—was the question of the hour? Surely it was that of the Ruling Families and the future of their states, and how these were to be adjusted in relation to the Government of British India when all the democratic demands and reforms had been settled.

From this opulent lord to the Rajah of Jawhar is a big and dramatic fall. Most of Jawhar's subjects are illiterate and poor. But ascending a shabby gadi in 1917, Vikramshah Patangshah opened schools and gave free meals to ambitious students. He lent out his own money to business men, and gave his farmers the full rights they coveted over the fruitful trees in their malki lands.

This is the type of patriarch who administers justice in public in true Biblical style, with no craving for fabulous treasures such as are owned by lavish Caliphs like the Nizam and the Gaekwar; the former has a four-foot silken carpet sewn solidly with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls.

These Oriental lords are very superstitious; I have heard them complain of

the "Evil Eye" and of curses laid upon them by secret enemies. Here a case in point is the Maharajah Purna Chandra Bhanja Deo of Mayurbhanj, the foremost feudatory Prince of Orissa. His father was killed by a spent bullet while shooting a tiger in his own jungles; that prince was only 41. And now his son at the age of 29 has just died of lockjaw, due to a cut in the cheek from a Gillette razor—surely an ignominious end for Haround al-Raschid!

Then the Maharajah of Nabha was warned not to bid for any of Russia's "unlucky" crown jewels, which were hawked from court to court. But Ripudaman Singh could not resist them. He next began to oppress his subjects, and for this he was tried by a Court of Inquiry in 1923. The prince was "allowed to abdicate" in favor of his four-year-old son, with the British Agent, Mr. J. Wilson-Johnson acting as Regent during the minority. The disgraced autocrat was allowed to retain his title and salute of thirteen guns.

But ill-luck pursued him still. Ripudaman Singh began to plot against the Paramount Power. Title and all privileges were now swept away, and his allowance reduced from \$9,000 a month to a beggarly \$3,750. The Prince's final fall was his arrest by the white police at Allahabad and his exile in Kodaikanal by stern orders of the King-Emperor's "shadow"—who is Lord Irwin, the Viceroy of British India.

IT WILL be seen that these seven hundred Rulers require a good deal of looking after in a vast sub-continent of 319,000,000 people, speaking 179 languages and 544 dialects—even if we exclude the States of Hyderabad and Mysore and the Provinces of Madras and Burmah. The Princes are never interfered with unless for grave misdemeanors. And all are told they have more or less absolute sway over the lives and destinies of 80,000,000 subjects.

Their Princely Order, of which the new Chamber or Council in Delhi is the vigilant "Trade Union" is now anxious to conserve its olden "rights," altogether apart from the clamorous proletariat of British India outside.

There is one remote state, indeed—that of Nepal, in the Himalayas—which white men may not enter at all without special permission of a Prime Minister who acts for the Maharajah in mundane affairs much as the Shogun used to act for the divine and invisible Mikado of Japan when Commodore Perry paid his historic visit long ago.

Tribhubana Bir Bikram of Nepal is the only one of these Indian Maharajahs who is styled "His Majesty." His government is a military oligarchy. A British envoy, with a small escort of Indian soldiers, dwells in the mysterious City of Khatmandhu; but Colonel Molesworth is not allowed to interfere in Nepalese affairs. And in this unique instance it is the White Government of India who pays tribute to the Gurka "divinity" to the tune of ten lakhs of rupees a year.

So matters have come to a crisis. Delegates of the Princely Order have gone to London to stereotype once and for all due limits to democracy's aims and claims in this new embarrassing Day. For tainted doctrine blows from without into these feudal states. Subject races who have been docile as slaves for thousands of years have actually begun to print newspapers and stand in the bazaars to question the doings of Ruling Families who can no longer feel safe in their age-old Houses until the matter is settled, once and for all.

## When the Twilight Woos the Day

By William Thompson

There's a sadness comes at evening,  
When the twilight woos the day;  
There's an aching heart that's asking  
For a loved one far away.

There are memories more sacred  
Than the vows of cloistered saints;  
There's a heart that, never failing,  
And a love that never faints.

There's a pair of eyes that's softer,  
Than a tint of autumn brown;

There are lashes deep and golden  
These rare jewelled orbs to crown.

There's a voice to me that's sweeter  
Than the woodland songs of day;  
There's a heart for me unchanging,  
There's a loved one far away.

I've no palace grand or castle,  
I've not Orphic's wealth to share;  
I've your love. It is more precious  
Than the jewels monarchs wear.

## Back to God's Country

Continued from page 18

rose above the pack, shaking the life from his victim as a terrier would have shaken a rat. For the first time the Eskimos saw him, and out of their superstitious souls strange cries found utterance as they sprang back and shrieked out to Rydal that it was a devil and not a beast that had waited for them in the trail. Rydal threw up his rifle. The shot came. It burned a crease in Wapi's shoulder and tore a hole as big as a man's fist in the breast of the dog about to spring upon him from behind. Again he was down, and Rydal dropped his rifle, and snatched a whip from the hand of an Eskimo. Shouting and cursing he lashed the pack, and in a moment he saw a huge open-jawed shadow rise up on the far side and start off into the open starlight. He sprang back to his rifle. Twice he fired at the retreating shadow before it disappeared. And the Eskimo dogs made no movement to follow. Five of the fifteen were dead. The remaining ten, torn and bleeding—three of them with legs that dragged in the bloody snow—gathered in a whipped and whimpering group. And the Eskimo, shivering in their fear of this devil that had entered into the body of Wapi, the Walrus, failed to respond to Rydal's command when he pointed to the red trail that ran out under the stars.

At Fort Confidence, one hundred and fifty miles to the south, there was day—

day that was like cold, gray dawn, the day one finds just beyond the edge of the Arctic night, in which the sun hangs like a pale lantern over the far southern horizon. In a log-built room that faced this bit of glorious red glow lay Peter, bolstered up in his bed so that he could see it until it faded from the sky. There was a new light in his face, and there was something of the old Peter back in his eyes. Watching the final glow with him was Dolores. It was their second day.

Into this world, in the twilight that was falling swiftly as they watched the setting of the sun, came Wapi, the Walrus. Blinded in the eye, gaunt with hunger and exhaustion, covered with wounds and with his great heart almost ready to die, he came at last to the river across which lay the barracks. His vision was nearly gone, but under his nose he could still smell faintly the trail he was following until the last. It led him across the river. And in the darkness it brought him to a door.

After a little the door opened, and with its opening came at last the fulfilment of the promise of his dreams—hope, happiness, things to live for in a new, white man's world. For Wapi, the Walrus, forty years removed from Tao, of Vancouver, had at last come home.

## New Year Resolutions

By Douglas Batterbury

AT THIS season, when all thoughts are universally turned toward the possibilities of the New Year, with its various practical hopes, business expectations and material longings—their nature and sort depending upon the particular interests and circumstance of the individual concerned—how much serious and conscientious thought is directed toward those deeper resolves which concern our attitude and relationship to those around us?

Such phrases as "New Year Resolutions," "Turning over a new leaf" etc., are often lightly uttered by many a thinking man and woman—they are heard constantly at social party and gathering during the first few days of the New Year—but as a rule they are invariably left at that and entirely forgotten in the stress and rush of more appealing interests and considerations.

And yet, as each New Year dawns, it is another score mark on the Record of Time. It is a warning and reminder that there is one year less in each of our lives in which to make adjustment, moral and material, toward a better state of affairs. And the deep significance of this relentless progress of time which, with its measured, systematic, silent tread waits neither for rich nor poor man, philosopher or king, is surely apparent in all its striking truth to those who give it earnest thought and serious meditation.

But the New Year, on the other hand, has a significance of golden optimism and glorious hopes. True, Time marks up the score once again, but he also wipes clean the slate of last year's disappointments, failures and mistakes, and in its place there appears a field of snowy purest white—like an artist's untouched canvas—upon which human nature is free to build anew, think anew, love anew and strive anew. That is the great clarion which calls to the vast human family of mankind. And if there is any hint or suggestion in that universal call, it is the urging toward a better

understanding of human comradeship and human love.

So if our New Year resolutions are to mean anything beyond empty phrases let them materialize in the interests of a better and sweeter world. The true New Year spirit soars far above mere commerce and material success—it is a spirit so essentially human in its character that it reaches every heart and touches every life.

And further than that, there is an unmistakable impartiality and impersonality about the message of the New Year. It urges friendship and kindness to those who do not matter as well as those who do—to the stranger as well as the friend. It urges a sunny disposition and that smile which can predominate over every setback, every reverse, every trying and irritating circumstance, and it shows the way to realizing the greatest source of human happiness, the spreading of a little kindness and a little warmth to other people. And the more impersonal the recipient of this kindness, the more golden will be the New Year for the giver, for then each such personal act will shine out in letters of gold in the Book of Time.

Then again, the message of the New Year is one of forgiveness of wrongs, of reconciliation, of the bringing still closer husband and wife, lover and sweetheart, parent and child. It says, and says insistently, that the past is the past—and matters not. Its significance has all to do with the present and the future; of what there is yet to be done, untrammelled by any prejudice connected with what has been done. These things the true message of the New Year imparts.

So let us not treat lightly the deep human significance of this or any other New Year. Let resolves so materialize that when the old year closes its story of human endeavor and human acts each chapter in the record book of each individual may have something in it which he or she may recall with modest joy.

## The Waterfall

By Pamela Snowden

Sheets of white flame falling,  
Music tinkling far below  
From hidden players piping,  
Under a drift of snow.

Fairies throwing rainbows,  
Into pools of foam,  
Catch at flying horses  
Galloping from home.

Sunbeams ever playing,  
Touch their harps of gold,

Foam fairies ever dancing,  
Never can grow old.  
Silver bells are chiming,  
In the water tower,  
Casting priceless diamonds  
In a radiant shower.

Laughing sprites of beauty  
Chase the hours away,  
Falling ever falling,  
Pass, yet ever stay.



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**6331—Ladies' Dress.** Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 54-inch material together with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of contrasting material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards. Price 25 cents.

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## Excerpts from Dame Fashions Note Book

**T**ODAYS styles are so graceful and charming so colorfully brilliant, and animated, with enough variety and interesting features, exquisite detail to enable every woman to be dressed becomingly and individually.

The boyish modes that seemed so satisfactory and desirable some seasons ago, seem to have disappeared entirely, and in their place we have the most feminine creations, with all sorts of drapings, platings, frills, bows and sashes. Fabrics and trimmings all extremely elegant and feminine fashion dresses that are veritable dreams of charm and beauty. For morning wear one will find tailored styles with soft plaits, side closings and V, or U shaped necklines. Some with collars that are convertible, others with high band collars, or scarf collars. Sleeves plain and fitted, sometimes varied with a narrow straight cuff.

Scallops appear on morning dresses and belts of various widths.



Barbara Kent in her brushed wool coat and cap, the costume she wears for winter sports in her native Canada

The informal afternoon dress is no longer composed of a smart blouse and skirt, but boasts of tiers, or flounces or yoke shapings a touch of lace or a smart girdle or sash bow. If the dress is for a formal occasion the hemline is sure to be uneven of a slight dip or a panel will give such indication.

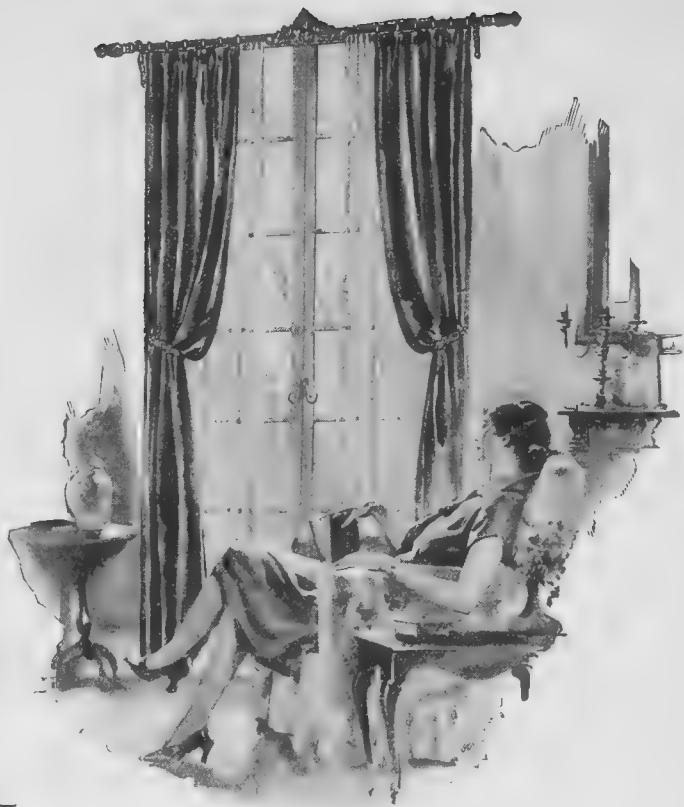
Evening dresses are all sleeveless some are cut with the neck in V outline, often very low in the back; again the triangular neck is shown with a flourishing bow and ends at one side.

The U shaped neck is also in vogue as is also the V neck formed by surplised crossings of front and back.

Flounces, panels, tiers and peplums are all used on evening dresses and also on afternoon frocks.

Sometimes the back is draped with a huge bustle bow.

Evening jackets are all the rage. They are made of metal brocades or sequin covered net or tulle.



## Home DISAPPEARS

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(135)



Mary Philbin in a gown of blue taffeta with jeweled bodice, created especially for her for use in one of her latest films—"Erik the Great"

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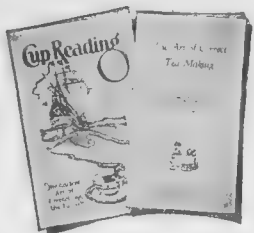
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



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# WOODWARD'S "Gripe" Water KEEPS BABY WELL



## The Magic Carpet

Continued from page 31

Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, treasuring the fame of England's kings, warriors, statesmen, and poets; and the grim old Tower, with its armor, its jewels, and, best of all, its "Beef-eaters," looking just as impressive as the pictures of them in our old history books!

Between sightseeing expeditions we may ride atop of a bus along quaint streets, and refresh ourselves with "lark pie" and "nut-brown ale" at the Cheshire Cheese, or have a whole huge roast on a little cart tolled up for our approval at Simpson's. Some time, in an adventurous mood, we may take a stroll along Petticoat Lane, keeping a wary eye on our watch chain and a firm grasp on our purse. If the wily pickpockets have not caught us as we walked in that den of theirs, we shall have enough money to buy tickets for one of London's famous theatres. We must not forget to go to the British Museum and see its dearest treasure, the Elgin Marbles; and we visit, also, the National Gallery, which has the finest examples of practically every great school of painting.

There are so many things to do in town that it would be almost impossible to leave were not all the sweet shires of England luring us away. If it is Spring-time, the scent of apple blossoms and hawthorne will drift into the city, and there is nothing to do but to follow that perfume down to Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall. Canterbury and York must be visited for their splendid cathedrals. We must see for ourselves "the spires of Oxford," and "the high towers of Cambridge," and make a pilgrimage to the dear and poet-hallowed place where the little river Avon goes "beneath old Warwick's porticoes to quiet Stratford town."

Sure, and later on we might be after making a trip to Saint Patrick's "Little Green Island," and riding in jaunting cars there, and smelling a peat fire, and kissing the Blarney Stone; and we could not miss seeing the Trossachs and Loch Lomond, and the heather like a wide purple sea rolling its tides towards us.

PARIS, with its broad sweeping avenues, its attractive squares, and its leafy "Bois" and boulevards, is the most gracious of all large cities. Here we must see that historic Cathedral of Notre Dame, with its lovely gothic architecture, and its facade intricately adorned with saints and gargoyles—like spirits of good and evil. While the feminine traveller shops—or window-shops—along the Rue de la Paix or in the glittering arcades opposite the Jardins des Tuileries, the masculine traveller can loiter along the Seine by the old book-stalls. The vast treasure-filled chambers of the Louvre must be visited again and again, but outside of galleries and historic buildings, Paris offers another joy. It is the paradise of the gourmet. In Paris cooking is an art that is not to be slighted or belittled, so we must make a tour of the famous restaurants, sampling their specialties. If it is winter we can sit up at one of the famous oyster bars; if summer is in the air we may eat tiny wild strawberries and clotted cream at one of the little outdoor cafes in the Latin Quarter.

If we go from Paris toward Spain, we shall surely visit Carcassonne. Walled, moated and turreted, this quaintest of all quaint towns carries the visitor back to the days of knights and troubadours. From it we can journey toward the Bay of Biscay and Bordeaux. Bordeaux is not a real "tourist" city, but it has many quaint buildings, and is a busy port and the centre of a vast wine-producing district. From here we might go to the Pyrenees, too often neglected by tourists. We shall find these mountains as lovely in their way as the Alps and Rockies—even if one writer did make a little poem about "the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees"! And we come to Spain and see Madrid, Toledo and its famous cathedral, Cadiz, with its dazzling white buildings under the warm sunshine, and all the fair, exotic towns of Andalusia.

If we tire of the South, let us go North again to visit mundane Berlin, attend the Wagnerian festivals at Mun-

ich and Bayreuth, and take a boat trip on the Lorelei-haunted Rhine. Neither shall we forget Flanders. Brussels and Antwerp are fascinating cities, and the dreamy town of Bruges has captured the imagination of many a poet. Holland, of course, is the loveliest in Spring when fields of tulips, hyacinths and daffodils cover the earth like gorgeous carpets.

SWITZERLAND, "all green vales and icy cliffs," is truly named "the Playground of Europe." Here is the mountain-climber's paradise, where peaks like the Matterhorn dare all his courage and his skill. In summer Switzerland offers tennis, golf, boating and many other sports to its visitors; and in winter its snowy slopes and crystal air make it a mecca for lovers of ski-ing, skating, and bob-sledding. During the winter months the town of St. Moritz is thronged with a cosmopolitan crowd, and celebrities are as thick as snowflakes there. Murren, a tiny village perched like an eagle's nest high on a cliff above Interlaken, is a favorite winter resort of the English. Here, and also to St. Moritz and Davos-Platz, come the hockey teams of Oxford and Cambridge (mainly composed of Canadian students) to compete for the hockey championship of Europe.

From the Alps we descend to the slender peninsula that is richer, perhaps, than any other European country in history and art: Italy. Here we find a series of splendid cities, all linked under one flag, but each amazingly different from the others in type, in scenic beauty and in architecture. Genoa, the native city of Columbus, has, besides its famous buildings, the interest of being a great port and commercial centre which has grown tremendously in population since the war. Milan, set in the fruitful plains of Lombardy, is another huge manufacturing centre, but visitors flock there to see its art treasures and to hear opera at La Scala, the world-famous opera house.

To Florence, more than to any other city in the modern world, do we owe our heritage of great art. This exquisite city, on the Arno was the very cradle of the Renaissance, and the names in her hall of fame are all symbols of the highest achievement in painting, sculpture, literature, music, and architecture. Dante, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Giotto, Botticelli, Ghiberti, these are but a few of the great sons of Florence that we remember as we walk along the narrow streets bordered by grim old palaces. In the buildings and art of Florence we shall see the finest examples of the art of the Middle Ages and that of the Renaissance in sharp contrast as, for instance, the stalwart mediaeval tower of the Palazzo Vecchio and Giotto's famous Campanile, an artist's dream held captive in rose and creamy marble. On the olive-clad hills about Florence are many beautiful villas, among them the Villa Medici which holds a special interest for British travellers for it was the "honeymoon house" of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles.

Rome, set proudly on her seven hills, gives us a pageant of history from the faraway times of Romulus to the present regime of Mussolini and his "Black Shirts." The buildings of ancient Rome, the vatican and the churches of papal Rome, and the art of all the ages collected in the city, will necessitate a long visit. We shall have English memories here also, memories of Shelly and Keats whose graves are in the Protestant cemetery near the walls of Rome. So many of our poets loved Italy and lived there! Vallambrosa, the mountain village, was dear to Milton. Robert Browning lived in Florence, in Venice and in Asolo, a tiny town near Venice, nestled high in the hills. It was here that he wrote much of his poetry and he made Asolo the setting for "Pippa Passes."

Finally, we shall go to Naples, beautiful with the bright bay, noisy and dirty in spots, but so full of charm and gaiety that we shall decide with the poet that "God made Italy when he was gay and young." And now, waving good-bye to smoking Vesuvius, we shall again step on our magic carpet of modern travel—this time, homeward-bound!

## Some Impressions of an Atlantic Trip

Continued from page 32

Morning on board is the most stimulating part of the day (no pun intended) for all passengers who are not actually prostrated with mal-de-mer are up and about while the day is young and vitality at its highest point. Games of all sorts claim the attention of large numbers, following the after-breakfast promenade and the children have their own special amusements, supervised and otherwise, which are merrily carried on in every corner. Children are the real life of the ship. They are seldom sick and never still.

**TYPES** were an interesting study.

Many charming people there were, with the usual percentage of do-or-die card fiends, an occasional bore, and of course the inevitable shipboard romances, ephemeral affairs but hectic while they lasted.

"Do you suppose that they're really in love?" we overheard somebody ask regarding these infant engagements.

"Oh, hardly. I fancy it's merely one of those 'platinum' friendships, you know," was the casual rejoinder, the speaker adding: "You understand, of course? Ring back at the end of the voyage."

There was the "Amurrican" who had intended to sail from New York, but he'd had urgent business "in our beautiful City of Montreal" and—may there be no moaning at the bar!—he sure had hated to leave so he just switched routes, and on board these Canadian boats there sure were compensations, he'd tell the cock-eyed world. Yep! So, perpetually happy, this merry old soul passed his days and hours cheerfully, caring for nobody, no, not he. In fact, numbers of arid Americans, unaccustomed to the pure MacKay, are pathetically grateful for the change in quality.

There was, too, the man who was "making his forty-eighth crossing." The whales, the icebergs, the mirages, the sunsets—all the wonders of the voyage—"left him cold." For back in 1904 hadn't he seen—etc., etc.

There was the lady who had divorced three husbands and who was searching in the tall grass for a fourth—if one were to believe what one heard on every side.

There was a well-known movie star going abroad to make a picture "on the spot," accompanied by various satellites and cameramen.

Young girl art-students were going to Europe for "atmosphere." Two middle-aged women, mothers, were going across to France to put their daughters in school, while another was going over there to take hers OUT of school. A young Scotsman was taking his bride, born in Canada, home to introduce her to his people. An ordeal which she anticipated with considerable dread.

And so it went. Each on his or her special mission. What a shipful of separate aims, purposes, desires, ambitions! One might have thought at first glance that here were several hundreds of fortunate dilettantes embarked on an idle pleasure trip, yet a short study of each entity of each group revealed that method long and carefully planned lay at the bottom of their undertaking.

**IT HAS** been estimated, and backed up by statistics which are irrefutable, that a large percentage of "best-sellers" undergo their initial reading on shipboard. We are now in a position to confirm this theory. The newest books predominated, yet I was pleased to note that a considerable number of our fellow-passengers exhibited individual preferences. A clean-cut young Canadian who looked like a bond-salesman carried around a well-thumbed copy of Stephens' "Cröck of Gold" in his pocket, and there was another hardly out of his teens who lolled all day on deck perusing H. G. Wells. An absorbed flapper occupied herself with Katherine Mayo's "Mother India" during the whole of the trip, while her aunt, a most aloof and circumspect maiden lady, divided her attention between "The Loves of Cleopatra" and "Notorious Murderers of England." I wish I could describe her rigidly-virtuous expression which occasionally deepened into one of absorbed horror. There was a young rabbinical student, evidently a

man with moneyed connections, traveling with an elderly lady who did herself well in the matter of jewellery, (probably his mother), and he spent his mornings poring over volumes which he read, apparently, backward. I observed too, a beetling-browed, middle-aged gentleman of unsociable aspect—like Kipling's cat he walked by himself—who might have been a professor. He had brought along a book on electricity—probably for a little light reading. (We are not making any apology for the pun).

**THERE** were long memorable evenings on deck, when it was a pleasure merely to watch the ever-changing sea, and then a full moon rose and flung a wavering sword of silver across the waste of water. Evenings with a citron sky to the west and with the dome of heaven a pearl-and-dappled blue. Evenings made for romantic moments by the rail and the soft quoting of poetry, good, bad, and indifferent. For many it must have been a temptation to stay up all night "till the stark dawn should drink the latest star." We studied the sea in all its moods. It was, of course, an old friend, but we were finding a new and delightful and awesome fascination in it. At once a revelation and a riddle it was clear for leagues and at the same time secretive, menacing even in its rolling, slumberous calm, the eternal enigma. Time shall not wither nor custom stale its infinite variety—the long reaches of crisp and sparkling water by day: green, blue, grey and purple as the clouds or the sun colored them, and the illimitable miles of shadowy waves by night.

And sunset over the sea—fluffy pink clouds like jeweller's cotton-wool resting against a saffron-and-mauve sky evanescent and lovely, and of the quality of dreams. Or again a pure golden glory fading gently and imperceptibly into the grey, gossamer mists of twilight. These are unforgettable.

**THE** progress in aviation has admittedly been phenomenal, but hardly less so the advance in ocean travel, only that in that it is less spectacular one hears little about it. The old romantic days of which Stevenson and Conrad wrote were all very well and the world will always thrill to the fascination of them and to the swing of the rousing old sea-chanties. The nobility and grandeur of such songs as "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" never fails to stir the blood. Man's conception of what constitutes the best standard of travel by ship changes with each passing generation but the sea itself and the fulness thereof never changes a whit. It is not to be denied, however, that man's enjoyment of a sea voyage rises in direct ratio to the degree of his physical comfort. Apart from considerations of great wealth—for who can eat more than three meals a day or use more than one bed for sleeping?—the passenger who finds himself snugly berthed, agreeably fed, surrounded with congenial friends en route and assiduously but unobtrusively waited upon is degree of pleasure and profit from his much more likely to derive the fullest trip than is he who chooses his route and ship in a haphazard way and trusts to luck. Many of these passengers could have borne witness to the fact that a whole generation of fastidious folk had grown up since last they had crossed the sea—people who insist on travelling in a style approximating as closely as possible that of the best hotels. In fact these wonderful boats are constantly called "floating hotels," "floating palaces," and so on.

**OUR** party was happy in the possession of an excellent cabin and a most attentive steward. The place was ventilated with a continuous supply of fresh air forced into the apartment from the decks by an automatic aerating system, thoroughly modern and efficient. Electric lights were placed conveniently. For example, one could read himself to sleep in his berth if he wished. There was running water, hot and cold, an electric fan, a bell to summon our steward and a bathroom conveniently located for our

Continued on page 54

### Make This Free Test

**1** You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

**2** Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean... safe. Takes only 7 or 8 minutes.

**3** Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

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In view of the elaborate editorial plans by the publishers of both the above periodicals, the clubbing offer this year looks more attractive than ever. A record number of readers subscribed last year and it is believed that in view of the remarkable value even more people will take advantage of the popular club during this season.

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## Some Impressions of an Atlantic Trip

Continued from page 53

express use. We might have a tub or a shower as we desired. All these details, simple in themselves and apparently trivial, meant in the aggregate all the difference between absolute satisfaction and the reverse. Everything had been done for our comfort that a considerate and paternal company could think of.

Deck space and deck privileges were liberal. If one wished to read a good deal a quiet corner could be chosen, shady and in the lee of the breeze or if you planned to rest and sleep you sought a sunny spot where the freshest ocean gales swept over you and the sun flooded the deck with its warmth. Deck chairs and rugs may be rented from the steward but many people bring along their own rugs. For the more energetic games of quoits and shuffleboard are always popular, but the majority like to loll in deck chairs throughout the afternoon.

The cuisine aboard scarcely needs mention since it is known the world over. Meals on shipboard are in accordance with the standard prevailing elsewhere and all most satisfying to hungry appetites. In addition to the regular meals in the saloon passengers are served with hot bouillon in the lounges at eleven o'clock each morning and with tea and cakes every afternoon at four. Conditions vary somewhat but in the main the lounges consist of a reading and writing room, a library (from which books may be borrowed free of charge), smoking rooms and a recreation room where social gatherings are held. If Sunday occurs during the voyage services are held in the main lounge and in the evenings jolly sing-songs take place here. There are, as well, a barber shop and beauty parlor, so that you may have your daily shave and the ladies their shampoo and marcel. A pool and "gym" are available for those who desire to keep up their regular exercises. Every day a ship's newspaper is published giving the traveller the latest important news of the outside world.

When one considers all these marvelous things which are all nowadays taken as a matter of course, including the wireless and radio services and movies (once regarded as super-luxuries but now apparently indispensable), the contrast between an ocean voyage of today and one of less than twenty years ago is a striking commentary on the ideals and standards of our modern times.

THE officers of the ship are your friends. The purser maintains a kind of combination bank and bureau of information. There is a doctor in charge of a dispensary and hospital with a staff of nurses to assist him. The chief steward is at all times anxious to serve you. Engineering officers and those belonging to the navigation departments do all in their power to make the passengers happy. There is never a moment during the entire trip when one is at a loss for information, assistance of any kind, for congenial introductions or entertainment, and should celebrities of the stage or concert-hall be aboard one has the great pleasure of seeing and hearing these

notable figures, since they are always willing to give of their talents for whatever worthy cause the captain has seen fit to promote, seamen's benefits and whatnot.

If you are one of those individuals with sporting instincts even these are catered to in guessing-pools and ship's "horse-racing" games. Guess the distance and the number of knots the boat has travelled during the past twenty-four hours and win a prize. Or you may mount a hobby-horse, literally, and do hurdles to the huge amusement of a watching gallery.

Some sheets from the diary of a girl passenger blew across my feet one day and I couldn't resist reading them.

"My first big thrill was when the engines began to throb and we were actually on the way." This young woman had set down in her round school-girl's hand. I record this as it is probably just what we all said or thought.

Under a later date she had mentioned passing Cape Race, and seeing several bergs. "The ship is now beginning to roll noticeably," she wrote then. "And a lot of gulls are following us," was the next item.

On another page she had written: "Rather rough today. We have just passed a small freighter bounding and bouncing in such a comical way over the waves. There was fire-drill this morning."

"We are now heading due north toward Ireland and will sight land in the morning," was the final record.

But if the first glimpse of land (it was the Irish coast) brought a mist to the eyes, how much more did my heart swell when, as a homefaring Scot, I caught the first flash of the dear old hills o' heather! Stands Scotland where she did? Rooted in the rocks of eternity the Bonnie Isle remains the one dear, unchanging fact in a sometimes chaotic world. It is the cradle from which go forth adventuring sons, and it is the haven to which sooner or later they one and all return. "Time like an ever-rolling stream bears all her sons away" but the sea bears them back again, some in the full strength of manhood and middle life, others spent with age and ready to lay their bones with their fathers. Rare the Scot who never to himself hath said: "This is my own, my native land," and whose heart "has ne'er within him burn'd as home his footsteps he has turn'd." Love of country, pride of race—these have been ever the dominant characteristics in the temperament of those born north of the River Tweed.

I am speaking as a Scot—realizing, of course, that our English, Welsh and Irish passengers had the same feelings and emotions crowd in upon them as they first gained a glimpse of their respective lands. But now we are in London, the city of cities—where every turn is full of world-interest, where every turn adds to one's pride in his British citizenship. All so wonderful. The fellowships and companions of a week are now sundered, but they leave enriching memories.

## The Blizzard

By R. B. Graham

White, white, through the silent night,  
The snow falls soft 'till the morning light,  
Then a wind from the west  
Sweeps the prairie's breast  
And the blizzard is up in its scornful might.

High, high, through the swirling sky  
The snow is tossed as the wind rolls by.  
The wind of the west  
That knows no rest  
When the blizzard is up and the night is nigh.

Hark! hark! O'er the prairie stark,  
How the Storm King howls to the closing dark!  
The wind of the west  
At its lord's behest  
Of the trails from the prairie has swept all mark.

Hush! Hush! The first faint flush  
Of the coming dawn sets the east ablush  
And the wind of the west  
Dies down to its rest  
And moaningly ceases its fearful rush.

Wide, wide o'er the country side  
The snow has been spread by the wind in its stride.  
All silver it gleams  
In the sun's first beams  
For the blizzard has ended its quest and died.

Fair, fair in the morning air  
The prairie lies glistening every where  
And the shrubs stoop low  
'Neath their cowls of snow  
Like white robed monks at morning prayer.





## Why Be GRAY?

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## Federated Women's Institutes

### Manitoba Notes

**Amaranth**—The members presented the librarian, who has served the Institute for the past five years, with a gift.

**Arrow River** had a talk on "Musical Composers and Their Work."

**Austin** held a radio dance in aid of the Tribune Empty Stocking Fund.

**Balmoral** held a dance for the purpose of raising funds.

**Beausejour**—The local doctor addressed the members on "Pre-natal Care."

**Belmont** had a demonstration on the making of articles from flour sacks; these will be sold at a tea. The proceeds are for the library fund.

**Benito** held a radio dance in aid of the Empty Stocking Fund.

**Beulah**—Gifts were presented by the president to two members leaving the district.

**Binscarth**—Mrs. Guild of Regina gave a talk on "The Marketing and Raising of Fruit in British Columbia."

**Carman**—Arrangements were completed for the annual children's Christmas supper and entertainment.

**Cartwright**—One of the new members gave a talk on her work in the slums of London, England.

**Clearwater**—The secretary reports that the proceeds from the miscellaneous sale amounted to \$159.40. This money will be used to equip a room for the Institute meetings.

**Coulter** distributed materials among the members to be made up for the bazaar.

**Cromarty**—Each member submitted a suggestion for the 1929 programme, and some of these proved very good. The Institute decided to hold a social evening once a month during the winter, at members' homes.

**Crystal City** voted \$46.00 (one dollar a member) to the Red Cross; the money was given to the secretary of the local Red Cross Committee.

**Deloraine** enjoyed a very new and interesting demonstration on Lava Work.

**Dominion City** discussed ways of making money, and decided to hold an old-time concert.

**Dugald** members discussed ways of preparing the cheaper cuts of meat.

**Edrans** heard a talk on "Pioneer Days in Edrans."

**Elkhorn**—The sum of \$15.00 was donated to the Cemetery Board.

**Ellenville**—The local doctor spoke to the members on "Our High Maternal Death Rate."

**Elphinstone**—The Institute will sell articles made by the blind.

**Endcliffe**—Roll call was answered with "How to Improve Our Institute in 1929."

**Foxwarren** intends to have a rest room, and the members are busy discussing ways and means of making money to pay for this.

**Great Falls**—"The Annual Bazaar was a great success," writes the secretary. Candy for the Christmas Tree for all the children of Great Falls was bought.

**Hartney** entertained nineteen grandmothers, presented the eldest and youngest with bouquets, and had a merry time over the teacups.

**Inglis**—The Institute is paying for bricks, cement, etc., used in the building of the chimney in the community hall.

**Lidstone**—The Institute gave a fowl supper, followed by a play.

**Linwood** presented the secretary with a club bag, as she is leaving to make her home in the Peace River district.

**Livingstone**—A member gave a demonstration on "Spinning and Carding Wool."

**Lyleton** also reports a grandmothers' meeting, when the eldest and the youngest, also the tallest and the shortest, were presented with prizes.

**Makaroff** decided to start the hot lunch in the school after the Christmas holidays. A whist-drive and dance, with a candy sale, will be held to raise a little money for the hot lunch.

**Manitow** held a dance in aid of the Empty Stocking Fund.

**Mayfeld** held a dance and raffled a comforter made by the members.

**Minota**—A short talk was given on "The Need of the Hot Lunch," which resulted in a committee being appointed to look into this matter and present it to the School Board.

**Minnedosa** had a display of inexpensive Christmas gifts.

**Moore Park** raffled a quilt made by the Institute members.

**Morris**—The secretary reports that the proceeds from the W.I. play amounted to \$107.25.

**Napinka**—"Our High Maternal Death Rate," was the title of a paper. "The Men of Kildonan," was the subject of another.

**Oak Point** is looking after several children.

**Pipestone** had a talk on "The Futility of Worrying."

**Plum Coulee** gave a dance for the Tribune Empty Stocking Fund.

**Ranchvale**—The convener of the League of Nations Committee gave a most interesting talk on the League.

**Reston**—The local doctor addressed the members on "Infectious Diseases" and how to detect these.

**Roblin** had a shower of kind thoughts for a sick member. Each member contributed three thoughts (enough for one day), either a joke, poem or story, to be written on a paper folded as a powder to be taken before each meal.

**Rochdale** had a demonstration on the remodelling of garments and the making of children's clothes from old ones.

**Roland** was visited by a former president, who showed how to make silk flowers.

**Roseisle**—The Institute entertained members from the Roland W.I.

**Rosser** entertained the grandmothers.

**Russell**—The Institute presented a silver cup to the exhibitor winning the most prizes in household exhibits at the annual Agricultural Society Fair.

## Beautiful Crystal Trees May Be Made From Sealing Wax

Continued from page 23

branches opposite each other. Wrap down 3 in. with tricateen; add a flower branch. Wrap 2 in. down; add branch composed of 3 leaf and 2 flower branches. Add leaf branches to fill in spaces. Add 2 No. 15 wires at this point; wrap stem to thickness 3/4-inch, using strips of white crepe. Wrap with tricateen. Each branch is twisted over a pencil to give a garled effect. The main trunk is effective if twisted.

### Base

Use the empty spool to stand the tree in. Break gold wax in pieces about an inch and a half long. Heat and press around the base of the tree and around the spool. Heat as necessary to give the desired effect, and to make the tree stand.

There are also crystal trees known as the Coral Tree, Wind Blown palm Tree, Red Pepper Tree, and others, but they are all made in a similar manner. The

chief difference lies in the color and shape, and in the fact that the palm tree is an all-foliage tree with green and yellow leaves and the coral tree has little pink blossoms at the top, and the others have fruit or blossoms made of beads and sealing wax.

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I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried every way to get rid of it—all the depilatories and waxes I had heard of, electrolysis, even a razor, but all were disappointments.

I thought it was all hopeless until my research brought me a simple but truly wonderful method which has given such great relief and joy to me and to other women that it really cannot be expressed in words.

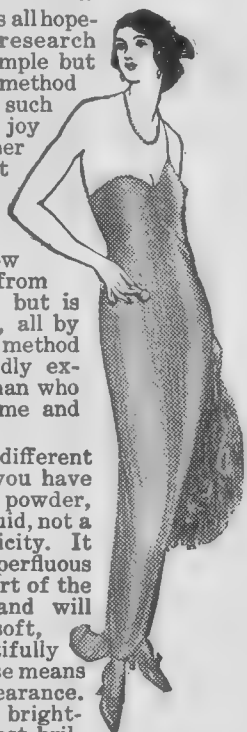
My face is now not only free from superfluous hair, but is smooth and soft, all by use of the simple method which I will gladly explain to any woman who will send her name and address.

This method is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It will remove superfluous hair from any part of the body at once and will make the skin soft, smooth and beautifully attractive. Its use means an adorable appearance. And you face the brightest light—the most brilliant electric lamps—even the glare of sunlight joyously.

My method is absolutely painless and harmless—so simple and easy to use—so inexpensive that you will marvel at its efficiency. Thousands of women who have thoroughly demonstrated its merits are now loud in their praise.

But don't take my word for it—or even theirs. Send for my trial offer and FREE Book and learn the secret. I want you to read this interesting and instructive book, "Getting Rid of Every Ugly Superfluous Hair," in which my theories and my actual success are substantiated by genuine historical and scientific references. Postcard or letter brings your copy in plain, sealed envelope absolutely without obligation. Merely address Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 93-95 Church St., Dept. 224 Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

**ARE YOU INTERESTED** in Canada's Financial Progress? Yes? Then read page 42 of this issue of The Western Home Monthly. . . .







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This year you can have a Valentine Party your friends will never forget. Dennison has prepared all the plans—for clever invitations, colorful decorations, surprising new games and stunts, Valentine magic that no one ever thought of before! And these complete plans are free. Just send the coupon.

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# The Choice of Chance

Continued from page 10

No wonder the dog fox wondered, for this indeed was one of the silver fox farms that a certain fur company was setting up in various parts of the country. As the dusk deepened and the noises and smells of feeding time subsided, the eavesdropper became bolder. Time and again he trotted round the fence, striving to find a way in, but not till the moon was up and everything silent inside the cabin could he nerve himself to take the only possible way. With no more sound than a fallen leaf, he leaped on to the tarred felt roof of the cabin, and there he stood with one paw raised, ears acock, looking down upon the incredible scene below. He could now see over the hoarding, and on the other side was row after row of wire cages, each cage containing a wooden box and at least two foxes. From where he stood he could see fifty foxes, some trotting about, others lying down, others gamboling in erratic circles. He did not know, of course, that they were prisoners; he did not attach the least importance to the fact that they were black whilst he and his mate were red. Here, indeed, was a mighty gathering of foxes, and already those in the nearest cages had picked him out and become motionless, staring at him with their little, star-like eyes. Quickly the movement—rather the wave of inaction—spread. From cage to cage heads turned in his direction, till fifty pairs of eyes were fixed upon him. To a human being it would have been uncanny, almost frightening—twin points of light over the whole area, one after another focusing and becoming fixed, till the whole great space, which a moment ago was full of moving figures, was covered with motionless figures, whose stare of enquiry one could veritably feel. Then a vixen "woofed," and the sound spread from cage to cage—here invitingly, there derisively, or again in fear and distrust, but the big dog fox was bold, and it seemed to him that there was more in this than met the eye. If a common interest had called so many foxes together, he might as well be in at the showing, and being born and bred in a hunting district, where Reynard is presumably sacred to the wearers of the scarlet coat, he was not so timid and cautious as a hill fox would have been. From where he stood it was an easy leap to the top of the high board fence, so unhesitatingly he made it, and the great enclosure was at his feet. But before he dropped down on the other side, he made sure that it would be possible to return by the same way, and—yes, there was a slanting corner prop, by which he could descend. Having done so, it would be easy to return, though a fox searching from within would not so readily have found that way of exit. Indeed, had any fox escaped from those cages, it would have run round and round, following the boarding till at one corner it found itself in a tunnel, presumably a way out, but a little wooden door would have snapped to behind it.

Thus, sure of his ground and subtly conscious that he was as handsome and dashing as any dog fox in the ring, our hero dropped to earth, then slowly, with mane on end and tail rigidly erect, he began to approach the other foxes, while all around necks were craned and bright eyes turned this way and that to follow his movements.

NOW, as chance would have it, the very first cage contained a little silver-tipped vixen, alone, and she herself had sprung direct from wild, free parentage. Some foxes quickly outlive their wild instincts, becoming tame and reconciled to their lot; others don't, and she was one of the others. For her the Wild still called, for her man and his works were never to be trusted, and tonight she was ill-at-ease. That day the young Canadian who fed the foxes had thoughtlessly started up the little petrol driven saw in an outhouse, and the noise of it had frightened the little silver-tipped vixen. A day or two ago she had given birth to her first litter, and because her husband was a bit of a martinet, they had removed him to another pen. So she was alone with her three cubs, and her fear and unrest was not for herself, but for them. One cannot

analyze the minds of those who belong by right of heritage to the wild, especially when man steps in to upset the normal order, but be it understood that, because of that circular saw, the sense of motherhood in the breast of little Silvertip was shattered and gone to pieces. She was in the act of forsaking her cubs, and when the red fox appeared on the roof, she was running around her cage carrying one of the cubs in her mouth, wondering what to do with it, since she as a mother had ceased to be.

Up to this cage the red fox went, and they sniffed each other, the ten-foot screen between. The wild fox disliked the wire netting, but she for her part began to climb it fearlessly, ascending by one of the corner posts till she was right at the top—but here, alas, an inward protrusion of the wire prevented her climbing over. Clearly she wished to make friends with him, and though he already had a wife and a family of his own, they were on the other side of the hill, so that was that. Swallowing such scruples as he had along with his instinctive dread of the wire netting, he climbed up on the other side, till he also was at the top, but he climbed no further. He saw at a glance that there would be no climbing back, but from where he lay he could, by reaching down and under, sniff noses with the silver-tipped vixen as she stood in the crotch where the corner post met its support.

Then a strange thing happened, for while he lay there, the vixen dropped to earth, and took from the grass where she had left it a tiny whimpering cub. She climbed back with the little animal hanging from her jaws, for here at last was a way out of the difficulty which her poor captive mind had been striving to solve. Here was a wild, free fox, which would take her little ones away from the prison quarters which filled her mind with such dread misgivings for their future; and perhaps she thought in her dumb way that she, in turn, would follow, sure of reaching the place where her cubs were, albeit she had tried a thousand times and failed. In the Wild thought travels by strange channels, and we can only accept the fact and leave it there—in this case the fact that little Silvertip gave the cub she carried to the wild fox beyond her prison bars.

At first he did not understand, or perhaps he did not want it, because he would not take it. Why should he, indeed, when he already had a family of his own, which in due course would tax his hunting powers to the utmost?—and anyway, what would his wife say? Yet Silvertip insisted in making her point quite clear, and because the father sense, or the mate sense, was strong within him, and perhaps because he especially wanted to oblige Silvertip, he took the cub and descended with it to the grass. Here he clumsily nosed a few grass stems and a dead thistle over it, then he went back for the next, which was waiting for him; then for the third.

The whimpering cries of youngsters have a strange effect upon adult animals, and thereafter the dog fox could not stay, though he wanted to. So he climbed back over the high wooden boarding, and pitter-patted across the tarred roof of the log cabin, carrying a cub in his jaws. Reaching the wood he seemed undecided what to do, as well indeed he might be, but his common sense reasoning warned him that this was no place for little cubs, so close to man's threshold. Perhaps it was that thought, backed by the father instinct, which had made him obey the silver vixen, so he wheeled away into the wood, and finding a nice dry corner under an upturned root, he nosed out a hollow and laid the cub within it. He scattered a light covering of leaves over it to keep it warm and to hide the body scent, then he went back over the hoarding for the next, and that too he carried and buried—each of them worth a mint of money. He was in the act of returning with the third, pitter-pat across the roof, when the door of the cabin suddenly opened and the man ran out. He searched the roof from end to end, but he was far too slow to see the fox which carried

Continued on page 57



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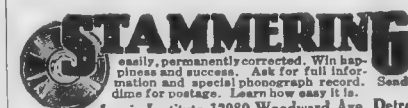
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## Choice of Chance

Continued from page 56

something in its jaws, and which dropped down on the other side fairly before the door was open.

Reynard did not return after that, for he was too distrustful of the man, and a great anxiety possessed him. He buried the third cub alongside the other two, then thinking a moment, he decided to leave them there. That, indeed, was a wise decision, for being a dog fox he would have been too rough to carry such tiny mites any distance, and would probably have suffocated them.

So away he went, and when he arrived at the den among the pines, he found his mate, sad-eyed and listless, sitting there. He looked at her and turned about, and while no audible communication passed between them, she followed him. She followed him to the place where the cubs were hidden, and having sniffed them over she looked at him.

What did she say? Did she remark: "Now you've gone and done it!" or, remembering the chicken's head, did she upbraid him as the most idiotic husband any vixen ever had? No, she said none of these things. She simply sniffed the squirming atoms over, then she snarled at him, and would not let him go anywhere near them. She carried them one by one back to her old den, where yesterday she had nursed her own little cubs, and there at sundown she fed them and mothered them, while he scratched himself lustily and indifferently at the entrance.

THE thoughts of the Wild move by strange channels, and as for the little silver-tipped vixen, who was wild at heart and therefore did not understand—what of her? Next morning she seemed easier in her mind than she had been for many weeks past, but when the manager of the ranch looked into the box and saw that her cubs were gone, he accused her of devouring them. The young Canadian who lived in the log cabin was not so sure, however. That little vixen had always puzzled him, and last night he had heard the pitter-pat of paws across his roof. He, if any man, knew the great lone places and the ways thereof; he had lived with foxes all his life, and so would disbelieve nothing concerning them. He did not say what was in his mind, because other people would not understand, and might even ridicule him, but a little while later, the rumor persisted that there were black fox cubs on the hill, he was sure of it. His summing-up was wrong only in one respect, for he said: "She gave them out to a wild vixen," whereas, stranger still, it was a dog fox who had taken them.

The most remarkable change brought about by bobbed hair is the character of the stories told in the barber shop.

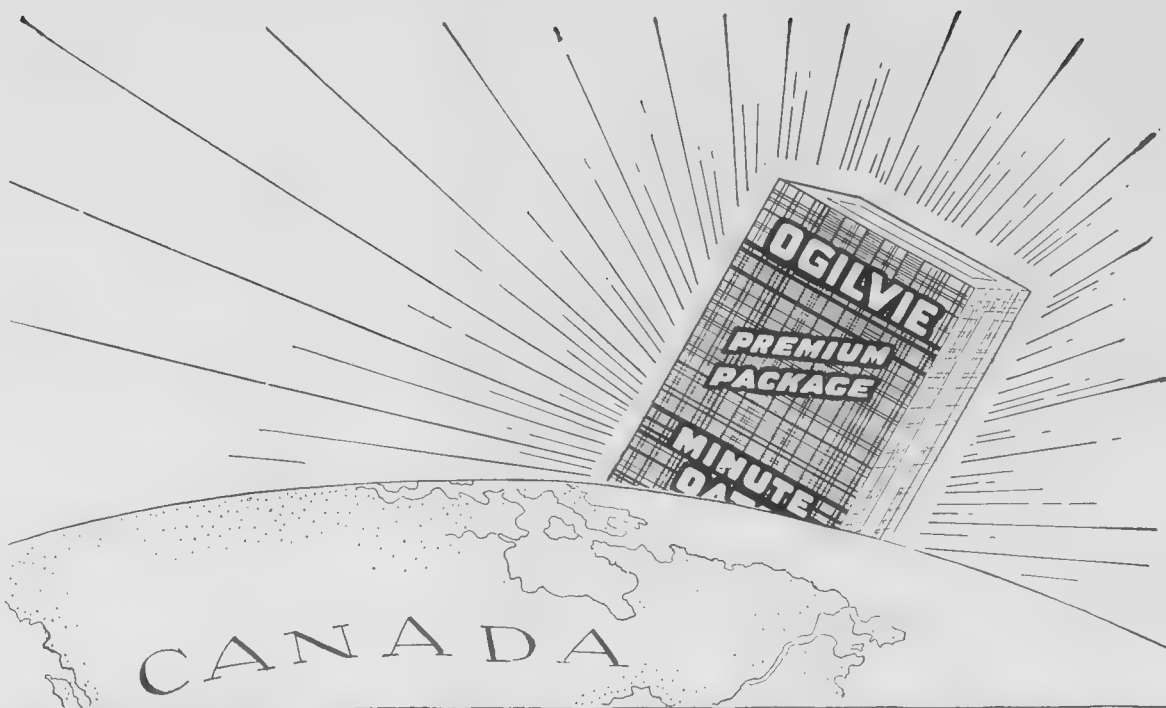
## The Homestead

By Frank Miell

*It is mine!  
One-sixty acres, less or more,  
From the poplar bluff to the muskeg shore:  
There's a hay flat deep with rich, black loam,  
There's a sandy ridge with a jackpine dome:  
A spring that winds through the alders black,  
And a cosy spot for log-built shack,  
And—it is mine.*

*It is mine!  
For better or worse, to have and to hold,  
To plough and to reap, or to dig for gold:  
Whatever I choose, be it foolish or wise,  
To cherish the timber, or hack it for ties:  
I'm free—yet I pray that the homesteader's  
God  
Will teach me his wisdom of forest and sod,  
To use what is mine.*

*It is mine!  
An altar for offerings—poor or rich—  
Of a life to be spent in a backwoods niche:  
A mirror, reflecting from muskeg to trees,  
A life of labour or one of ease:  
And the story the oncoming years will  
unfold,  
Written in letters of dross, or of gold,  
Will be mine.*



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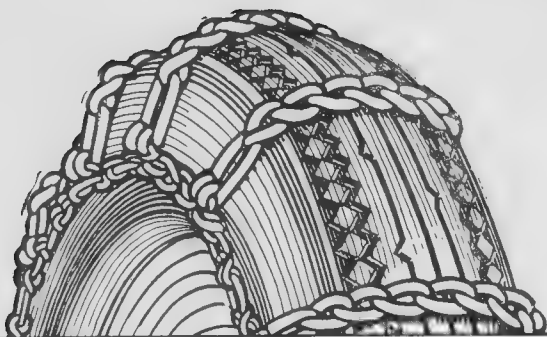
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**LAMPS**

INSIDE FROSTED

## Booming Mr. Mombasser

Continued from page 9

Meanwhile the procession was closing up. First came the light delivery horse, still going at its best speed; next the limousine with the hero inside; then the baker's horse and the steam shovel, side by side, and lastly McHenry, who was catching up rapidly.

Presently the baker's horse decided it was wrong to make such a fuss about a little noise. The steam shovel looked quite friendly. So it stopped, despite the efforts of its driver, who had been paid to keep asleep. And the steam shovel, alive to disaster at last, stopped also.

This left the field clear to the three principals, and at the finishing-post, some half a mile further on, waited a small boy, another cog in McHenry's machine.

He had been paid to leap in front of the gently-galloping baker's horse, stay there a breathless moment, and would then be snatched from certain death by the heroic lard king, leaning out of his limousine.

It was a great idea. And the final scene was even better. It showed the horse, the boy, and the hero standing together before a battery of cameras—just the thing for a full-page spread.

But, alas, that was not to be now. All through the stupidity of the engineer, the result might end in tragedy. For there was the boy, patiently waiting at St. Denis Street to throw himself before a gently galloping animal, and instead the maddened light delivery horse was even now bearing down on him.

No wonder McHenry had descended from his god-like dreams and was urging on the taxi-driver with a fury that surprised them both.

A quarter of a mile to go! The limousine was gaining on the horse; the taxi was just behind the limousine; and more and more marvelous grew the feats of both drivers.

McHenry was leaning out of the window, alternately urging on the taxi-man and shouting instructions at a red, moon-like face, staring blankly at him through the rear window of the car in front.

Almost together the three of them arrived at St. Denis Street, and the boy, true to his faith, jumped right in front of the horse.

Simultaneously, the door of the limousine opened and a hand the size of a small ham reached out to grab the boy. There was a flurry of arms, the hand missed its grip, waved wildly, and the next instant Cyrus P. Mombasser was prostrated full in the path of the runaway.

In the original plan this would not have mattered. The baker's horse, carefully chosen for its placid temperament, would have pulled up at once at anything so unusual as a man in its path, and would have been well.

But, as has already been said, the light delivery horse was of a different calibre. The sight of two hundred pounds of big business in its way presented no difficulties. It simply went on at full speed, and was almost on top of the lard king when McHenry took a flying leap from his taxi, grabbed at the bridle, and the next moment horse, van, lard king and McHenry were all in a heap together.

As for the small boy, he, after the manner of small boys, had escaped scot-free, and was scurrying off to spend his ten dollars, the price of his life.

Cyrus P. Mombasser was the first to emerge from the melee. He staggered to his feet, clear, as he thought of the horse, then assisted by a parting kick from that frantic animal, landed on the sidewalk and immediately lost interest in the proceedings.

A policeman then came up, pulled out McHenry by the scruff of his neck, and laid him by the side of his unconscious employer while he attended to the horse.

Presently McHenry groaned and began to dream he was drowning. At last the dream became so real that he opened his eyes, to find himself in the centre of a small group who were conscientiously douching him with water.

He groaned again, and the circle drew back, all but an old lady who came closer and bent over him.

"Are you hurt, young man?"

Hurt! He was hurt all over—bruised and broken from head to foot. But that didn't matter; nothing mattered but how to get an account of his employer's heroism before the papers before he, McHenry, died.

"Listen," he gasped, "I'm dying. Get a reporter, quick!" In his excitement he almost pulled the old lady down on top of him.

"Yes, yes," she murmured soothingly, "if you want a clergyman, young man, I'll get one for you."

"Clergyman! Suffering angels! I want a reporter!"

"Porter? Do you want to be carried home, young man? Just lie still and the ambulance will soon be here."

McHenry groaned in bitter anguish. A polite man usually, he could not bring himself to swear at a lady, but this was too much.

"R-e-p-o-r-t-e-r!" he said feverishly; Phone up the Montreal News and tell 'em I want one quick!"

The old lady frowned. It was not seemly that anyone at death's door should be so frivolous.

"I think young man," she said severely, "you are deceiving me."

And with that she went away.

McHenry stared wildly at the rocking sea of faces round him.

"Press," he babbled, "Montreal News—tell 'em."

A newspaper boy came forward and put a paper in his hand.

"Here's the News, sir," he said brightly.

McHenry thrust him away. Could the public ever be so stupid. He staggered to his feet and stood there swaying, striving vainly to steady himself.

From far-off he could hear a voice calling: "Press—reporter—quick!"

Then there was a great clanging of bells; an arm was put round him, blackness surged over him, and he lost consciousness altogether.

WHEN he recovered his senses, he found himself lying in the accident ward of the Montreal General Hospital. On his left lay the lard king, but so bandaged up as to be hardly recognizable. But McHenry did not discover this all at once; it was only by persistent effort that he dispelled the drumming in his head sufficiently to open his eyes.

His first and only thought was for the papers.

"Seen the news?" he asked weakly.

The bandages round Mr. Mombasser's face twitched.

"Don't care if I ever see it," he mumbled—"or you."

McHenry frowned as much as his bandages would let him. He did not approve of levity on serious subjects.

Experimenting cautiously, he opened his mouth:

"Nurse."

He waited, then a little louder:

"Nurse!"

There was a flurry of white and something cool pressed his brow.

"Now then," said a voice reproachfully, "you must keep quiet—you've been badly cut about."

"Don't I know it," came from the bed on the left; "and all because of this fool here."

"Hush," said the nurse, and turned to McHenry. "What do you want?"

"A paper," said the press agent feebly.

"I don't think—" began the nurse but McHenry caught her hand and held it feverishly.

"Nurse, please, I must see a paper—the Montreal News, quick!"

The nurse hesitated—and was lost. It was hard to refuse McHenry things.

She walked away, and presently to the straining ears of the press agent came the most beautiful of all sounds—the gentle rustle of sheets.

Now McHenry had little or no appreciation of art—pictures hanging in a gallery meant nothing to him; literature even less. But what could be more utterly inspiring, more salving to the soul, than the sacred black headlines he was about to read?

He opened the paper lovingly, pulled the bandages apart from his one good eye, and began to read.

Continued on page 59

## Booming Mr. Mombasser

Continued from page 58

"Well"? said the voice from the bed on the left.

There was a stifled exclamation from McHenry, but he said nothing and went on reading.

"Have they got a good photo of me in"? demanded the lard king.

Still no reply.

"Hey, gimme the paper!"

Without a word McHenry handed it over, and Mr. Mombasser adjusted his bandages. To tell the truth, he had rather forgotten now about his injuries and was beginning to fancy himself a hero. Unconsciously he puffed up his chest, and began to read.

"Hey, what the purple heck—!"

"Yes," said the press agent absently.

"This—this—"

Words failed the lard magnate. With shaking fingers he pointed to the beautiful black headlines of the Montreal News. "Gallant Rescue"—"full in the path of the plunging beast"—"Modest Hero"—it was all down there, every detail they could wish—and then the News went on to give a frank and full appreciation of the intrepid McHenry!

But of Cyrus P. Mombasser, not one word.

"Wha' d'you mean by it"! roared the unfortunate man. "YOU stopped the horse, did you? YOU saved the boy? What the—the—wha' d'you mean by stopping my horse and saving my boy?"

"Little mistake," said the press agent, in a far-away voice. "I never thought you would be so slow."

The lard magnate was speechless. With strangled breath and starting eyes he was reading to the bitter end.

"Among those present," said the News, "was Mr. Cyrus P. Mombasser, the well known lard manufacturer. We understand his car was used to convey the gallant press agent to the hospital."

Mr. Mombasser choked violently, then by an effort regained his speech.

"You—you—" he began; but McHenry held up a gently supplicating hand.

He was lying back on his pillows, and his one good eye, striving for expression through the mass of bandages, flamed with the sacred fires of inspiration.

"Say, listen," he said dreamily, "I've got an idea—"

## L'Art Moderne

Continued from page 14

other large pieces of furniture. Wall-paper walls are still used considerably, in plain designs, or shaded or lined effects, showing stripes, squares, diagonals, or irregular shadings. Sometimes plain papers are put on in squares or diamonds, or gold and silver papers may be effectively used in this way, giving an interesting impression of light and shade. Painted, plastered or stippled walls are used also in a great variety of colors and styles—brush strokes running in unusual ways may be employed to give striking effects or quaint line designs may be used on top of paint. Grass cloth walls, wood veneered walls, and marble walls are still frequently used, and of course mural painted decorations have an important place. Wall colors are usually cold — silvers, greys, taupes, greens, blues, and blacks being in the lead.

We have reached the ceiling now, and we see that it is exceedingly simple; the plastered ornament and the painted cherubim which caused us to crook our necks as we looked upward, have quite disappeared. If the ceiling attracts interest at all it is by its shape, or the irregular step effects, starting often at the cornice. In color it is no longer white, but is merely a few shades lighter than the tone of the wall.

We will notice that frequently one of the most interesting features about the new room is its shape, which is irregular, admitting of little nooks and recesses, corners shaved off or projecting out, terraced roofs, or terraced floors, or floors with raised portions like a dais, usually arranged to contain some important piece of furniture, such as the bed or davenport.

Innumerable built-in contrivances of a highly practical nature are prevalent, such as book-cases, built-in wardrobes or cupboards, niches in the wall to contain statuary or pottery, mirrors inserted here and there or lighting fixtures. Wood-trims and mouldings have cast off their age-old conventional forms and are appearing in simple, box-like or semi-circular shapes. As a rule, the wood-trim is not obtrusive, but is painted to blend in with the background of the wall.

Such, then, is the background of our room—a suitable setting for design, color and artistic daring in the movable items of furniture and accessories. Restraint, simplicity and cold colors form an excellent foil for clear-cut beauty of line, strong color contrasts and arresting design.

The furniture which goes into this room is striking in its simplicity. Gone are the ornate carving and curves of the past—in their place are straight lines and large plain smooth surfaces—surfaces made beautiful and interesting by exquisitely matched veneers, or inlays

of rare woods in contrasting color tones, or in criss-cross effects or squares. Rarest woods are used, from the black of ebony to the white of white mahogany or the grey of hardwood, and paints and lacquers add many a bright note. Mouldings are sharp and keen, giving a strong contrast of light and shadow, expressive of speed, compression, and the directness of modern life. As to type, there is more variety than ever, and many entirely new creations, such as the skyscraper book-case, have appeared. Much of the furniture is low. This is typical of the informality of the present age. Chairs are low-deep-seated, and with low backs. Tables are no larger than the standard thirty inches, but vary in size to suit the furniture with which they are to be used.

Fabrics for the modern room are indeed delightful. From the coarsest crashes and homespuns to the finest satins and chiffons there is a wide array of charming colors and designs for draping or upholstery. Striking designs and softly shaded designs, bold colors and quiet colors, heavy textures and sheer silky textures all have their place. For glass curtains, chiffons and all kinds of sheer gauzes and silks are much in favor. For overdrapes, taffetas, satins, damasks, linens, and crashes are good. Rodier has designed many magnificent new fabrics, where the beauty lies not in design or in color, but in the exquisite shaded and textured effects he creates through his unusual weaving.

Draperies are hung in the simplest fashion possible, straight or in various crossed effects. Valances are quite passé. Simple cornice boards are used to hide the mechanism of the curtains, or loops of the fabric itself may hold the curtains on a painted pole. Very little trimming of any kind is used—merely the plainest of bindings, or braids, or bands of contrasting material.

Lighting fixtures have won more universal admiration perhaps than any other phase of moderne development. More outstanding strides have been made here than in any other line, partly, perhaps, because improvement here was so greatly needed. Electricity is still a very recent discovery and, after the engineers had done their part in harnessing up this power, it was a long while before the artists stepped forward to create sufficiently beautiful fixtures to hold it. Gaudy chandeliers and naked bulbs existed for a long time. Now many moderne rooms are flooded with light which comes from some source completely hidden from the eye. These forms of lighting are built right into the architectural background of the room, often concealed in the cornice or along the sides of the fireplace or above the window, so that

Continued on page 61



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# Children's Cosy Corner

A Little Chat With Bobby Burke

DEAR Boys and Girls:

This is just to wish you a HAPPY NEW YEAR and to hope that 1929 will bring us many new friends to the Cosy Corner and that we will not lose any of our old friends. We don't care if you do grow up and become 15 and even 18 and such great ages; please come back sometimes and say "Hullo" and "Glad to see you" to the Cosy Corner, where you used to belong before you began to grow up.

What a brand new shining year this is on the new calendar! January—a cold month, with many days and long evenings. The old Greeks used to show January as a god with two faces, one looking back, and the other looking forward. Now boys and girls, don't look back very much except for one thing, and that is to remember that some of the things they did last year they are not going to do this year, and that some of the things they left undone last year will certainly be done in 1929. There is that examination you didn't pass, for instance—it has to be passed with honors this year to make up, hasn't it? There is the letter you neglected to write to Granny or Aunt Mary or someone who loves your letters; you are going to write a long one this month, aren't you? Then there is the silly little fight you had with some friend you like, just over nothing, wasn't it? It's all made up for 1929, isn't it? There's the bad temper you know about, that used to sit like a little black frowning devil on your shoulder; you've sent him flying for 1929, haven't you? No more frowns, no more sulks; it isn't worth while.

Smile awhile, and while you smile  
Another smiles,  
And soon there's miles and miles of smiles,  
And life's worth while,  
Because you smile.  
Isn't that a good motto for the New Year?

Well, as the soldiers used to say: "Cheerio," and may you be very happy and come often to visit the Cosy Corner in 1929.

#### Dropping Stitches

A crab whose name was Bertie  
Thought to win his way to fame.  
He'd knit a shawl of seaweed,  
All the sea should know his name!  
He'd send the shawl when finished  
To the King of all the Fishes,  
With compliments respectful,  
And some tasty birthday wishes.

He started on his knitting,  
And he knitted half the shawl,  
And then he dropped some stitches!  
This, he hadn't planned at all.  
He tried to catch them quickly,  
But in spite of all his cunning  
The stitches kept their freedom,  
And they went on r

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Poor Bertie grew quite flurried.  
Then a tear came in his eye.  
"It isn't fair," he whimpered,  
And then he began to cry.  
He cried, and went on crying  
For a fortnight without stopping.  
And everyone came staring,  
While the stitches went on d

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And as he went on weeping,  
Whispers grew on every hand;  
"He'll make the sea so big that  
It will swallow all the land!"

Conducted by  
Bobby Burke

And all the dry land creatures  
In the sea will come a-flowing.  
There won't be any room left!  
And the sea kept growing,  
GROWING . . .

A law was passed to stop him.  
Bertie only cried the more,  
And thought, "I'm getting famous!"  
Fairies chipped bits off his door,  
And took them home to keep them  
As "mementos of poor Bertie,"  
Or put them in museums  
As Exhibit "Number Thirty."

The sponges came in dozens,  
And they mopped and mopped in vain.  
They couldn't dry his tears up,  
So they marched away again.  
At last was made a medal,  
And the King of all the Fishes  
Came down himself to pin it  
On the Bertie, with best wishes.

Then—Bertie stopped a-crying,  
"Fame has come," he thought, "to me!  
And all through d

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stitches,  
I am known throughout the sea."  
—Marion St. John Webb.



Happy New Year Everybody

OUR COMPETITIONS  
The Christmas Letter

Such nice letters as we have had about how different Cosy Cornerites expected to spend Christmas. I am sure they have had a good time if they did half the things they hoped for. Some of the letters gave directions for making things, and one of these I will give you because you could make it for a birthday or just for an extra present for the little brother or sister.

The prize this month is won by John McHolm, R.R. 1, Port Hope, Ont., and there is a gold button for Elizabeth Henstridge, Exton Farm, Ladstock, Sask. (Elizabeth sends us some little Christmas verses too, which are very nice. She wrote them herself); Meda Mullin, Battersea, Ont.; Violet Archibald, Banff, Alta.; Loretta Solberg, Herbert, Sask.; Rose Mahagen, Stephenfield, Man.; Josephine Brutenback, 4024 Eton St., Vancouver, B.C.; Erma E. Jordan, Morse, Sask.; Hilda L. Ford, of 558 Sumas St., Victoria, B.C. (who writes the best hand of any of you, and she is only nine); Arleen Anerson, Edrans, Man. Honorable mention goes to Alice Sabiston of Selkirk, Man. (Alice was sick and wrote her letter in bed); Alma Forseng, Oak View, Man.; Margaret Carder, Cloverdale, B.C.; Vivien Mahood, Langley Prairie, B.C.; Dorothy Connor, Bridgetown, N.S.; Olive English, Rochester, Alta.

#### Something to Do for February

What do you know about buildings? You know that sometimes buildings are very ugly, and sometimes they are very beautiful. Do you know what the difference is? For instance, you know quite well that a barn is useful, but not beautiful. Do you know a beautiful building? If you have never seen one you think is beautiful in real life, have you seen one in a picture? I want you to tell me about a beautiful building; what it is built of, what shape it is, why you think it is beautiful. I will try and get for you a picture of one of the world's most beautiful buildings, and tell you something about it, and I want your opinion too. There will be a prize of a picture for the best description of a beautiful building, and there will be gold buttons for the next three best descriptions. Perhaps some day some of you will be architects and will design buildings, and some of you will be contractors and build them, and some of you will be carpenters, or stonemasons, or artists, or plumbers, bricklayers and will help to build, and so I want you now to begin to learn the difference between use without beauty, and use with beauty.

Dear Bobby Burke:

I am going to write you a letter telling you what I like about Christmas. I like Christmas Eve very much, when my dad has gone to the barn to finish up the chores Mother and I start to decorate the house. I have no brothers or sisters or we would decorate before supper. When the supper dishes are washed and dried then we start to hang up lots of pretty bells and chains and hang wreaths in the front windows—then there are always a few last parcels to be tied up to be given away on Christmas Day. A little while before going to bed we sit by the fire and Mother tells me how she used to spend Christmas when she was a little girl in England; then I get ready for bed after hanging up my stocking by the fire place; but I am getting too old now to hang it up. I expect this will be the last time this year, because I am ten years old.

I always wake up early Christmas morning to see what is in my stocking. Beside my stocking there are always some parcels that are to big to go into my stocking—they come from England, and Mother hides them away until now. I spend most of the morning looking at my presents, then we have a good dinner of turkey, plum pudding and mince pie.

After dinner we go out to see some sick people who cannot go out taking them a basket of good things to eat. Sometimes there is a Christmas service in the little church a few miles away to which we always go. We generally have friends in to supper and stay for the

Continued on page 61

## L'Art Moderne

Continued from page 59

the light comes flooding down the folds of the curtain. Sometimes fixtures are hidden on the tops of cabinets or in the bowls of large urns that stand above the level of the eye, and the light is cast from these hidden sources upon the ceiling and from there reflected into the room. Of portable lamps there is a wide array of attractive designs, usually with metal or wrought iron bases, and metal, glass, parchment, or mica shades.

Coming now to the smaller ornaments and accessories, we find that there is nothing that has escaped the vitalizing touch of the moderne artist. Exquisite statuary, pottery, china, pewter, and glass ornaments have a wide variety of colors and designs. Even table flatware and linen are following suit. Some of the forms, we must admit, are a little extreme and crude, for when usefulness and convenience are sacrificed to artistry, it seems we cannot defend them. Some of the statuary, however, is particularly clever. Line is emphasized rather than accurateness of detail, and an impression of vigorous life and motion is given. In pictures, though, there is a great room for improvement. Some moderne artists with a bold hand and dashing colors give us beautiful effects without actually drawing things as they are. Others give us only a blur through which we vainly strive to catch a glimpse of their meaning.

The pictures shown here of a bedroom and study are convincingly illustrative of the livable interest and charm of rooms furnished after the moderne manner. The silver-gray carpet of the bedroom, the clearly outlined shadows on the silver wall, the rich lustre of the blue-gray drapes meltingly join to form a most harmonious background. Of more outstanding interest are the criss-crossed glass curtains, the recessed nook at the head of the beds, and the stream-line of lighting concealed in the cornice. Strong color accents are introduced by rose bedspreads of crushed plush, the flame-rose slipper chair, and the gay many-

colored rug. The final touches are made by the varied knick-knacks in the step bookcase, the odd lamps, and the moderne toilet set and French crystal flower arranged on the vanity before the window.

Metallic paper flecked with tints of rose and mauve, and rose beige woodwork, and mantel lined with gold are shown in the study. The comfortable cushion-piled day-bed with black bookcase ends is covered in a moderne damask of richest blue; the low chair by the window, with fluted woodwork and legs, is upholstered in plain blue velvet to correspond. The drapes of natural toned moderne damask are press-pleated from top to bottom, so as to give a straight line effect and are tied back simply with gold cords. The severe round table in the centre of the room is as practical as it is effective. Among the furnishings in this room, not included in the picture, are a skyscraper cabinet bookcase, a desk with desk chair, a second upholstered chair and several lamps and pictures, all of which contribute their bit to the comfortable and inviting atmosphere. All the accessories too are chosen with great care, from the gold-framed mirror over the mantel to the striking line of the sharp white figure at the end of the day-bed.

Let us hope that all of you will find something in these two rooms that will appeal, and something in this article that will arouse your interest in the developments of moderne art. You may not like it now—but you will. You may think it will not last—but it will. Having once started out on a new creative trail, we cannot turn back to copying the old—we must go on and on. And it is the duty of those of us who are on the sidelines to be sympathetically interested, supporting that which is good, and not condemning all because some is bad. And since true art must express our selves, let us see that we have something within us that will be well worth while when expressed.

## At the Top of the Mast

Continued from page 7

"I'm sorry, Mr. Rand," he said, "but after talking this matter over with you, it seems best that I should abandon the idea of purchasing on this side of the water. I want a tract of timber, but I want to buy it now and forget all about it for ten years, at least. For an operator, your propositions are well worthy of consideration, but as an investment—no."

Rand's face plainly showed his disappointment.

"However," continued O'Shea, "you have been to some little trouble to go into this matter with me, and if you can find me a suitable tract in Washington or Oregon I shall be very glad to permit your firm to consummate the business for me. I leave for Seattle tomorrow morning, and will be in Portland, Oregon, Wednesday night. Now, if you can line up a tract within the next week or ten days, a wire from you will reach me at the Hotel Portland. Unless I have found what I want by that time, I shall leave

for California and look into the sugar and white pine country there."

Relief was apparent in Rand's face now. Thank you Mr. O'Shea," he said. I appreciate your courtesy greatly, I assure you. I'll look around and see what I can find for you. Perhaps my partner may know of something."

They shook hands cordially and departed. O'Shea went into the writing-room and sent a brief note to Horton, his chief.

"Frederick Rand is John F. Mallory, and John F. Mallory is Henry Price, late Convict No. 23187 at Joliet. He has the mole behind his left ear in the edge of the hair, scar on little finger of the left hand, slight nervous affliction of the right eyelid. As nearly as I can judge, the measurements are the same—height, weight, complexion, everything. I expect him in Portland to see me some day next week. When I wire you he is on his way, send the warrant."

(To be concluded next month)

## Children's Cosy Corner

Continued from page 60

evening. I forgot to say that my Dad gets me a Christmas tree and we hang all sorts of things on it; then after Christmas I have a party all my own, and all the presents are given away.

Now dear Bobby Burke I hope you will have a happy Christmas as I do. Now I must close with best wishes.

Yours Lovingly, JOHN McHOLM.

Dear Bobby Burke:

I am going to tell in my letter how to make a little gift for a smaller brother or sister.

The gift is a crayon case. I made one for my brother, who is five, and he liked it.

You need a piece of black pebble-grain oilcloth 4x12 inches long, some green or

yellow and red embroidery cotton and also a little white.

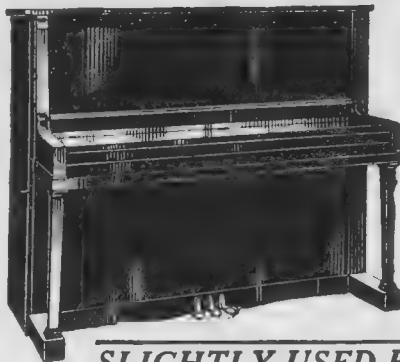
Fold back a little over one third of the oilcloth and sew this firmly. The case is to represent a cat's head so it must have ears. Cut two points at the upper corners from the piece that is left over and also make a tab to fasten the case.

Now embroider two big yellow or green eyes, a little red nose and mouth and white whiskers. The tab is slipped into two slits at the back of the cat's head, and the case is finished. Slip in one of these ten-cent boxes of crayons and we have our crayon case ready to wrap in white tissue paper tied with a red ribbon and decorated with holly.

LAURETTA SOLBERG (15)

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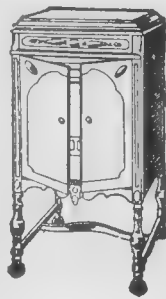
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### Each Day Begins a Year

THE first day of January begins the calendar year. But there are other years. For example, your birthday begins a new year of your life. In fact, every day begins a new year, and every morning is a good time for taking stock of how we are faring on our journey through this world, and, in case it has been our custom to make good resolutions on the first day of January, for seeing how well we are living up to those good resolutions.

### Knowledge and Sense

IF THE Philosopher were asked to suggest a good resolution for the New Year, it would be that we should do our best to understand better the difference between knowledge and sense, or wisdom. It is like the difference between wheat and bread. A man might have learned from a book all about the parts of a railway locomotive and know the theory of its action. But that would not make him fit to take the engineer's place and handle the lever and throttle, in charge of the train. One of the best sayings of antiquity is the remark of the Greek philosopher Heraclitus about certain learned men of his time, that they had much knowledge, but little sense.

### "All in the Family"

THE PHILOSOPHER heard a story recently about an elderly Winnipeg physician who was advising a too-comfortable lady whose ill-health was due largely to pampered nerves. He told her that she had protected herself too carefully from even hearing anything disturbing or unpleasant. "But, Doctor," she exclaimed, "who is there that would say anything disagreeable to me?" Said the physician: "Have you, then, no family?" Family criticism is one of the most beneficial things in the world. We may not always like things that are "meant for our good," but nevertheless they are good for us to hear. This is a real world, and normal family life is an important developer of knowledge and wisdom about some of its realities.

### Subconscious Disguising

NOBODY who reads many modern books or magazine articles or newspaper "feature" articles can miss finding evidence of how strongly "the new psychology" is affecting modern thinking. Even writers who do not use such words as "complexes" or other technical terms of the psychoanalysts give proof that the new knowledge is shaping their ideas. One of the old truths about "the new psychology" is that we try to hide our weaknesses by shows and assertions of strength. A man, for instance, who feels that he lacks decision and impressiveness will automatically, by a subconscious impulse, assume a vigorous voice and manner. If you will study people (including yourself) carefully, you will discover cases of such disguising and pretending. Some people, strangely enough, do their best to mask good qualities, such as kindheartedness, or deep feeling. They are prompted in this by a subconscious dread of being thought "soft" in this world where there is so much hardness.

## Contents

### Editorial

|                               |    |
|-------------------------------|----|
| EDITORIAL—The Editor.....     | 3  |
| THE PHILOSOPHER.....          | 62 |
| WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING..... | 64 |

### Fiction

|                                                                         |    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| AT THE TOP OF THE MAST—Peter B. Kyne (Complete in Two Instalments)..... | 5  |
| BOOMING MR. MOMBASSER—Bernard J. Farmer.....                            | 8  |
| THE CHOICE OF CHANCE—H. Mortimer Batten.....                            | 10 |
| VERITY—Bev. Struan.....                                                 | 12 |
| BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—James Oliver Curwood (Conclusion).....            | 15 |

### Articles

|                                                                              |    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| HOW SASKATCHEWAN LOOKS AFTER ITS DEPENDENT—Doris S. Milligan.....            | 11 |
| "L'ART MODERNE"—Evelyne J. Hamilton.....                                     | 14 |
| A TRADE UNION OF RULING PRINCES—Ignatius Phayre.....                         | 25 |
| CALIFORNIA, LAND OF SUNSHINE—Oliver S. Arata.....                            | 27 |
| THE REAL ARMERIA—Francis Dickie.....                                         | 28 |
| A FEW WORDS FOR MR. MOUNTAIN CAYUSE—C. W. Lane.....                          | 30 |
| THE MAGIC CARPET—Ruth Anderson Walker.....                                   | 31 |
| SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AN ATLANTIC TRIP—J. Taylor Mitchell, F.S.A. (Scot.)..... | 32 |
| WHAT LUGGAGE WILL YOU TAKE ON YOUR TRAVELS THIS WINTER?—J. M. Hamilton.....  | 34 |
| OUTFITS FOR YOUR WINTER TRAVEL—Julia Wolfe.....                              | 39 |

### Regular Departments

|                                         |    |
|-----------------------------------------|----|
| DOLLARS AND CENTS.....                  | 42 |
| LEGAL INFORMATION.....                  | 43 |
| CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke..... | 60 |

### Women and the Home

|                                                                          |    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| BEAUTIFUL CRYSTAL TREES MAY BE MADE FROM SEALING WAX—Dorothy Wright..... | 23 |
| BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....                                      | 44 |
| FASHIONS.....                                                            | 50 |
| FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.....                                        | 55 |

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### The Spice of Life

THERE is a well-meant wisdom in the "Don't Worry" books. But it is never wise to be extreme about anything. In this life we cannot escape a certain amount of worry, just as we cannot expect to have no mishaps. The kindly advisers against worry forget that no one but an almost incredibly self-centred, self-satisfied and irresponsibly superficial person could live in this world without suffering some anxieties. Human life is not like that. Moreover, disagreeable things and difficulties are often very stimulating. The Philosopher remembers visiting a home for aged people; after spending the best part of a day in that institution, he felt sure that with some of the old people their chief everyday interest in life was not in their comforts but in the little jealousies and animosities that kept their days from being dull.

### Our Young People

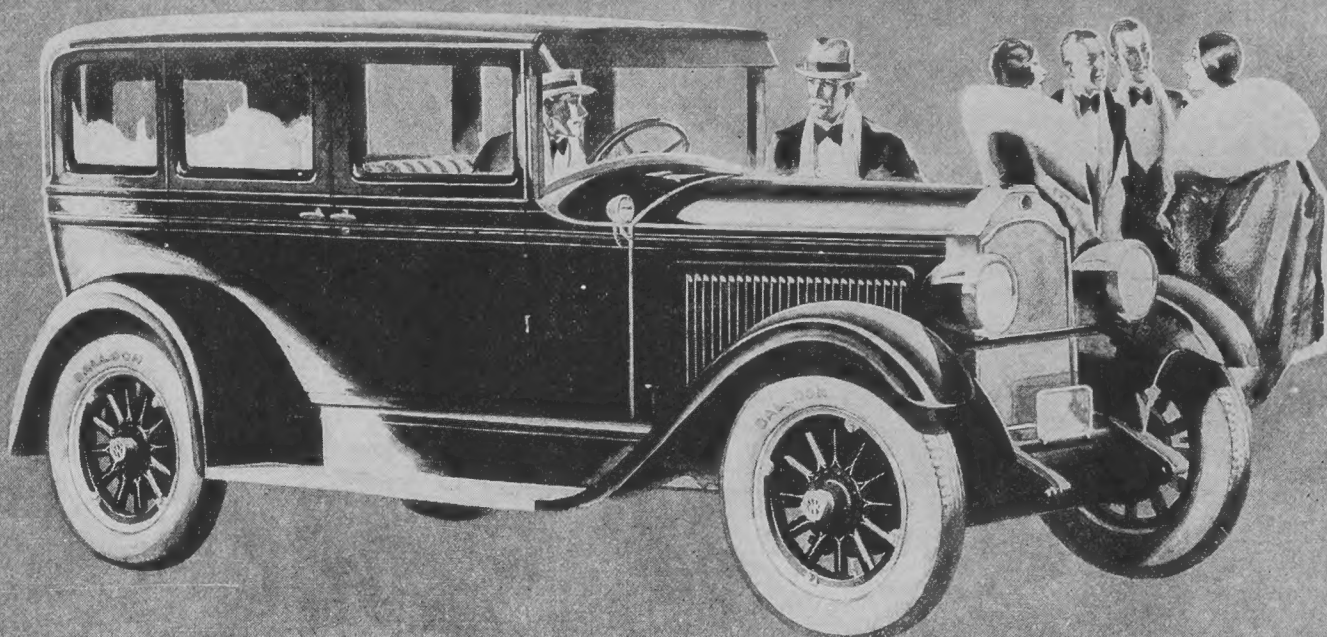
THERE must be some foundation for the things we read occasionally about the dangers which young people are in from the strain of over-study. But when The Philosopher looks at the blooming boys and girls he knows, both the younger ones at school and the older ones at college, and when he considers their healthy lack of worrying about their educational progress and their love of fun, their enthusiasm for athletics and their transparent contempt for the dullness of learning, he finds it hard to believe that they are breaking down their constitutions by study.

### Work and Play

AMONG the wrong theories of education, one of the most wrong is that it is possible to acquire even the most modest substitute for education without some real and sustained effort. The idea that school work can be made as delightfully enjoyable as play breaks down when anything, however trivial, has actually to be learned. Life is a real thing at school as elsewhere, and children, left to their own devices, accept it with cheerful courage and sagacity. A little wholesome neglect, instead of too much coddling and protection from realities, a due amount of discipline, plenty of play and a fair chance to be glad and to be sorry as the hours and days swing by—these are the things that are best for childhood.

### The Basic Values

HOW much is a father, a mother, a husband, a wife, a child worth? Such a question causes a shudder of repulsion. These are values higher and deeper than can be measured in money. They are values without which nothing else in life has value. But at the same time life and health have economic value, in a very real sense. We can make estimates of the national wealth of Canada in terms of material value of natural resources and products of industry. But the greatest asset of Canada is the Canadian people. And what concerns the public health is of the first importance. Our Governments, Dominion and Provincial, are increasingly active in health work. But as yet only a small fraction of the brains and money which should be devoted to the conquest of disease and the betterment of health is devoted to these things.



## \$420,000,000 a Year Tax on Motorists

### How much of this do You pay?

**T**HIS YEAR motorists will pay over \$420,000,000 to correct the damage done by carbon. A direct tax that you share in actual dollars—as well as lost time when your car is laid up—and lost pleasure and comfort in driving, as carbon gradually slows down the performance and pick-up of your engine.

The question is what can be done about it. The answer is found in the wonderful invention of a world-renowned engineer and inventor, Charles Y. Knight.

#### *The Battle with Carbon*

Since the day the first one-cylinder car ran under its own power, the best engineering brains on earth have been striving to improve the engine. The one-cylinder car ran, and that was all. The two-cylinder car was noisy as a stone crusher. Next came the "four-in-line". But its ailments were many—valve-grinding and Carbon a scourge.

Followed rapidly a myriad of improvements. But still valve-grinding and carbon troubles. Finally—the new school of thought in engine design. Came an engine-idea which revolutionized the automobile engine!... Charles Y. Knight produced and patented the sleeve-valve engine.

#### *The World's Simplest Engine*

Multiplicity of valve-parts disappeared. 118 ordinary engine parts were done away with. Exit valve-grinding... No more pounding cams—noise cut to nothing... Absence of all spring pressure—added horsepower... And carbon troubles were cured, once for all. Carbon

*Here is the man who offers you a way to avoid paying this Tax*



MR. CHARLES Y. KNIGHT  
Engineer and Inventor

cannot harm the Willys-Knight engine. Its only effect is to better this engine's functioning. In the patented, sleeve-valve engine of the Willys-Knight there is nothing to adjust. Nothing to replace or repair... simply two single sleeves working smoothly, silently, up and down, one within the other, in a protective film of oil... that is all. For fine automobiles, the ultimate engine is the simplest engine. And the Knight sleeve-valve engine—the power plant of the Willys-Knight—is the simplest of them all.

#### *Rich Man's Car brought within reach of General Public*

There is no finer example of what mass production can accomplish than the present low prices of the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine.

Fifteen years ago this superior power plant was used only in the most costly European motor cars.

Today, through Willys-Overland's great resources, the Willys-Knight Sixes—beautiful in line and color, luxurious in detail and finish, with quick-starting,

lightning pick-up, brilliant speed and marked economy—are offered at lower prices than had ever before been thought possible.

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# WILLYS-KNIGHT



# What the World is Saying

## Natural History Note

No stenographers froze their knees in Winnipeg during July and August.—Selkirk Recorder.

## With a Bullet-proof Vest

What Mexico needs for president is a man of iron courage and will.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## Yes, We're All Here, Aren't We?

Of course, the fittest survive, as Darwin pointed out. That is incontrovertible.—Montreal Herald.

## Is Father the .1?

Statistics show that the average Canadian family consists of 4.1 persons.—Brantford Expositor.

## Not a Recent Friendship

"I knew her when she wore petticoats," said an old-timer yesterday.—Fort Frances Times.

## The Farm Relief Issue

In the present campaign it appears that both political parties are looking to the farmers for relief.—Kansas City Star.

## One Way of Looking At It

Not until bootlegging arrived did we realize how imaginary is a boundary line.—Buffalo Courier.

## It Was No Joke For Him

We see where a large spider has arrived in town with a bunch of bananas. However, he wasn't trying to sing about them.—Regina Post.

## And Echo Answers "Which"

It is always best to look at the bright side of everything. But which is the bright side of a motor car upside down in a ditch?—Nelson News.

## The Higher Ups Have Troubles, Too

Others have their problems, as we should always remember. For instance, there is the man trying to get his shirt inside his trousers in an upper berth.—Saskatoon Star.

## A Joke That Has Gone Far

If brevity is the soul of wit, the shirt designer has about reached the end of his little joke.—Galt Reporter.

## Women Trying Everything

A Saskatchewan alderman refers to one of the Canadian Olympic winners as "only a high jumper." That chap evidently never tried.—Toronto Telegram.

## An Embarrassment in Visiting

One of the saddest features in going visiting is that you have to use the guest towel with six inches of fringe on it.—Indian Head News.

## Why Should He Let It Freeze

We understand that there is a man named McTavish in Greenland who keeps his thermometer in the house so it won't freeze.—Prince Albert Herald.

## A Man's Rights League Needed

At a farmer's picnic near Galt, Ont., a woman threw a rolling-pin 100 feet 2½ inches. It is questionable if this sort of sport should be encouraged.—Halifax Chronicle.

## This Is Undeniable

Women are not yet to be admitted to the ministry of the United Church. Still there's other places where they may say an occasional word.—Lethbridge Herald.

## To Cement Friendliness

Piccadilly Hotel in London has sent the new Piccadilly Hotel in New York 12 plum puddings as "concrete evidence" of good will. Ah, yes, we've tasted that kind!—Border Cities Star.

## A Severe Test

A gentleman who can change a tire in the presence of women and children

at 90 degrees and remain a gentleman is a gentleman indeed.—Detroit Free Press.

## Or To Have A Pekin, Anyway

Efforts are being made to establish a stable government in China. The main drawback, however, is that everybody wants to be near the oat bin.—Victoria Colonist.

## A New Sound of the New Era

In the Old Days you never stormed around the bedroom with a folded newspaper looking for a mosquito and found it was an airplane a mile above the house.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

## A Question From Peace River

We read that in the South Sea Islands the woman picks out the man she would have for a husband. But isn't that what they do in Canada?—Peace River Record.

## Oh, A Certain Amount

We sometimes wonder how much money has been saved as a result of women going without sleeves.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

## Where Will Saxophonists Go?

Up yonder we shall all have harps. There will be no moaning, bleating, yowling saxophones in Heaven.—Sherbrooke Record.

## With the Former Trying Harder

Sometimes, nowadays, it is hard to tell mother and daughter apart, they both look so young.—Los Angeles Examiner.

## Just So It Goes Down

In this election campaign, neither party cares how the other goes down in history.—Louisville Times.

## A Sporty Ass

The Zebra is a kind of an ass, but it's his sporty coat that makes him look so collegiate.—Washington Post.

## Or What the World was Coming To

No doubt old Methuselah had days when he couldn't decide which generation to worry about most.—Calgary Herald.

## But What Can Be Done About It?

It is estimated that if all the persons who own mining stock were stretched end to end many of them would still be flat.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

## It Is the Family Circle of Today

Little did our grandparents think that the steering wheel would come to take the place of the family hearth.—Ottawa Citizen.

## Oh, Man!

You may think you are firm but your wife knows you're only stubborn.—London Free Press.

## Monopolizing the Boy Friend

One way for a girl to keep her youth is not to introduce him to a nicer girl.—Medicine Hat News.

## Fashion Note

The difference between a nightgown and an evening dress is two yards in favor of the nightgown.—Duluth Herald.

## A Glance at the Vanished Past

Good old Dobbin never needed four-wheel internal expansion brakes to keep him from upsetting the busload of school children.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Antique Swain and Modern Sheik

The old-fashioned swain used to ask a girl's parents if he might call on her. The modern sheik just toots his automobile horn until she comes out.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

## She Will Solve It Some Way

With the approach of winter, the flapper is confronted with one of life's real problems, namely, how to wear almost as few clothes in winter as she does in summer.—Buffalo Express.

## Memo for Friend Husband

Before criticizing your wife's faults, remember that it may have been those very defects that prevented her from getting a better husband.

## A Guess From the North

They are carrying express parcels by airplane in Western Canada. Some farmer is likely to report being hit on the head by a package of bottles.—The Pas Herald.

## A Fact With High Visibility

Statistics state that women now buy as many silk stockings in a day as were bought in an entire year twenty-five years ago. This is something that may readily be seen.—Minneapolis Journal.

## An Occasion Ants Are Fond Of

According to the distinguished antologist Auguste Forel, there are 4,500 species of ants, not including local varieties. He must have been on a church picnic.—Nanaimo Herald.

## We Wonder If This Is True

When a woman is buying a hat she always expects to look better in it than in the last one. When a man is buying a hat he is always satisfied if he doesn't look any worse.—New Westminster British-Canadian.

## Some With Agile Legs May Survive

A London Scientist's theory that motor cars eventually will deprive the human race of the use of its legs takes no notice whatever of the increasing agility of the pedestrian.—Glasgow Herald.

## U.S. Political Note

Not since 1924 has there been anything like the politicians' solicitude for the farmer's welfare, and nothing like it will be seen again until 1932.—New York World.

## A Cautiously Safe Estimate

Our estimate on this year's wheat crop in Western Canada is that it is going to be considerable.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

## The Days of Long Ago

Who remembers when we men wore brown derbies with air holes on each side?—Kingston Whig-Standard.

## The East Learns From the West

Just a few days before the pact outlawing war was signed at Geneva by the representatives of fifteen nations, with reservations, China launched a warship named Peace.—Providence Journal.



The worm: "What do you keep blinking your light for, Mr. Lightning Bug?"  
The bug: "Well friend, some of us bugs got a job this week supplying light for an automatic electric sign, and now it's second nature with me."



These Amateur Movies:  
"Now Paw, all we want you to do is show a little action."





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